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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. 236.

COMPRISING Nos. 468, 469,

PUBLISHED IN

JULY & OCTOBER, 1921.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY

1921

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London and Beccles, England.

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY.

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Published Quarterly by the

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY

(BARR FERREE, PROP.)

249 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Single Copies $1.50 Yearly Subscription $5.00

Canada Subscription $5.00 per year; Single Copies $1.50

Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Matter

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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PUBLISHED IN

JULY, 1921

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY.

1921

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GENERAL INDEX TO THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A new Index, forming Volume CCXXII., comprising the volumes from CCII. to CCXXI., of the QUARTERLY REVIEW, has been published, and is obtainable through any bookseller (Price 6/- net).

☞ The QUARTERLY REVIEW is published on or about the 15th of January, April, July, and October.

Price Thirty-two Shillings per Annum, *post free*.

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, Limited,
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No. 468.—JULY, 1921.

Art. 1.—AUSTRALIAN LABOUR AND AUSTRALIAN IDEALS.

1. *The Official Year Book of the Commonwealth of Australia.* McCarron, Bird, 1901–19.
2. *In Your Hands, Australians!* By C. E. W. Bean. Cassell, 1918.
3. *Australia: Economic and Political Studies.* Edited by Meredith Atkinson. Macmillan, 1920.
4. *Australasia.* By A. Wyatt Tilby. Constable, 1912.
5. *A Short History of Australia and New Zealand.* By Arthur Jose. (Seventh Edition.) Angus and Robertson, 1921.

THE life of the Australian Commonwealth since its inauguration on Jan. 1, 1901, falls into three well-marked stages. Its first ten years, or rather less, were devoted to finding its feet. Certain problems whose satisfactory solution was essential to national existence, notably those connected with defence by land and sea, had to be considered, and a decision made by the electors on the methods of solution. Certain other problems (the most important of which related to land settlement and industrial arbitration) were gradually entrusted to the Federal Parliament for discussion, because in the State legislatures—within whose proper sphere they lay—the attitude of irremovable and unrepresentative Upper Houses blocked any legislation that Australians at large would accept. In three Parliaments and under seven Ministries, drawn from all the Federal parties in turn, problems and solutions were thrashed out; nor, considering the novelty and importance of the work, is so

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protracted a discussion to be wondered at. The end came in April 1910, when the electors put into office, with a safe majority in both Houses, the Labour Ministry headed by Mr Fisher.

During the next three years—the second stage of Federal activities—the essential solutions were found. The Parliament of 1910–13 settled, under Labour guidance, schemes of naval and military defence and adjustments of Federal with State finance; it passed a long-delayed Navigation Act, established a Commonwealth Bank and an Australian Notes issue, began the building of the trans-continental railway and the Federal capital, took over the Northern Territory, created the Inter-State Commission, imposed a Land Tax designed to encourage closer settlement, and did its best to enlarge and strengthen Federal control over industrial affairs. By the end of its term it had practically exhausted its mandate, and a period of slack legislation was inevitable; the Parliament of 1913–14 spent itself in futile quarrels. And on this cat-fight (for it was little better) broke the thunder of the war.

The war is the third stage. The conflict itself it would not be pertinent to discuss here; but its concomitant events and its local results must be the main theme of this article. Ten years ago the debates and contentions of the first stage, the doctrines and the personal influences that dominated them, the solutions proposed and (in part) those accepted were described with some particularity in the pages of this Review (*Q.R.*, October 1911). Of the second stage all has just been said that need be said; it was a period of great achievements, but it is accounted for by the preceding ten years, and requires no further explanation. Any attempt, however, to explain the Australian situation to-day in terms of 1901–10 would be useless and extremely misleading. The Labour party of Mr T. J. Ryan and Mr Theodore resembles that led by Mr Fisher very much as Mr De Valera resembles Mr Isaac Butt. The 'National' Government in power to-day cannot be discussed in any terms that would have fitted a pre-war Government. No chain of events considered possible in, say, 1914, could have brought Sir Joseph Cook, Sir Granville Ryrie, and Mr Millen into the same Cabinet as Messrs Pearce, Poynton,

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and Wise, or under the leadership of Mr W. M. Hughes. Two things only, in the welter of transformations and reconstructions, have remained unshaken and of undiminished importance—the supreme Australian virtue of comradeship, and the 'White Australia' creed.

We shall, then, be considering three phenomena in the main. Because it is the key to current Australian politics, we must explain the existence and nature of the new Labour party. Because on them may well depend the coherence of the Empire in a future war, we must take note of the resources and defensive power of the Commonwealth. And because that future war may easily arise from misconceptions about the Australian creed, and may be averted by a clear understanding of it, we must reach, without polite evasions or diplomatic periphrases, a clear definition of 'White Australia' as Australians in the mass idealise it. This triple discussion will necessitate some repetitions; we must, for instance, review Commonwealth history from a fresh standpoint in order to explain the metamorphosis of Labour; but Commonwealth history, after all, is just as three-dimensional as any other solid fact of existence.

For the first ten years of its life the Commonwealth wrestled with a problem that all British communities must face sooner or later. For in all British communities lurks the innate desire to meet every question with a plain 'Yes' or 'No'; wherefore their whole legislative and administrative system is based on the assumption that for every important political measure public opinion will range itself under either the 'Yes' or the 'No' banner. The so-called 'two-party' system is almost essential to the efficiency of parliamentary institutions on the British model. Unfortunately public opinion rarely crystallises in this form. Certain definitely-marked problems may produce it; the fiscal problem, for instance, or that of self-government for Ireland, when presented in their old pre-war shapes. But in general there are at least three parties among the people of a British State. One section is terrified by the future; another has been embittered by the past; in these, which are the extremes, intelligence is definitely subordinated to emotion. Between them lies a great

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but not well-organised mass of moderates—people who favour progress so long as it is not too rapid, who feel safe with the brake on, if it is not on too hard; who distrust both the extreme sections, but can on occasion be attracted towards one or the other by a spasm of emotion according as their fears or their hopes happen at the moment to prevail. This tripartite division, while it certainly exists in Britain, is there to a great extent concealed by the counter-influence of old-established tradition; in Australia, where tradition is non-existent, it is unmistakable.

By 1910 the Commonwealth had, temporarily at any rate, mastered the problem of running two-party machinery with three-party power. Its central mass had at first split up into three subdivisions—the more timid joining (for political purposes) the reactionaries, the more optimistic mastering and using the runaway extremists, and a small nucleus under Mr Deakin attempting to carry on independently. The fate of this nucleus was narrated in the article mentioned above; it, too, split in half, and a two-party system was apparently established under the misleading titles of 'Liberal' and 'Labour.' But these two parties were both coalitions of the most insecure type, and nothing but their superimposed mechanism kept them together. The Australian, normally guided by a thoroughly English empirical common sense, frequently modifies its results with a logical ingenuity that is almost French; he borrowed the political 'machine' from the United States, and used it to concentrate the efforts of his unstable coalitions on such immediate aims as their constituent discordancies could for the moment accept. So, in 1911, Labour in office, with all its machinery well under the control of its moderate section (headed by Messrs Fisher and Hughes), concentrated on passing certain progressive legislation which satisfied the mass of moderates of both parties, and at least appeased the advanced extremists; while the Liberal coalition, whose machine was not yet properly organised, wasted itself in futile opposition and internal quarrels.

The inevitable danger, however, of political machinery is that the man in control of the actual engine dominates the whole situation, though he is rarely the responsible

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political leader. And Labour in each State was handicapped by a double set of machinery; the parliamentary caucus, practically unchanging during the life of a Parliament, and guided by a set of resolutions (known as the 'fighting platform') passed at a triennial conference of Labour delegates; and the annual Conference of Trade Unions, with its annually elected executive, which was always inclined to tamper with the 'fighting platform,' and eager to impose on Labour members of Parliament fresh instructions inconsistent with their election pledges. The responsible parliamentary leaders could control the caucus, but were every year less and less in touch with the Conference and its executive; and year by year, between elections, the moderate and therefore less active majority of the Labour mass tended to regard public affairs with indifference, while the alert, embittered extremist minority drew more and more power into its own hands. The situation had been foreseen; so far back as 1909 several of the moderate leaders had contemplated a crisis in which the extremists would seize their machine, and they would be forced (but not very unwillingly) to take refuge with the independent Deakinite nucleus. It may be, indeed, that this was the chief damage done by Mr Deakin's 'fusion' with Mr Cook in 1909, that it left moderate Labour no friendly harbour of political refuge; the harbour sought when in 1916 the crisis actually came had, one might almost say, to be stormed first; and sojourn in it has been persistently embarrassing for Mr Hughes and his followers.

What happened was this. The Fisher Ministry of 1910–13 was unexpectedly dismissed from office by a single vote in the latter year, because the farming constituencies—which in 1910 had supported Labour to get the land-tax and the consequent opening of fertile lands for settlement—took alarm at a suggestion, made by irresponsibles, that rural industries should be governed by the arbitration system and the eight-hours' day. Though the Liberal (Cook) Ministry that followed managed, in its single year's administration, to alienate the electors completely, yet the defeat of 1913 weakened the position of moderate Labour with the Unions, and gave the intriguing extremists a chance to strengthen their position in the party outside Parliament. The

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elections of September 1914 restored Labour to power; but by that time the war was on us, and all local disputes were promptly relegated to the background by Mr Fisher and his successor, Mr Hughes. The latter, as soon as he took office, abandoned for the time (as less important than unanimity of parties during the war) certain proposed amendments to the Federal Constitution which would have given more power to the Commonwealth and less to the comparatively undemocratic State legislatures. From that moment he was suspect of the Unions; for their advisers, now including many extremists and inspired with that fanatic parochialism which minor office in a small community frequently engenders, looked on him as a renegade who had sacrificed Union interests to a 'foreign' and 'Imperialistic' war. The best blood of the Unions, it must be remembered, was already being shed at Gallipoli; the small committees that controlled Union action were being replenished from young bachelors of the 'slacker' type and from the alien element, hitherto enforcedly quiet, that hated England even more than it loved internationalism. When the need of reinforcements brought conscription into the sphere of practical politics, these vindictive intriguers saw and used their opportunity. Mr Hughes unfortunately gave them six months' start by attacking them openly just before he left for England in 1916; he returned in August to find the Labour machine quite out of hand; and the subsequent failure of his conscription proposals (due to that among many other causes) ended in the permanent expulsion from the official Labour party of practically all its moderate elements.

This *coup d'état*, we must understand, was not merely an attempt to accentuate Labour's programme. The extremists, into whose hands the direction of Labour policy now fell, were not merely advanced socialists; they were also anti-British and anti-war propagandists. Their affiliations were with the Industrial Workers of the World—an American society which all born Americans despise as 'dago'—the Direct Actionists, the Bolsheviki (with whom they openly sympathised on several occasions); and under their auspices Labour received a considerable infusion of the pure Sinn Fein element. 'Official' Labour, while not forgetting to boast

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of the party's very large contribution to the Australian army, became the home of all the pacificists and shoddy cosmopolitans in the Commonwealth, and still shelters them, despite certain slight modifications of attitude forced on it by the desire to reabsorb returned soldiers. Where it is in office, the war is officially *tabu;* war trophies are refused or neglected, war services disregarded or even held to be disqualifications; the fact that there was a war is something to be forgotten or at any rate left unmentioned. Not all the Labour leaders, of course, are aliens or Bolshevists. The great expulsion spared a few of the older and more thoughtful; and Labour's useful instinct for putting its most acceptable representatives into its most prominent positions still does it good service. Mr Tudor remains its leader in the Federal Parliament, Mr Storey heads the New South Wales Ministry. Against such men no reasonable critic has any grave charges to make. But, as in the case with Labour in Great Britain, the leaders are too often led.

In putting forward adverse criticism of a big political party, it is essential to check personal judgments by others that may be less liable to bias. Alongside the estimate just given of the personnel of Labour's new directorate may therefore be set that of the Sydney 'Bulletin,' a journal which no one will suspect of violent conservatism:

'With the new control a new sort arrived, naturally, to fill up the Labour ranks. All manner of wild-eyed, wild-haired revolutionaries came in. The useless, unproductive non-labouring "pony" * element arrived. So did the baser sort of drink-selling interest. So did a new sectarian force. And with that force a surprising number of men who have become rich without doing anything hard or useful—men who no doubt argue that it is safer for a rich man to be inside than out, for then he can help to so arrange matters that laws for the destruction of capital shall pass by his kind of capital. . . . Naturally these men have low ethical standards; so that, whenever any dubious job is suggested, it is almost taken for granted that a New Labourite invented it; and that is about the last thing that would have been suspected of Old Labour, which was the most transparently

* *I.e.* the lower type of racecourse hanger-on, always prominent at pony race-meetings.

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honest and sincere body that the world has seen since the days of the Apostles.'

There is, by the by, no need to assume the existence of any pro-German propaganda in this connexion. In actual fact Australia seems to have been exceptionally free from enemy intrigue. The transformation of the Labour party from one dominated by love for Australia to one obsessed by hatred for Britain is sufficiently accounted for without dragging in Germans; the alien strain was rather American-Irish, strengthened by an influx of fugitives from nearly every country to the one refuge where conscription could not touch them.

The Labour disruption of course necessitated a complete reorganisation of Federal parties. For three months (including the Christmas holidays) Mr Hughes held on with a Ministry chosen from the expelled section of Labour. But in February 1917, seeing that the chasm was impassable and that without a machine of any sort he must inevitably lose the coming elections, he effected a coalition with the old 'Liberal' party and formed a 'National War Government' in which he as Prime Minister had only four colleagues of his own way of thinking, while Mr Cook had five. The Prime Minister's section, however, was united, while Mr Cook's included three former Deakinites, a personal rival (Lord Forrest) and a detached philosopher (Mr Glynn); so that the Government suffered less from internal troubles than might have been expected. After the second Conscription Referendum this Ministry was enlarged by taking in another supporter of Mr Cook and the only prominent Deakinite who had not followed his leader into the fusion of 1909. By this time, however, Mr Hughes' marked superiority to all his colleagues had produced its effect, and both in Parliament and in the country he was the only man who counted. Probably he was (and is) as much detested by many of his supporters as by most of his opponents; and persistent efforts have been made ever since to replace him, sometimes with Mr Watt (who flatly refused to countenance them), sometimes with an 'unknown' who was never selected; but his own genius and the utter lack of anything like genius among other members of Parliament have so far made him indispensable.

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In such a situation—on the one side, a party torn and discredited, its machine at a standstill because the extremists in control of the mechanism are at loggerheads with the mass of unionists who supply, or will not supply, the fuel; on the other, a coalition which has lost its reason for coalition (the war) and is constrained to follow the leader of its minority simply because its majority cannot provide a leader worth following—one finds some difficulty in describing the policy of either party. They are differentiated, as regards most of the immediately offered legislation, rather by methods than by objects. Both, that is, are avowedly hostile to profiteering, to delays in arbitration, to excessive expenditure; both promise (at election times) further bounty to returned soldiers; both propose to use Governmental instruments in the development of public and private wealth. Apart from the attempts of a certain section of Labour to substitute its own cliques and organisers for Parliament and its Ministries as the governing force in the Commonwealth, the most notable feature of the new Labour policy is its determination (on paper, at least) to isolate and unify Australia. 'The Senate,' said Mr Tudor in a recent policy speech,

'and the State Parliaments and Governorships shall be abolished. Local governmental powers shall be exercised by provincial legislatures and municipalities, constituted by and subordinate to the Commonwealth Parliament. The High Court shall become the final court of appeal in any Australian case. . . . All Bills passed by the Australian Parliament must receive assent on the advice of Australian Ministers only.'

As for defence, he went on—having previously regretted that 'the terms of the recent Peace Treaty did not provide for the total disarmament of all nations'—a Labour Ministry would in its first session repeal all classes of the Defence Act providing for compulsory service and compulsory training, and enact that, except in pursuance of an expressed vote of the people, no force to take part in an oversea war should be raised within the Commonwealth. This is the moderate leader speaking; the views of his more extreme followers may be judged from the latest utterance of a 'president of the Labour Council'—'The Navy does not produce anything

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of a productive nature, and the millions of pounds spent for its upkeep could be well spent elsewhere.'

The Ministerial policy, on the other hand, so far as Mr Hughes can shape it (and that is a grave qualification, for no one knows what his colleagues may be up to when the Prime Minister is away), is based on the fact that Australia cannot thus isolate herself. Defence against outside aggression is the purpose towards which every specific measure is directed. For defence of so vast an area a large population is indispensable; therefore immigration must be fostered (but, just because the object is defence, it must be immigration of British settlers), and larger families must be encouraged. 'The economic policy of this party . . . must create conditions in their employment which will benefit the great mass of the people, and must encourage a large population to develop the resources of the country.' Similarly measures to open up the irrigable lands of the Murray valley, and to provide a uniform gauge throughout the Australian trunk lines, are adopted because they have a high defensive value. As for the more technical forms of defence, naval and military, little progress can be made while the burden of war debt so severely cripples Australian finance; and the naval side, in particular, is apparently being allowed to slacken. But this is purely a matter of money and of the immediate crisis; it would be unjust to assume, as some English critics appear already to have done, that Australia is reverting to the old policy of expecting Britain to defend her. 'We as a people,' said Mr Hughes the other day, 'have no right to throw our burdens on the other nations which comprise the British Empire, or to make their burdens any greater than they are.' But this policy, unfortunately, depends for its maintenance almost entirely on Mr Hughes. Indeed, the most encouraging feature of the political situation is that everything depends on him. For reasons shortly to be discussed, there is not another man in the Ministerial party, friend or enemy, fit to take up his work and develop his ideas. And if they are not developed — whether the uninspired plodding of his colleagues or the windy vapourings of the Labour Council replace them—the future of Australia will be dark indeed.

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The Conscription Referendum of October 1916 marks a turning-point in Australian Labour tactics. In the first place, the expulsions that followed it established for the first time a principle often previously advocated but never agreed to—that Labour members of Parliament were under the orders of the annual Trade-Union Conference. The older pledge, in spite of many misrepresentations, was logical and consistent with Parliamentary duty. It provided that the adhering member should be bound by the 'fighting platform' on which he had been elected, and on all questions involving that platform should vote as the majority of his fellow-members decided; but on matters with which the platform did not deal the member was free to use his own judgment. But the Conference was ill-content with this degree of subordination. The Federal 'fighting platform,' formulated at a special Conference held about halfway between dissolutions, was usually more than a year old before the elections, and therefore out of date by the time Parliament was sitting. So, when the Federal Labour Ministry in 1916 defied the extremist invaders and brought in a proposal for Conscription (which, not being considered in the 1914 'fighting platform,' was avowedly a matter for each man's personal decision), the indignant Conference, completely mastered by its extremist section, asserted its power to dictate the Labour vote, and to expel from the party any member refusing to accept its orders. Every advocate of Conscription who refused to withdraw his declarations and admit his subordinate position was wiped off the list of Labour members, and *ipso facto* became the most hated of Labour's opponents.

There and then the Australian Labour Party, as men had known it from its inception—the party of non-doctrinaire socialism, of sober practical legislative progress and cautious administration, of Watson and Fisher and Batchelor and Hughes, which the official 'Socialists' of Australia had always denounced as *bourgeois*—died and was buried. It lost its leaders and its organisation together with its character and its aims; and the party that stole its name and its machinery, and tried to assume its position in politics, was an imposture. It is true that it was on the whole an intelligent imposture,

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for the new leaders did not lack brains—what they lacked was experience, and the resulting foresight, and their superabundant emotionalism did not compensate for it. But it was a strange new spirit usurping and misusing the old machinery; and no criticism or appreciation of Australian Labour that dates from before 1916 can be applied to the body now using that name.

The moral is trite enough, and concerns the tyrannical possibilities of machines. Representative systems in modern times must have certain machinery; without it the average citizen would be hopelessly at sea in elections; and the more inclined the citizens are to use their individual judgment, the more necessary is machinery that will supply materials on which it may be used. But, for that very reason, control of the machinery must be effective and continuous, and must at no moment—however seemingly unimportant—be left to ill-informed or unbalanced engineers. In Australia, moreover, special conditions made dependence on mere mechanism exceptionally dangerous; for the national virtue of comradeship lays stress on men more than on measures, and bases the Australian's attitude towards a policy rather on his opinion of the politician than on his views about the proposal. While Mr Hughes was in constant personal contact with the Unions, he was all-powerful, and much was done at his bidding that might not have been done on the average Unionist's judgment of its merits. Even when work in the Federal Parliament, and subsequently the duties of a Minister and the heavy burden of a Premier's responsibility, almost completely severed the personal contact, belief in 'Billy' still worked wonders. But the thread was wearing very thin. It seems probable that Mr Hughes' prolonged absence on his first London visit, emphasised by stupid cable messages about his reception in aristocratic circles in England, snapped it at last. A 'Billy' they never saw, who took tea with Duchesses and received compliments from Lords, was no longer the mate they had followed; they turned for advice to the men closer at hand, the Union secretaries and organisers who were more or less part of their daily life; and the advocacy of any measure by the man they had half-forgotten, and who (so they were told) had more than half-forgotten them, became as convincing

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an argument against the measure as, a year earlier, it would have been a recommendation. And if any superior person is moved to pity or despise men who could base their political opinions on considerations so insufficient (not to say irrelevant), let him bethink him how many millions accept their opinions from anonymous writers in journals directed by unknown forces and swayed by subterranean influences.

There is a further moral, hardly less trite. The machine in power demands submissive subordinates—i.e. men of identical or of negligible opinions. And the majority will be in the latter class. We may with reasonable security take the word of a Labour ex-Senator (one who was not expelled) as published in a Labour journal of some note—the Sydney 'Worker.' After describing the 'solidarity' pledge and the choice of a 'ticket' to fill all offices in the important Labour organisations, Mr Arthur Rae goes on:

'They discussed the Conference business paper, and whatever they decided to support or oppose every delegate in the "section" was pledged to vote solidly on in Conference, no matter what new facts or arguments might be adduced. The "section" also had a rule that its members must vote in "threes"—that is, that each member must after voting show his ballot-paper to two others.'

The Liberal machine, tyrannical enough at times, never attained this degree of stringency; nor, for that matter, does every Labour body exact such absolute obedience as the 'Industrial Section for securing Labour solidarity' with which Mr Rae was dealing. But in one form or another the demand for blind obedience has been put forward; and as a result the quality of candidates on both sides has steadily declined from 1913 onwards. One Liberal member of great promise, who had been forced upon the unwilling machine by an independent constituency, deliberately refused re-election because of the company into which it would throw him. No others of a promising type have appeared. Labour (the new Labour, that is) has recruited from the State Parliament of Queensland one man with a certain power of leadership—but, as his successor in the Queensland premiership has discovered, with a still greater power of

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discerning when to 'get out from under' in a crisis. Barring Mr Ryan, the only parliamentary figures separately visible in 1920 are men of 1910—Mr Hughes, Mr Pearce, Mr Wise (sole survivor of the old Deakinites), occasionally Mr Millen, and Mr Anstey. The war years merely brought to light the inadequacy of the new blood, which had no background to its mind, and, on whichever side of the House it sat, contributed little but froth to the debates. One thing alone seems to stand between Australia and the rule (when the men of 1910 have gone) of sheer unintelligent parochialism—a contingent of good soldiers just returned to the Senate, who may be stimulated by the futility of their present surroundings to master the party machines as they mastered German designs, and may thus plant themselves later in the House of Representatives as a rallying-point for the friends of sober and sensible administration.

From at least one point of view it was fortunate that the expulsions came when they did. The pretensions of the annual Conferences grew, as we have seen, steadily from 1913 onwards, and by 1916 had reached a critical point. Each year Conference critics attacked the various Labour Ministries, as was to be expected; and some of the Ministries were weak enough to fear the attacks. In 1916 the Premier of New South Wales, Mr W. A. Holman, actually proffered his resignation, not to the Governor as a result of Conference attacks, but to the Conference itself—apparently acknowledging it as the body to which he as Premier was responsible. The difficulties in this particular case were eventually smoothed over, and the resignation was withdrawn; but the Conference had tasted blood, and its successors (as Mr Storey can testify) were quite ready to assume the position thrown open to them. But for the split over Conscription, Australia might have found her representative system of government surreptitiously replaced by an adaptation of the Soviet system. As it is, power passed from the hands of those who were illegitimately grasping at it; the Ministers they hoped to dominate preferred expulsion and sought new, if somewhat uncomfortable, allies; in the general turmoil Australia discovered that 'class-consciousness,' and 'One Big Union,' and the whole rubbish-basket of such phrases

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really concealed a definite and a very dangerous idea. Then the common sense that lies at the back of most Australian minds, and has saved many a situation in both war and politics, resumed control. The Australian Workers' Union, the most powerful in the Commonwealth, scathingly denounced the One Big Union; the electors, first in New South Wales and then in the Commonwealth at large, backed with big majorities the ex-Labour Ministries; and the definitive verdict was perhaps pronounced when, as a result of the two Federal elections of 1917 and 1920, the new Labour found itself represented in the Senate by one member out of 36. For Australia in its senses is above all things anti-extremist, and repudiates the Bolshevist (when it discovers him) as energetically as it ejects the reactionary.

This does not, of course, mean that peace and harmony between opposing political or industrial factions is within sight, or likely to appear in any reasonably near future. Occasionally, as was said earlier in these pages, the Australian evinces an almost French taste for logic. More often he harks back to his British ancestry, and, having established a principle in some big affair, proceeds to deal with smaller matters quite irrespective of that or any other principle. Sincere advocates of industrial arbitration may for all that favour a strike when it seems the shorter way home. 'Direct Action,' anathema as a principle, may take the disguise of virtue as an expedient. Illegality is certainly an objection to be taken into account, but a minor objection. For in this the Australian is neither French nor British, but purely himself—that he has no worship for law as such. The Englishman, born into a long-settled country, whose government in all its branches is packed with precedents, is essentially law-abiding. If he chooses to disobey the law, he feels that he is in revolt, doing something exceptional and daring, even heroic. When he hears that other men of his own race are disregarding laws they themselves have made, he feels that they are revolting; he classes them as unreliable, dangerous, 'un-British.' But the Australian was born into, and has been brought up in, a country of quite another sort. He is still dealing with the raw material, not the finished article. His country is not fenced in; if there is a tree across the

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road, he drives round it, making a new track through the bush, without any anxiety about trespassing. Similarly he has little sense of tradition. He has not yet learnt to care much for past history, or to understand from what deep-reaching roots his latest flowers draw their sap. A law for him is not the temporary culmination of an age-long process, but rather an experimental summary of ephemerally existing conditions. He made it for practical use, and is in no way loth to 'scrap' it if it does not fit exactly to that use, or to throw it aside for the time while he tries another instrument.

This attitude, of course, creates its own risks. It was not because representative government was in danger that sober Labour men repudiated the authority of the Conference, or the Workers' Union rejected the 'One Big Union.' Parliament is not so excellent an instrument of government that any Australian would uphold it for its own sweet sake. Any substitute that offered greater advantages would be tried without much hesitation. But neither the narrow cliques that controlled the Conference nor the ambitious and swollen-headed officials who hoped to control the One Big Union appealed to the average citizen as an improvement, and for that reason—a little reluctantly, because he would have welcomed a change—he decided against them. Similarly, when the legal mechanism of industrial arbitration failed to act promptly in a crisis—partly because technical difficulties connected with the Federal Constitution were urged against it by the High Court, under the influence of an able but very conservative Chief Justice—it was not only the aggrieved workmen who evaded the law and sought relief in striking; the Prime Minister himself, an ardent champion of arbitration, devised extra-legal means of getting work resumed, and invaded the sphere of the Arbitration Court by appointing Commissions to investigate miners' and seamen's grievances and to discover the true 'basic wage' in these days of rising prices and lowered currency values.

While, therefore, the Labour discontents and Bolshevist * propaganda and the vague undirected surges

* 'Bolshevist' is used as a convenient nickname for the desire of half-educated or fanatical extremists to replace what they believe to be a 'capitalist' tyranny by an indisputable tyranny of the proletariat.

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of unrest that seem to be now affecting the whole world are all represented in Australia, the particular phenomena which Europe, misled by newspaper talk and the alarm of reactionaries, is apt to take for symptoms of a widespread imminent revolution are of much less importance and hardly at all dangerous. As has been said already, the Australian instinctively goes straight across country to his goal, and is not troubled by fear of trespassing; and to that extent he is admittedly a nuisance to the landowner; but it does not follow that he is a menace to society. He is not wandering at large, or with a destructive intent; he wants to reach the township, not to burn down the wool-shed on his way thither. He is, as has just been hinted, badly misrepresented by two agencies—the *soi-disant* Labour press, which for reasons too intricate to discuss here is almost wholly in the hands of extremists, and the reactionary press and politicians, too unintelligent to discern his motives even if they were unbiassed enough to scrutinise them fairly. But, though the old Labour party is gone, its spirit continues to animate the mass of its former adherents—that is, of the men and women who, by whatever political name they called themselves, both in 1910 and in 1914 put Mr Fisher and his friends in power. Their political objectives are still defined in terms of the 'fair deal' and of comradeship, not of any Marxian or Leninite dogma. Their active sympathy is for the 'small man' against anything that looks like undue dominance of money-owners or landowners or men with a political 'pull.' More especially—and this, one thinks, is a particularly Australian touch—their ideal is leisure rather than wealth; their demands for short hours and high overtime pay indicate not, as in some countries, a wish to earn money more quickly at overtime rates, but a marked objection to overtime work at any rates.

This, be it remembered, is an explanation, not an excuse. For any one accustomed to the methods and motives of British or European or American workers the employment of Australians must be a perpetual and frequently irritating series of surprises—as, from all accounts, was the behaviour of Australian troops during the war to British officers who did not understand the type. For isolation (and Australia, even in these days

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of rapid communication, is remarkably isolated) may improve the breed and clarify thought, but it minimises experience and deprives self-centred communities of valuable standards. With the best intentions, the Australian is apt both to undervalue customs and institutions whose origin and use he does not immediately comprehend, and to repeat amateurishly and without guidance experiments long since made and corrected—not to say abandoned. Indeed, one of the most interesting features of Australian life to an English observer is the exactitude with which it reproduces conditions and events two thousand years past and ten thousand miles away.

This, at any rate, is for the present the surest guide to an understanding of things Australian—that the Anzac, the 'Digger,' in his best and worst qualities alike, is a fair type of his fellow-countrymen. The Commonwealth, like most other countries just now, has its proportion of agitators and fanatics and loose-thinking, emotional phrasemongers. Not by them, however, is the mass of Australians influenced beyond a casual moment now and then. To interpret in terms of European mob-philosophy the industrial unrest of Sydney or Melbourne leads to hopelessly wrong conclusions; the advice of certain so-called Labour politicians and the vapourings of the Labour press may sometimes be so interpreted, but not the common action of any large section of the community.

That consideration leads us directly to the second stage of this article. For among the resources of the Commonwealth that may be of notable value to the Empire its men stand out prominently. Faults and all, the Anzac was a clear gain to British strength; and the chief difference between the Anzac on the battle-field and his mates left in Australia, because they were either too young or unfit for the strain of fighting or more useful at home (the comparatively few real 'slackers' were no mates of his, but mostly recent immigrants from alien lands)—the chief difference, it may safely be said, lay in his newly-acquired experience and their lack of it. His habit of mind, his initiative, versatility, independence of thought, intolerance of unexplained discipline (but

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complete acceptance of reasoned discipline), are theirs as much as his. But he gained from his oversea experiences fresh material on which to exercise thought, new explanations, backgrounds hitherto hidden from him against which the foreground of his vision developed altered meanings. Given similar opportunities—not necessarily of fighting, but of travel and of using its brains—the Australian people *en masse* may become to the Empire, and to civilisation at large, what the Australian troops were to the Allied armies.

It would appear, then, that for the qualities of its men as well as for the magnitude of its resources, the Commonwealth is an asset of considerable value to the Empire and the British race; and that its people are at any rate beginning to depend on their own efforts to develop and to defend their country. But, whatever man's ingenuity can do with material assets, living assets can only be preserved with their own consent and on their own conditions. There remains to be considered, therefore, the one condition essential to the continued existence of the Commonwealth as a British community on friendly terms of active co-operation with its fellow-Britons. This is, as the world by now may have discovered, the maintenance of 'White Australia.'

About no national claim—not even the 'sea-power' of Britain or the 'Monroe Doctrine' of the United States—has more nonsense been written by its enemies or more vagueness displayed by its friends. And yet it is based on the simplest principles of nationhood and might be expected to appeal to the most pacific of thinkers. The 'Monroe Doctrine' implies an assumption of suzerainty over independent States. British insistence on command of the sea, though purely defensive in intention, involves a power of aggression which other nations have occasionally resented. The mere request for leave to live according to your own ideas in your own country, and to choose your mates from your own stock, would not at first sight appear particularly aggressive or obnoxious. And this, it must be remembered, is the whole purport of the 'White Australia' doctrine. It has no aggressive force. It does not imply differential treatment of any resident in the Commonwealth, whatever his nationality. It demands nothing

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that its supporters do not concede reciprocally. It is not even based, as its enemies constantly assert, on belief in an innate 'superiority' of the Australian, or of any 'white' race, to Asiatic or 'coloured' races. It is as simple and defensible a demand as that of any married man to keep his own home for his own family.

The Commonwealth is a democracy, a community in which every adult resident of two years' standing could, before the war, obtain the franchise and exert the same influence as any other voter on the country's institutions. (The war has taught greater caution, but the ideal still stands.) In such a community, especially in one whose institutions are still in the making and have no centuries of tradition to steady them, it is all-important that a certain homogeneity of ethical standards should be preserved—that is, that the population should be agreed on at least a few basic ideas regarding, say, the position of women, public morals, religious tolerance, honesty in both civic and private behaviour, and so forth. Now, without claiming superiority for any ethical system, it can be safely said that those current in (roughly speaking) European States and their extra-European offshoots resemble each other and at the same time differ in essentials from those current among the nationalities outside Europe and the United States. It is arguable whether Hindu standards are superior to those of Europe; it cannot be asserted that they are identical or approximate. *Bushido* has many European admirers, but it is something quite different from any form of chivalry. The conception of a lie as something ethically wrong, not merely dangerous and unbusinesslike—possibly the conception of 'wrongness' itself, as distinguished from foolishness or inexpediency—is rarely and with great difficulty grafted on to the mental stock of many excellent folk with whom British colonists or traders or missionaries are continually in contact. Australia cannot afford to admit as fellow-citizens people, however otherwise estimable, whose basic ideas on the essentials of social and political life are at variance with their own.

It is not suggested that the average Australian couches his objections to alien immigration in these terms. The average man uses simpler and much

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vaguer expressions, and would probably be unable to give exact reasons for any of his instinctive decisions or aversions. But the statement made above describes accurately the root from which his instinct springs. Our readers may prefer the authority of the Rev. Andrew Harper, who in an essay on this subject writes thus:

'The "White Australia" policy is the policy which seeks to prevent the free influx into Australia of labourers and artisans belonging to races whose traditions and whose political, social, and religious ideals differ so much from ours that it would be very difficult in any reasonable time to assimilate them, and, if they came in masses, impossible. And the foundation of that policy is the conviction that such an influx always produces grave evils for both races, and that it cannot really be desired by either, unless as a cover for designs of conquest, either economic or territorial.' ('Australia: Economic and Political Studies,' p. 444.)

Omitting the words 'labourers and artisans,' which in our opinion introduce a limitation that Australian opinion would not approve, this definition may stand as thoroughly representative of the Australian contention.

Why, then, is this unaggressive and justifiable desire to choose their bed-fellows so frequently denounced as un-Christian, deprecated as un-British, and regarded as a stupid and selfish interference with beneficent Imperial policies? Partly, no doubt, because some of its advocates have used arrogant language and instituted insulting comparisons—such as Europeans understand well enough to neglect—against a neighbouring Asiatic nation that resents them. Putting aside, however, the caricatures, always somewhat 'larrikin' in dialect, of the Sydney 'Bulletin,' it may safely be said that 'White Australia' has been unpopular in England (where, outside the Commonwealth, its unpopularity chiefly matters) because it runs counter to the ideas of three important classes of Englishmen—missionaries, merchants, and diplomatists. The missionary deplores a doctrine which seems to him to defy his own doctrine of Christian brotherhood—as if brotherhood could only be proved by letting your brother share your dining-room. The merchant interested in Eastern trade persuades himself that his trade

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is somehow being affected; Japanese restrictions on European residents do not worry him, but Australian restrictions on the Japanese are a perpetual irritation. The diplomatist—including in that category the higher officials of the Indian and Colonial Offices as well as of the Foreign Office—in the first place hates to have his arrangements interfered with by a few people in a distant colony, and in the second place finds it embarrassing to have to placate Oriental susceptibilities, continually offended by the assumption that Australians think all Asiatic races 'inferior.'

Australians, for their part, are candidly contemptuous of the Englishmen who so misread them—far more contemptuous than the most ill-bred Australian ever was of the Asiatics themselves. Against a certain clique or caste of Australian residents who, either to imitate English feeling or because they want Asiatic labour to bring down local wages, misrepresent and abuse the creed, the Australian feeling is one of anger rather than contempt. Unfortunately, their attention is so fully taken up with arguing about the justice of their desires that they give too little thought to the practical difficulties in the way of securing them. For this, after all, is the soundest argument against a 'White Australia,' that it can only be secured—until the League of Nations inaugurates its new paradise—by a population large enough to occupy the Commonwealth's empty spaces—including especially the Northern Territory, confessedly unfit for the habitation of Europeans—or at least by a system of defence strong enough to make any would-be occupant think twice about the cost of occupation, such a system of defence, again, depending on a sufficient population. Every man holds his creed for himself; the Baptist cannot fairly ask the Taoist to protect him against conversion to Islam; and Australia cannot demand that England should protect her against Asiatic immigration so long as England is unconvinced of the need of a 'White Australia.' It was that discovery, more than any other cause, that brought the Australian Navy into being; the demand for a local squadron, until then confined to a few far-seeing publicists, became popular and insistent when 'The Times' one January morning declared that the Commonwealth must not count on the

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British Navy to support a policy repugnant to British India. It is improbable that England ever will be genuinely convinced of the correctness of the Australian view, home-keeping Englishmen somewhat lack imagination, and do not readily envisage, in a community of fifty millions easily digesting a few thousand immigrants (and those usually of the better sort), the prospects of a community of five millions faced with the influx of ten times their number, mostly of the baser sort. The surest policy for Australia under these conditions is, in the first place, to convince Britain that she is in earnest about her creed, by spending every penny she can on the most efficient defence her experts can devise; in the second place, to convince the Empire that she is worth support, even if slightly wrong-headed, because she contributes to the confederate Britains something not only worth having but actually essential to their continued confederation.

And this—to return to our original subject of discussion—is what Australia has, often no doubt unconsciously, been doing during the last ten years. From 1910 onwards she was establishing the beginnings of a defence scheme as sound as good advice and the temperament of her people could make it; the war caught her only half-ready, but even so proved beyond dispute the value both of her new war-ships and of her new army. For the moment, now the war is over, both naval and military efforts are at a standstill. The squadron at minimum strength awaits the decisions of an Imperial Conference before resuscitation; the citizen army, its constitution and training-scheme vastly improved by experience gained in the war, will revive sooner. As for the second part of her policy, Australians hope that their share of the fighting, both on sea and on land, has shown the Empire something of their quality. They believe that the Anzacs, the men who took Mont St Quentin, the men who rode with Chauvel through Palestine, are worth helping in the work they are now set to do. If the rulers of the Empire are of the same opinion, the unfailing support of 'White Australia' is not too high a price to pay.

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Art. 2.—WILLIAM JAMES.

1. *The Letters of William James.* Edited by his son Henry James. 2 vols. Longmans, 1920.
2. *Collected Essays and Reviews.* By William James. Longmans, 1920.
3. *The Principles of Psychology.* By William James. 2 vols. New York: Holt, 1890.

And other works by the same.

THE Letters of William James are the fascinating record, belated but all the more welcome, of a great personality. Now the jewel of personality has many facets—perhaps their number is infinite *in posse*—whereby it responds to the stimulus of other souls, and flashes back upon them sparks of its own inherent fire, which nevertheless, in proportion as the reacting soul is sensitive and sympathetic, display a distinctive colouring, appropriate to the individual stimulus. Unfortunately such displays are rare. The necessities of life compel us ordinarily to conceal our personality. Like the larva of the caddis-fly, the soul secretes around it a protective tube of sand and dirt and shells, of rubbish and convention, ensconces itself in artificial darkness, and not infrequently dies therein, of inanition. It is only a few who dare to be themselves, and to reveal themselves. But they are the most interesting and delightful of persons; for, after all, there is nothing men relish more than personality. They come out in their letters better than in autobiographies, which always tempt to a pose, or in biographies, which nearly always tone down personality, and blur its outlines. One cannot but applaud therefore the rare act of filial self-denial by which Mr Henry James has allowed his father to speak for himself and given to the world these wonderful letters, embedded in a minimum of connective tissue, instead of a more conventional 'Life.' But he has shown excellent judgment and the literary art which is hereditary in his family by his selection of his material; this was very abundant, because any one who ever received a letter from William James would be sure to keep it. One could wish perhaps that he had not selected quite so severely, and had given us four volumes instead of two; but by excluding most of the

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technical philosophy he has succeeded in exhibiting the enormous range of his father's interests in all sorts and conditions of men, and the many facets of his personality.

This method of selection is well calculated to bring out the vital fact that the best sort of letters is literally a 'correspondence,' and reveals, not only the writer, but also his endeavour to attune himself to the demands and interests of another, and so, indirectly, the person written to. It is marvellous how James succeeds in adapting himself to different personalities. He is equally a model and a delight when praising his son Henry's (*æt.* 8) improved hand-writing:

'So well written that I wondered whose hand it was, and never thought it might be yours. Your tooth also was a precious memorial—I hope you'll get a better one in its place. Send me the other as soon as it is tookin out. They ought to go into the Peabody Museum. If any of George Washington's baby-teeth had been kept till now, they would be put somewhere in a public museum for the world to wonder at. I will keep this tooth, so that if you grow up to be a second George Washington, I may sell it to a Museum' (I, p. 276).

or when telling his son William (*æt.* 6) about some performing seals,

'the loveliest beasts, with big black eyes, poking their heads up and down in the water, and then scrambling out on their bellies like boys tied up in bags' (I, p. 278).

or his daughter (*æt.* 8) about

'an immense mastiff, so tender and gentle and mild, although fully as big as a calf. His ears and face are black, his eyes are yellow, his paws are magnificent, his tail keeps wagging *all* the time, and he makes on me the impression of an angel hid in a cloud. He longs to do good' (II, p. 26).

or again when coaxing a desiccated philosopher into taking a less pedantic view of a human problem:

'If the world is a Unit there *are* no sides—there's the moral rub! And you don't see it! Ah, Hodgson! Hodgson *mio!* from whom I hoped so much! Most spirited, most clean, most thoroughbred of philosophers! *Perchè di tanto*

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inganni i figli tuoi? If you want to reconcile us rationally to Determinism, write a Theodicy, reconcile us to *Evil*, but don't talk of the distinction between impediments from within and without when the within and without of which you speak are both within that *Whole* which is the only real agent in your philosophy' (I, p. 246).

Or again listen to his description of his brother Henry's style:

'You know how opposed your whole "third manner" of execution is to the literary ideals which animate my crude and Orson-like breast, mine being to say a thing in one sentence as straight and explicit as it can be made, and then to drop it for ever; yours being to avoid naming it straight, but by dint of breathing and sighing all round and round it, to arouse in the reader who may have had a similar perception already (Heaven help him if he hasn't!) the illusion of a solid object, made (like the "ghost" at the Polytechnic) wholly out of impalpable materials, air, and the prismatic interferences of light, ingeniously focused by mirrors upon empty space. But you *do* it, that's the queerness' (II, p. 277).

Or read finally his penetrating estimate of Shakespeare (II, p. 335):

'Harris himself is horrid, young and crude. Much of his talk seems to me absurd, but nevertheless *that's the way to write about Shakespeare*. . . . He seems to me to have been a professional *amuser*, in the first instance, with a productivity like that of a Dumas or a Scribe; but possessing what no other amuser has possessed, a lyric splendour added to his rhetorical fluency, which has made people take him for a more essentially serious human being than he was. Neurotically and erotically, he was hyperæsthetic, with a playful graciousness of character never surpassed. He could be profoundly melancholy, but even then was controlled by the audience's needs. A cork in the rapids, with no ballast of his own, without religious or ethical ideals, accepting uncritically every theatrical and social convention, he was simply an æolian harp passively resounding to the stage's call. Was there ever an author of such emotional importance whose reaction against false conventions of life was such an absolute zero as his? I know nothing of the other Elizabethans, but could they have been as soulless in this respect? But *halte-là!* or I shall become a Harris myself!'

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It is difficult for a reader of these intensely vivacious and spontaneous outpourings to believe that the same qualities, when they enliven James's books, were the fruit of long incubation and laboured composition, as he himself always maintained. Perhaps what he meant was that the repression of his personality, and the toning-down of his exuberance, was the painful process that cost time and effort. But there is no noticeable difference between his books and his letters; and, if the style is the man, he is equally himself in both. Both abound in the same vividness, lucidity, fertility of illustration, and a pure Irish sense of fun, which had no doubt descended to him from an ancestry that came almost entirely from Ulster.

As in his letters, so he was in speech; always original, racy, vitalising, virile, utterly devoid of any sort of *hauteur*, humbug, and pretence, and genuinely interested in any human soul that crossed his path. Well do I remember how I took him round one afternoon to an eminent psychologist whom he desired to meet and with whom he was anxious to exchange views; but, when an undergraduate happened to come in who was suffering from an obsession, theoretic psychology was promptly put aside and James talked to him about his troubles for the rest of his visit! It was no wonder that, within five minutes of meeting him, men found themselves talking to James as if they had known him all their life. He had also, it must be confessed, a peculiar fascination for 'cranks,' who are much more sensitive than professors to the human appeal. James listened to them with unending patience, sympathised, counselled, and sent them away comforted; but he utilised them as well, and had a deadly way of mobilising a quotation from some pet crank to ridicule and confound any theory he was upsetting. In short, his greatness was securely rooted in his personality.

William James was a great man; the greatest, probably, who has yet 'taken birth' in the Great Republic. He was also a great philosopher, one of the half-dozen who have made an epoch and given a new direction to the deepest, and dimmest, *nisus* of the human soul. But he was a great philosopher, *because* he was a great

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man; a great man essentially, a philosopher consequentially. Nor did he achieve philosophic greatness by retiring from the world and suppressing his feelings; his personality, and his belief in personality, are the clue to all his philosophic achievements. It was because he believed in personality, and possessed so sympathetic and attractive a personality himself, that he developed his open-mindedness, his freshness of thought, and his directness of approach to the problems of life. It was the source also of his democratic appreciation of every sort of human endeavour; for the essence, both of democracy as a political ideal, and of Christianity as a specific religion, is just the value of personality. His belief in it could extract from 'an unlearned carpenter of my acquaintance' the profound dictum that 'there is very little difference between one man and another; but what little there is is very important,' and entitled him to quote and adopt it;* for he was ever exploring its possibilities, and thoroughly lived up to it himself. It was, moreover, because he believed in, studied, and loved personality that he became the incomparable psychologist he was. It was because he was a great psychologist that he became a great philosopher who inexorably brought shrivelled shibboleths and arid formulas to the test of immediate psychical experience, and broke down the artificial barriers erected between psychology and philosophy by the Brahmins of the academic caste.

His personality constituted both the glory and the tragedy of James's life. On the one hand multitudes were drawn towards him, to bask in its rays; but they absorbed much time and energy that might otherwise have augmented his literary fecundity, and have gone to make his views more ponderously systematic in their form and so more impressive to his philosophic *confrères*. These were filled with envy of James's popularity, and not by nature at all disposed to gloat over him, but rather to be shocked. For in the academic world a personality like James is inevitably something of an anomaly; having the effect, if not precisely of a bull in a china-shop, yet of a vacuum-cleaner in a 'museum of

* 'Will to Believe,' p. 256; cf. 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 149.

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curios'—as he once profanely called the philosophy of Kant. It is a thousand pities that none of the millionaires who endow universities in America with such lavish generosity knew enough about the academic life and its defects to realise that he could do infinitely more for human learning by liberating James from the strain of academic teaching, to which the duty of supporting his family kept him enslaved, than by founding 'university seminaries' for breeding pedants to all time, and for encouraging 'bald-headed and bald-hearted young aspirants for the Ph.D. to bore one another with the pedantry and technicality, formless, uncircumcised, unabashed, and unrebuked, of their "papers" and "reports."'*

Of course such men did not relish James. He did not seem to take himself and his subject seriously enough. His method of introducing neophytes to the philosophic atmosphere was not to plunge them into the sacerdotal gloom of a Gothic cathedral in a London fog, but to invite them to come out and explore the ascent of an unknown peak. No wonder solemn 'sophomores' were driven to exclaim, 'Do be serious for a moment, Professor!' Their elders, more cunningly, complained that he was not 'systematic.' They told him this so often that not only they, but James himself also, came to believe it. And in a sense it was true. The would-be systematist must be made of sterner stuff. He must have the heart to sacrifice everything to his system, wife, child, and self. He must become a quaint crank, like Herbert Spencer, and go and live in a boarding-house, or be a book-verminous recluse, like Kant. 'The philosopher is a lone beast, dwelling in his individual burrow,' as James observes (II, p. 164), or a cross between a beast and a god, as Aristotle would have had to admit, and his 'collective life is little more than an organisation of misunderstandings' (II, p. 311).

But James's thought was not really incoherent and lacking in unity. It did not always seem consistent to a verbal critic who would not concern himself with James's meaning, was satisfied to argue from 'the' meaning of the words, and failed to notice that James was apt to

* 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 460.

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start with an opponent's phraseology and to develop it into a vehicle of his own meaning. But then no thought can seem consistent to a sufficiently minute and verbal criticism, simply because, as knowledge grows it expands, and ultimately bursts, 'the' meaning of the words it uses. James's thought drew its central and abiding unity from his personality. And, being personal, his distinctive attitude towards philosophic problems was assumed at a very early period of his life. His 'pragmatism' exists entire (all but the name) in his 'Principles of Psychology' (1890). Indeed, it exists already, in essentials, in an article he published in the 'Journal of Speculative Philosophy' twelve years before, which emphasises the teleological function of intelligence with all the momentous consequences James extracted from it.* Like all great thinkers, therefore, James arrived at his personal reaction upon the universe in youth, long before he had reasoned or written it out.

But his professional colleagues, not being expert in individual psychology, did not see this. They could not believe that a real philosopher could be so unprofessional, so human, so full of fun, so free from solemnity and humbug. They took his idiosyncrasy as proof positive that James could not really be a philosopher, although his new ideas were manifestly reviving interest in philosophy all the world over. So far as they understood him—which was not a long way—they disapproved of him. They writhed under his style, with 'its deliberate *anti*-technicality' (II, p. 297), which they rightly regarded as a sacrilegious attempt to break through the academic ring, and to appeal to the people. He quite recognised that it made him 'an object of loathing to many respectable academic minds' (II, p. 301). But for the most part they honestly did not understand him. How could they understand a philosophy that went abroad among the people clothed in racy English, and did not wrap itself up in sesquipedalian jargon? It was unfair and indecent to write like James. One always had to translate what he said into the familiar *clichés* of philosophic debate, and generally found that it would not fit them!

* 'Essays and Reviews,' pp. 63–68.

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So the truly academic man struggled desperately to grasp what was as clear as daylight to the man in the street, and usually failed laughably. Few, however, had the candour and *naiveté* to admit it, like the late Prof. J. H. Hyslop. Not long before his death I had, in reviewing him, to point out that he had quite misunderstood James's very important theory of the 'transmissive' function of brain in relation to mind, which entirely demolishes the cogency of materialism. He defended himself by declaring that

'the difficulty always with Prof. James was to determine technically what he meant by his language on a crucial point. As a popular writer he was clear enough, but the moment he touched on technical problems you never could be sure that his language had the accepted meaning of history. It is quite probable that if I could have found what the meaning of his terms was my animadversions would have been very different. But I must insist that the terms mean either what I said, or they mean nothing.' *

Prof. Hyslop did not see that in arguing from what he alleged to be the meaning of the words against James's, he was only pitting one man's meaning against another man's—in this case wrongly, because he could perceive no difference between 'transmissive' and 'transitive.'

The discrepancy between James and the conventional philosophers was not, however, merely due to a clash of personalities or to the fear of cheapening philosophy by making it easy to follow. There were also good philosophic reasons for it. James had carried respect for personality to the pitch of professing willingness to consider whether it was not as good a clue to reality as the method of abstractions; in other words, he was willing to assign to it metaphysical value. Now this was not only a revolutionary suggestion, but also one bound to gall traditional philosophy in a very sore point.

Ever since Plato, the treatment of personality had been involved in inextricable difficulties, because the accepted theory of knowledge had found no room for

* 'Journal' of the S.P.R., No. 364, p. 198.

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it. If 'universals' were the true reality, and individual beings were only concretions of universals, or even if all knowledge manipulated and rested on universals, it seemed to follow that no intelligible account could be given of the differences between one person and another. Thus the difference between Socrates and Theætetus had to be pronounced indefinable and unknowable.* So Plato had said, and no one had ventured to gainsay him. Plato had recognised the difficulty, but without perceiving that it meant the bankruptcy of his metaphysical method.

Yet he had merely misapprehended the scope of his method. He had taken as ultimate metaphysical truth what was merely a device of human knowing; and his method failed to make room for personality in the end, simply because he had unwittingly abstracted from it at the outset. If we conceive the problem of knowing as being that of classing together a number of individuals who are much alike, and for some purposes may be treated as if they were identical, it is natural and proper that we should employ conceptions which are 'universal,' and ignore their differences. Our purpose is classificatory; and we are not interested in individuals as such, but concerned only to bring out what is *common* to them. But our purpose is none the less a creation of personal interest. We abstract from personality, because it is a fact that for *many* of our purposes we can profitably do so, and handle persons in the bulk, as merely cases of a 'kind.' That is the simple fact which underlies the famous Theory of Ideas. But it in no wise compels us to ignore personality for *other* purposes; and, when we interest ourselves in real life and in persons as such, we can then, as rightly, treat each personality as unique.

There is not, then, really any mystery about the inability of knowledge to take account of personality; the mystery is manufactured needlessly by ignoring the purposive nature of knowing. And yet, as we trace its all-pervasive influence, personality may well seem a fit symbol to express the central mystery of being. For it entails a relativity more radical than any that has yet

* 'Theætetus,' 209.

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been recognised by physics. It is through the medium of our personality that we see all that there is, for us; yet it is itself never seen by eye, or microscope, or any apparatus of principles and methods. For the eye is meant to look out upon the outer world, and the soul cannot turn its eye upon itself; even in 'introspection' there is an inspecting person as well as an inspected character. As for principles and methods, they are but inventions that help personality to attain its ends; when mastered and fully understood, they minister to it, and neither control nor 'analyse' it. To take the abstraction from personality, as practised in the sciences, as betokening a superior and superhuman truth is simply a blunder.

It is not, however, a meaningless blunder, but indicative of a 'complex' that lurks in many a philosophic breast. It would hardly be perpetrated, were it not that there are those—many at times, and some habitually—who are weary of their personality, and resentful of its omnipresence. They long to escape from themselves, and make appeal to scientific method to give them extraneous support and to relieve them of the burden of their being. One has merely to read such 'splendid atheistic-titanic' deliverances as Mr Bertrand Russell's 'A Free Man's Worship' (cf. Letters, II, 356), to realise that it is precisely because they are so coldly impersonal and remote that mathematics can evoke an emotional response that soothes the fevered spirit. The commoner way of seeking escape from self is by the religious *via mystica;* but the difference in the objects in which salvation is sought alters neither the essential mysticism of the attitude nor the inherent self-contradiction of seeking self-satisfaction in self-transcendence.

Like the religious mysticism, then, so sympathetically studied by James in his 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' the scientific abstraction from personality has its function and value; both are expedients of spiritual hygiene in which some patients find relief. But as an account of our scientific procedure this abstraction is not the last word. For, as we have seen, the sciences are ultimately *methods*, for common use; and as such they can properly ignore the incommunicable factor in human reactions which is wholly personal, and differentiates one man from another. This abstraction

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is justified for their purposes; but it entails inadequacy and incompleteness philosophically. Philosophy, having the duty of considering all the facts, cannot make it. It cannot deny the significance and value of the personal without renouncing its ambition to be all-inclusive.

Moreover, the value of the personal cannot be denied without denying value altogether. And this is a prospect no philosophy can really face. For values permeate reality so vitally that wholly to cancel them would be the ruin of the cosmos. Yet they spring from personality, and enter the world with it. It is supremely valuable itself, and demonstrably the source of all the values that are recognised. The Good, the True, the Beautiful, nay even the Real, for us at least, are more or less obviously creations of our discriminating and valuing personality; and to expunge them all seems a hopeless enterprise. For if this inconceivability could be achieved, it would no longer be permissible to value anything as good, as true, as real; the whole world would lapse into worthless, meaningless, chaotic, nightmare. The values themselves would become 'illusions'; but what is 'illusion' but a negation of the value called 'reality'? Thus the attempt to get rid of values defeats itself.

The same conclusion may be proved, almost as simply, by observing how we all frame and uphold our claims to be possessed of the true, the good, and the real. The last of these cases is the most comprehensive and least obvious; so it will probably suffice to concentrate upon it. A little critical reflexion should convince us that we were not originally possessed of the reals we now recognise; they are the outcome of the whole cognitive endeavour of mankind up to date. They have come within our ken by the continual correction of errors, the discarding of unrealities, the sacrifice of illusions. Thus our actual reals are the products of a long sifting, the victors in a prolonged struggle for existence. Moreover, whoever has had occasion to doubt, to stop to think, and to deliberate, must have gone through the process of rejecting claimants to reality and preferring what he esteemed the best and worthiest claim. Generalising, then, we may say that, of whatever object of thought the reality is asserted and believed, the claim to reality must have been preferred to that made on behalf of

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unsuccessful rivals that were condemned, and sank into 'unreality' by their rejection. It should be added that it continues to hold its status as reality in virtue of its superiority over all other claimants. Seeing, then, that all truth and all reality have to be adopted by a selection, and by a rejection of error and illusion, it is clear that 'true' and 'real' must mean for us *truer* and *more real*, i.e. superior in value to any alternatives that have been, or may be, suggested.

This implication of personality in values and of values in every object of human interest (whether 'theoretical' or 'practical') is the insuperable obstacle to all the academic attempts at dehumanising philosophy. It reinstates in principle the *romantic* attitude towards the world we live in. But James advocates it not by a revulsion of feeling, as a rebel against science, but in the sacred name of science itself. It is a sober and irrefutable fact that life is a personal venture, and that 'nothing venture nothing have.' There are no means of avoiding personal responsibility for whatever we do or think. Whether we believe or disbelieve, or doubt and suspend belief, we are judged by our beliefs, that is our *acts*. There are no absolute guarantees, and no predestined dooms. All our beliefs, our methods, our results, are provisional and subject to revision; they are conditional upon their working, and moulded by the lessons that intelligence draws from experience. For they are made by man for man that man may live. They are not, therefore, fit objects for idolatry or uncomprehending worship; but no pains can be too great to render them as good as possible, for the best are barely good enough.

It was because he realised this so intensely that James never hesitated to champion a number of ideas that were in academic disrepute. He disputed the metaphysical truth of Determinism, which is just a form of the scientific postulate that the incalculable individuality of things shall not be allowed to disturb scientific calculations, and of Monism, which adds to Determinism the pretension to lay down the law to the real *à priori*, by imposing on it our conception of a 'universe.' He vindicated the right to believe against a rationalism that conceived faith as a purely intellectual

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process, and failed to see that it always involved an act. He was a life-long psychical researcher, who neither gave up hope nor lapsed into credulity; thus showing (like Henry Sidgwick) that it is possible to live in close proximity to pitch and not be defiled, and that interest in the abnormal need not degenerate into morbidity. His attitude here was an illustration of what his friends always recognised, viz. that beneath all James's enthusiasm and his chivalrous defence of the under dog there dwelt a calmly critical judgment that was incorruptible and not easy to deceive or to stampede by the emotions. The special attraction psychical research had for him was that it concerned itself with a precious affirmation of the romantic, personal view of reality he was exploring. As he puts it in the essay on psychical research included in the 'Will to Believe' (pp. 324–5):

'Religious thinking, ethical thinking, poetical thinking, teleological, emotional, sentimental thinking, what one might call the personal view of life to distinguish it from the impersonal and mechanical, and the romantic view of life to distinguish it from the rationalistic view, have been, and even still are, outside of well-drilled scientific circles, the dominant forms of thought. But for mechanical rationalism, personality is an insubstantial illusion. The chronic belief of mankind, that events may happen for the sake of their personal significance, is an abomination. . . .' But 'the personal and romantic view of life has other roots besides wanton exuberance of imagination and perversity of heart. It is perennially fed by *facts of experience*, whatever the ulterior interpretation of those facts may prove to be.'

And so the scientific view cannot ignore it, so long as it professes to account for facts and to account for all of them.

The issue, then, between William James and the traditional philosophy is not about technical trifles like the disputes of the schools; it is one of the deepest human interest. One would give much to know how, and out of what, James developed his convictions, what was the source of his originality and courage in breaking with tradition. Unfortunately, as in all such cases, our curiosity cannot be completely satisfied. In part because the origin of a personality is never wholly explicable in

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terms of ancestry, history, and upbringing; as is signally illustrated in the James family itself by the divergent development of William and Henry, though both were brought up together by the same father, rather unkindly described by Prof. Santayana as

'one of those somewhat obscure sages whom early America produced: mystics of independent mind, hermits in the desert of business, and heretics in the churches. They were intense individualists, full of veneration for the free souls of their children, and convinced that every one should paddle his own canoe, especially on the high seas.' *

But has not James himself taught us that genius is never deducible from its environment? It springs from so incalculable a confluence of qualities that no one can predict it or take the credit for it; it has to be accepted as a gift of the gods.† James, moreover, has left no history of his spiritual struggles and of the development of his opinions, having, as he says in one of his remarkable and revealing letters to T. W. Ward, soon learnt to consume his own smoke ('Letters,' I, p. 77). These letters are the more important because, during what were probably his most formative years (1869–73), when James was wrestling with a bad spell of physical and mental depression and 'having it out' with the universe, he was living at home in the circle of his Cambridge intimates, and so had little occasion to put his soul on paper.

Nevertheless there remain a few precious traces of the spiritual struggle by which he reached the bracing, moralising atmosphere of his later *Weltanschauung*. James was clearly not one of the happy, healthy-minded, simple souls, 'once-born,' impervious to doubt, insensitive to the *lacrimæ rerum*, who go on from strength to strength, to finish up flatly in the undrained swamp of spiritual stagnation. He had been a 'sick soul' in his day; as his friend Flournoy revealed, and these 'Letters' confirm (I, p. 145); he had portrayed himself, camouflaged as a 'French correspondent,' in the vivid descrip-

* 'Character and Opinion in the United States,' p. 64. James's own beautiful letter to his father, on receiving the news of his last illness, should be compared (I, p. 218).

† 'Principles of Psychology,' II, ch. 28; 'Will to Believe,' p. 216 f.

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tion of 'The Varieties' (p. 160). Of his wanderings in the City of Dreadful Night there is no further record; but their fruits preserved James's thought from the insipidities of a callous optimism. We recognise them in the tonic 'bite' of passages like these:

'The lunatic's visions of horror are all drawn from the material of daily fact. Our civilisation is founded on the shambles, and every individual existence goes out in a lonely spasm of helpless agony.' *

or when he tells Benjamin Paul Blood, the 'pluralistic mystic,' to whom he devoted the last article he wrote: 'I take it that no man is educated who has never dallied with the thought of suicide,' † and confesses to T. W. Ward that 'all last winter, when I was on the continual verge of suicide, it used to amuse me to hear you chaff my animal contentment.' ‡

James's spiritual troubles were not merely due to bad health and doubts about his professional career. He was simultaneously going through an acute religious crisis and considering, not which philosophic theory formulated best the absolute truth about reality, but whether he could think the world such that life in it was endurable. The nature of his crisis, and the means by which he emerged from it, come out best from the following documents—the letter to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Junr. ('Letters,' I, p. 82), his contemporary memorandum (1870) proclaiming, after reading Renouvier, that his 'first act of free will shall be to believe in free will' (*ibid.* I, 147), his father's letter to his brother Henry (*ibid.* I, 169) (1873), the criticism of Herbert Spencer's definition of mind ('Essays and Reviews,' p. 43 f.) published in 1878, and lastly chapters 5, 21, and 28 of 'The Principles of Psychology' (1890).

A comparison of these documents shows, I think, that the essential trouble with James, as with so many of his generation, was the withering of the spiritual values, of God, freedom, and immortality, under the devastating onset of Naturalism. Nowadays some have learnt,

* In the 'Hibbert Journal' for July, 1910.
† 'Letters,' II, p. 39.
‡ *Ibid.* I, p. 129.

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from James as much as from any one, that the situation is by no means desperate, while many, it is to be feared, have grown used to their spiritual losses, and no longer view them tragically. But at that time Naturalism seemed to bear down all opposition with the irresistible might of science, and to leave nothing standing but the meaningless evolutions of matter determined by a mindless mechanism. This view of the world had received an imposing systematic form in the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, whose vogue was even greater in America than in England. Against it James's soul revolted. But instead of defying it by a mere refusal to believe himself an 'automaton,' or evading it by an equivocal 'idealism,' which saved the phraseology of spirituality while secretly betraying its cause, James set himself to fight it on its own ground. He began by dividing his enemies, and boldly appealed to Darwin to confute Spencer. He had the acuteness to perceive that Spencerism was essentially 'pre-Darwinian,' and had not really assimilated the method of biology and the implications it had for the theory of the mind's place in nature. Now biological method has no use for the fictions of an inactive, inefficacious mind that merely 'contemplates' the mechanical routine of happenings without power to intervene or to direct its course. As Mr H. V. Knox has excellently shown,* James had seen (as Spencer had not) that biological method implies that mind *must* have survival-value. It cannot, therefore, be the impotent superfluity to which intellectualistic 'contemplation' reduces it. It must have efficacy, and make a real difference in the course of events. An intelligent and living being is not merely an automatic victim of natural selection.

But what is the difference it makes? Simply this, that it is not merely selected, but itself *selects*. It is active and *reacts* upon external stimulation, in order to live. That is, it reacts selectively and teleologically, and its ends are determined by the goods it aims at. That it should have a mind at all, and that its mind should function as it does, become intelligible only when we recognise that mind is selective and purposive, through

* 'The Philosophy of William James,' ch. II.

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and through. Its so-called 'cognitive' operations are just as subservient to its vital purposes, just as biologically useful, as any of its other acts. So James concludes:

'I must still contend that the phenomenon of subjective "interest," as soon as the animal consciously realises the latter, appears upon the scene as an absolutely new factor. . . . The knower is not simply a mirror floating with no foothold anywhere, and passively reflecting an order that he comes upon and finds simply existing. The knower is an actor, and coefficient of the truth on one side, whilst on the other he registers the truth he helps to create. Mental interests, hypotheses, postulates, so far as they are bases for human action—action which to a great extent transforms the world—help to *make* the truth which they declare. In other words, there belongs to mind, from its birth upward, a spontaneity, a vote. It is in the game, and not a mere looker-on; and its judgments of the *should-be*, its ideals, cannot be peeled off from the body of the *cogitandum* as if they were excrescences, or meant, at most, survival. We know so little about the ultimate nature of things, or of ourselves, that it would be sheer folly dogmatically to say that an ideal rational order may not be real' ('Essays and Reviews,' pp. 65, 67).

The rest of James's philosophic career was spent in the working out of this programme, though, owing to circumstances beyond his control, he was not, alas, able to complete it. But it is the clue to his 'pragmatism,' a vile and 'unlucky' (II, p. 295) word, which he lamentably adopted from his friend, the 'queer being,' Charles S. Peirce,* whose lectures 'he could not understand a word of' (I, p. 80), and whose papers he found 'bold, subtle, and incomprehensible' (I, p. 149). He admitted (in letters to me) that 'I dislike "pragmatism," but it seems to have the *international* right of way,' and that '"Humanism" which did not at first much "speak" to me, I now see to be just right'; but nevertheless he chivalrously stuck to 'pragmatism'; because his opponents, seeing what a

* 'Letters,' II, p. 191. The rest of the description is unfortunately suppressed. Only ignorance of Greek can explain the prevalent philosophic delusion that the word somehow connoted 'practicalism,' and involved 'subjective idealism'; etymologically it should mean a testing of 'ideas' by *things*. However, it was not ugly enough for Peirce's taste, and he subsequently substituted 'pragmaticism' for his own brand.

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bad word it was, gladly took it up. For the rest he gave the chief credit of his conversion to Renouvier, whose recalcitrance to determinism had kept him in countenance at the turning-point, and whose 'pluralism' had shattered for him the hideous burden of the 'block universe.'

But it was James's nature to confess to more obligations than he owed, and to expand and expound the doctrines he took over, until they became little more than pegs for his own. There is little doubt that his answer to Naturalism was substantially his own achievement. And it is the only sound answer that has ever been devised. It will continue to appeal to all who really feel the pressure of religious problems, in a way that neither theological dogmatism, nor the verbal dialectics of *à priori* metaphysics, nor mere emotional revolt, can emulate. Its only effective rival is mysticism; for this too assumes a personalist attitude towards reality.

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

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Art. 3.—LORD CHELMSFORD'S VICEROYALTY.

1. *A History of the Indian Nationalist Movement.* By Sir Verney Lovett, K.C.S.I. Third edition. Murray, 1921.
2. *Indian Nationality.* By R. N. Gilchrist. With an introduction by Prof. Ramsay Muir. Longmans, 1920.
3. *Letters to the People of India on Responsible Government.* By Lionel Curtis. Macmillan, 1918.
4. *Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms* [Cd. 9109]. H.M. Stationery Office, 1918.
5. *Report of the Committee appointed to investigate Revolutionary Conspiracies in India.* [Cd. 9190]. H.M. Stationery Office, 1919.
6. *Report of the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons on the Government of India Bill.* H.M. Stationery Office, 1919.

WHEN Lord Chelmsford accepted the Viceroyalty of India in 1916, he had served an apprenticeship to political office in two Australian Governorships, but, beyond that, he was comparatively an unknown man. His period of office as Viceroy has been perhaps the most important and difficult of modern times. It has included a change in the system of British government in India of stupendous importance; the revelation of an anarchical conspiracy, widespread in its ramifications and managed with marvellous skill; a fiscal crisis hotly debated in the British House of Commons; two years of a World-war, an Afghan war, and a war with the tribes on the North-Western frontier; and the worst manifestations of racial feeling since the Mutiny, in the anti-Sedition-Act and Non-Co-operation agitations.*

The first event of political importance after Lord Chelmsford's accession to the Viceroyalty in 1916 was the Memorial on Political Reform signed by nineteen out of twenty-seven elected members of the Imperial Legislative Council, including twelve Hindus, five Mahomedans, and two Parsees. It was a sign of the

* This survey touches only the internal government of India. Owing to want of space, the foreign relations of the Dependency, in which some important changes have been made, have had to be omitted on the present occasion.

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times to see Mahomedan and Hindu signatures appended to the same political document; and the causes which led Mahomedan and Hindu to join forces require a brief explanation.

Previously to 1913, the Mahomedans had followed the advice of Sir Syed Ahmad, the founder of Aligarh College, and had kept aloof from the National Congress, because it merely counted heads, and disapproved of any special representation of Mahomedan minorities. They insisted that the political reforms asked for must be consistent with maintenance of British control, and they were, as a rule, loyal supporters of the British Government. The estrangement of the Mahomedans from the British Government, and their leaning to the Congress views, was first shown in the adoption of self-government as part of the political programme of the All-India Moslem League in 1913. This may be ascribed to two causes: (1) the Repartition Policy, which led them to think that Mahomedan interests were sacrificed, when the province of Eastern Bengal and Assam was reabsorbed in other provinces; (2) the influence of Pan-Islamism. Pan-Islamism was a doctrine first preached by Sheikh Jamal uddin el Afghani (an Afghan educated at Bokhara), to the effect that Mahomedans all over the world were brothers and should unite in opposition to the influences working against Islam. This idea of Pan-Islamism was developed by the Sultan Abdul Hamid and, after him, by the Committee of Union and Progress, into an appeal to the faithful to rally round the Ottoman Khalif. Under the influence of Pan-Islamism, the All-India Moslem League in 1913 passed a resolution of protest against the policy of Great Britain in leaving Turkey to her fate, after the Balkan wars. Under the same influence, the Indian Mahomedans also denounced the Arabs who, in 1916, under the Sharif of Mecca, now King of the Hedjaz, rebelled against Turkish misrule, as enemies of Islam.

The war with Turkey was undoubtedly a strain upon the loyalty of Indian Mahomedans, but everything possible was done to respect their religious susceptibilities. In October 1914, after the Declaration of War, the then Viceroy issued a proclamation that no special interests of Islam were involved. He referred to the

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guarantee by Great Britain, France, and Russia of Turkey's independence and integrity, provided that she remained neutral, and to the promise by the Allies to respect the sanctity of the Holy Places in Arabia and Mesopotamia. The Aga Khan, the spiritual head of the Khoja section of the Shiah Mahomedans, declared that Turkey, by joining Germany in an unrighteous cause, had forfeited her position as the Trustee of Islam. The Khalifat party did not accept this, and wrongly interpreted Mr Lloyd George's pledge not to dismember Turkey as an undertaking to leave Turkey as she was before the war. They insisted that, because the Sultan's religious position, as Khalif and Trustee of Islam, required that his temporal power should remain undiminished, he must be allowed to enter into an entirely unprovoked war with England with impunity. More than this, the Khalifat agitators claimed that the subject races, Arabs, Syrians, Jews, and Armenians, who had rebelled against Turkish misrule and had received a guarantee from the Allies of their independence, should be replaced under Turkish authority, with some shadowy provision for their autonomy. They offered no practicable suggestion how this should be done, whether by war or otherwise, but merely asserted that their religion required it to be done. In one respect this agitation was successful, for the Turks have been left in Constantinople, largely out of deference to the feelings of the Indian Mahomedans.

The Congress of 1916 was held at Lucknow under the Presidency of Mr Ambika Charan Majumdar, who denounced the Morley-Minto reforms as 'mere moonshine.' It approved a scheme for the representation of Mahomedan minorities; and the Mahomedans, on their side, formally included Home Rule in their political programme, while both sections united in a Joint Congress-Moslem League scheme of Reform. Their political alliance was thus advertised; and Lord Chelmsford henceforward had to meet a more or less United Congress and Moslem League opposition.

We have now briefly to outline the course of events leading up to Mr Montagu's Declaration of 1917. Mrs Besant's paper 'New India,' first published in 1913,

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again brought to the front the idea of Swaraj or Home Rule, which was so prominent in the Anti-Partition agitation in Bengal of 1905–12. What she meant by Home Rule is explained in her own words,

'India asked to be governed by her own men freely elected by herself; to make and break Ministers at her will; to carry arms, to have her own army, her own navy, her own volunteers; to levy her own taxes, to make her own budget; to educate her own sons; in fact to be a Sovereign Nation within her own borders, giving allegiance only to the Imperial Crown.'

On Sept. 3, 1916, Mrs Besant established the Home Rule League to promote the universal adoption of this programme. Owing to the generally seditious tone of her paper, the Madras Government called upon her to find pecuniary security for its better management under the Press Act. She did not mend her ways, so her security was soon forfeited. On depositing the larger sum required for permission to continue 'New India,' she appealed to the Madras High Court against the first forfeiture, but her appeal was dismissed. On March 7, 1917, the Press Association appealed to Lord Chelmsford to repeal the Press Act. This he refused to do, quoting, in his reply, two articles from 'New India' as flagrantly mischievous. Mr Justice Ayling, of the Madras High Court, in his judgment in the Besant appeal case, had remarked that these articles seemed to him 'pernicious writing, and writing which must tend to encourage political assassination, by removing the public detestation of such crimes.'

Mrs Besant manifested no disposition to change her defiant attitude, so she, with her co-adjutors, Messrs Arundell and Wadia, were interned, under the Defence of India Act, by order of the Madras Government, July 7, 1917. She did not remain in confinement long, for in September the Viceroy announced that she would be released, on condition of a pledge to abstain from further violent agitation during the war. The Secretary of State had interfered in her favour, and asked the Government of India whether, as circumstances had changed since his Declaration of Aug. 20, she could not be released from internment.

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In his speech in February 1921, at the inauguration of the Council of State and the Imperial Legislative Assembly at Delhi, Lord Chelmsford traced the development of British Constitutional Government in India, showing that the events of past and present history could be considered as a coherent whole, and have formed part of a uniform policy of liberalising the structure of government in India. He told his hearers that throughout 1916 and the first half of 1917, he had pressed upon the Home Government the advisability of clearly defining the aim of British policy in India, and the steps to be taken to secure that aim. It was after this action by Lord Chelmsford that the declaration of August 1917 was made; and the Viceroy argued that this declaration was 'only the most recent and most memorable manifestation of a tendency that has been operative throughout British rule.' It follows from this that the Viceroy is more, and the Secretary of State less, responsible for the Reforms than has generally been supposed.

However this may be, the declaration to which the late Viceroy referred, made in the House of Commons on Aug. 20, 1917, was an epoch-making event. On that day Mr Montagu declared that the future policy of the British Government was to be 'the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the Administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realisation of self-government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.' He declined to consider the demand for Home Rule with a time limit, and continued:

'The British Government and the Government of India, on whom the responsibility lies for the welfare of the Indian people, must be judges of the time and measure of each advance; and they must be guided by the co-operation received from those on whom new opportunities of service will be thus conferred, and by the extent to which it is found that confidence can be reposed in their sense of responsibility.'

At the same time he announced that he would go to India in the winter of 1917–18 to discuss the Reforms with the Viceroy and other persons interested. Mr Montagu arrived in India on Nov. 9, and on the 26th received the Congress and Moslem League Address at

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Delhi, with the joint scheme of reform. All over the country the Home Rule Leagues and District Associations re-echoed the same sentiments. The joint scheme was hailed as sufficient evidence that Hindus and Mahomedans could agree. The political Millennium had come, and the Hindu lion was ready to lie down with the Mahomedan lamb. The Shahabad anti-cow-killing riots of September 1917 provided sad evidence to the contrary.

The Congress proposals did not meet with universal acceptance. Considerable opposition was manifested to them in Madras by non-Brahman Hindus, such as the Panchamas or 'untouchables' and a considerable section of the castes above them, under the leadership of the late Dr Nair and Sir T. Chetty, Chairman of the Madras Municipality. In Bombay the Mahars (or depressed classes) and in Bengal the Namasudras opposed the Reforms. All over India, the permanently resident minorities such as the Anglo-Indians and most of the Indian Christians were unfavourable. The anti-Reform speech of Raja Sobhanadri Appa Rao Bahadur, Zemindar of Telaprole, to a non-Brahman conference at Tinnevelly, shows the point of view of these classes—

'Great Britain has no right to say to us, I will put over you an oligarchy in which you have no share, which you distrust, and which is socially contemptuous of you. I will let that oligarchy shape its policy as it pleases, and if you dare dispute this authority, then I, even if I disapprove this policy, will use the British army to enforce a non-British policy. We are not cattle to be sold by one master to another, with the further humiliation of having the first master standing by with a bludgeon, in case we object to be sold.'

Whilst Mr Montagu was in India, he desired to preserve an atmosphere of calmness for the consideration of his Reforms. For this reason, Mrs Besant was released from prison, and Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab, was called on by the Viceroy to apologise to those members of the Imperial Legislative Council whose feelings were hurt by Sir Michael's speech (September 1917), praising the work of the Panjab during the war, somewhat at the expense of the other provinces. In spite of these efforts at conciliation, Government

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received a rebuff in the election of Mrs Besant as President of the Congress which met at Calcutta in 1917, and by that of Mr Mahomed Ali as President of the All-India Moslem League, mainly because they had both been interned.

The Montagu-Chelmsford proposals for Reform, published on July 4, 1918, were intended as a recognition of the generous assistance in men, money, and supplies afforded by India during the war. By means of Western education, a New India has been formed, to a certain extent united in thought, purpose, and political outlook, which claims to direct its own affairs and govern itself. The object of the Reforms is to place India on the path to ultimate self-government within the British Empire. Mr Montagu and Lord Chelmsford remark that, if the reforms are to succeed,

'Indian citizens will have to show capacity and self-reliance in the place of helplessness, to be animated by a sense of nationhood in the place of caste or communal feeling. They must be educated and stirred into becoming a nation. The masses accept any government which prevents others from robbing them, and by its system of civil jurisprudence allows them to enrich themselves. The placid, pathetic contentment of the masses is not the soil in which such Indian nationhood can grow, and we feel that in deliberately disturbing it, we are working for India's highest good.'

The originators of the Reforms acknowledge that it was a bold step to introduce responsible government into India; and the whole scheme depends, for its success or failure, upon whether the educated classes will use the political power entrusted to them, not for their own selfish interests, but as trustees for the inarticulate masses, till the masses themselves can be taught to take an interest in their own government. They maintain that there is no alternative but trust in the educated classes, and that the late Mr Gokhale's example is an encouragement to hope for the best.

To admit Indians to political power the system of Dyarchy has been invented. In India the Dyarchy is a system of provincial government with two branches, one dealing with 'Reserved' subjects, such as Land Revenue, Police, Law, and Order, and the other dealing with

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'Transferred' subjects, such as Local Self-Government, Medical and Sanitary administration, Education, Public Works, Agriculture, and Charitable Endowments. The branch dealing with 'Reserved' subjects consists of a Governor and two Executive Councillors (one British and one Indian), and that dealing with 'Transferred' subjects, of the same Governor and one or more Ministers nominated by him from among the elected members of the Legislative Council, who will hold office for the same period as the Council. The Governor, as President of both branches, will be able to promote co-operation between them, advise his Ministers, and, in the last resort, refuse assent to their proposals 'when the consequences of acquiescence would clearly be serious.' The Joint Parliamentary Committee rejected the Montagu-Chelmsford proposal for nominated Grand Committees of the Legislative Council, for the purpose of passing essential but opposed legislation, but allowed the Governors the power of passing laws in respect of 'Reserved' subjects on their own responsibility. The Budget is to be laid before the Legislative Council annually. If the Government proposals are not accepted, the Governor-in-Council is to have the power to restore what has been rejected to the Budget, on his certificate that the expenditure is essential to the peace and tranquillity of the province, or for the discharge of his responsibility for 'Reserved' subjects. A Parliamentary Commission is to be appointed every ten years to report upon the progress of the Reforms, and whether more departments should be added to the 'Transferred' list.

The Dyarchy system does not apply to the Government of India, in which the former Imperial Legislative Council is replaced by the Council of State and the Indian Legislative Assembly. The Council of State has a small official majority, and consists of sixty members, partly elected and partly nominated by the Viceroy, with a nominated President. Of the nominated members, not more than twenty may be officials. It is intended to check hasty or inconsiderate legislation. The Parliamentary Committee disapproved of the proposal to deprive the Legislative Assembly of the power of rejecting or modifying any Bill certified by the Viceroy to be essential to the interests of peace, order, and good

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government, including sound financial administration, but gave the Viceroy the same power of passing laws on his own responsibility as is allowed to Provincial Governors.

The Indian Legislative Assembly consists of one hundred members, two-thirds elected, and one-third nominated, with a President possessing experience of the British House of Commons. To this post the Viceroy has appointed Mr A. F. Whyte, late M.P. for Perth; but, at the end of four years, the Presidents both of the Indian Legislative Assembly and of the Provincial Legislative Councils will be elected by the members instead of being nominated. In the Viceroy's Executive Council, three members of British birth are to be public servants with not less than ten years' experience in India, three are to be Indians, with a seventh member who must have definite legal qualifications, which may be acquired either in India or in the United Kingdom.

The percentage of Indians to be employed in the Indian Civil Service is to be 33 per cent. and is to increase every year by 1½ per cent. to a maximum of 48 per cent., when the question of the percentage will come under the review of this Decennial Commission. The Government of India will be increasingly autonomous, as the Secretary of State's interference will be limited to cases in which India has to do with other countries included in the British Empire or with foreign nations. He will maintain a control over expenditure on 'transferred' departments which is likely to affect the prospects or rights of the All India services which he recruits. The cost of the India Office, including that of the Secretary of State's salary, is to be included in the British Estimates, and any member of the House of Commons wishing to criticise adversely British policy in India will have the power to move a reduction of the Secretary of State's salary, when the Estimates for the expenditure of the India Office are under consideration, instead of, as formerly, during the Indian Budget Debate.

Two Committees were appointed to investigate points connected with the Reforms. One, under the chairmanship of Lord Southborough, was to devise a scheme for the franchise, its duty being 'to number the persons who

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can in the different parts of the country be reasonably entrusted with the duties of citizenship, and to ascertain what sort of a franchise will be suited to local conditions, and how interests, that may be unable to find adequate representation in such constituencies, are to be represented.' This Committee reported in 1919 in favour of a scheme for territorial constituencies with about 5,000,000 voters, and communal representation for Mahomedans, Sikhs, Indian Christians, Anglo-Indians, and Europeans. The greatness of the advance made in the direction of broadening the basis of political power will be appreciated, when it is remembered that under the Morley-Minto Reforms there were only about 33,000 voters. The other Committee met under the Chairmanship of Mr R. Feetham, Legal Adviser to the High Commissioner of South Africa. Its object was to secure autonomy for the Provinces, by dividing political functions and heads of revenue between the Government of India and Provincial Governments, in such a way as to relieve the Provincial Governments from the control of the Government of India, to the same extent as the Government of India itself was relieved from the control of the Secretary of State.

The Government of India Bill, embodying the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform proposals, was introduced in the Commons in June 1919. After its second reading, it was considered by a Joint Committee of the Lords and Commons under the chairmanship of Lord Selborne.* On the report of this Joint Committee, the Bill passed through its remaining stages in the Commons, was sent to the Lords, and received the Royal Assent in December 1919. No sooner were the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Proposals published (July 4, 1918) than the Indian Extremist party began to find fault with them as insufficient. The refusal to extend the Dyarchy scheme to the Government of India especially excited their indignation. They gave the Reform Scheme but a short

* The Committee, in addition to certain modifications already mentioned, introduced two important amendments:

1. That India should enjoy the same Fiscal Liberty as the self-governing Colonies.

2. That the whole field of Education should be 'transferred' to Ministers.

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shrift, broke off from the Moderates, and held a congress of their own at Bombay on Aug. 29, under the Presidency of Syed Hassan Iman, ex-judge of the Patna High Court. The Extremist Congress rejected the Reform scheme, and demanded completely responsible government for the Provinces at the end of six years, and, for Hindustan as a whole, at the end of fifteen. After this split Mrs Besant severed her connexion with the Extremists, and in consequence was compared by them to Putanna, the fiend who tried to strangle the infant Krishna. In January 1921 she broke away from the National Congress altogether, regarding it as the organ of the Extremists, and likely to lead India to ruin.

During the war, a widespread anarchical conspiracy was revealed by the Rowlatt Sedition Inquiry Commission. In 1916 Lord Carmichael, Governor of Bengal, gave the figures of political crime in that province, in the period 1907–16, as amounting to 39 murders and over 100 political dacoities. In 1917, his successor, Lord Ronaldshay, in a speech at Dacca, regretted that 'the gruesome catalogue has been added to, even during the short period of my own rule,' and announced the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry under an English Judge of the High Court. The Commission was presided over by Mr Justice Rowlatt, and included two Hindu lawyers of high caste and Congress sympathies. Its report, which was unanimous, was published on Aug. 15, 1919. The report includes a survey from 1907 to 1917 of seditious conspiracies and crimes in Bombay, Bengal, the United Provinces, the Panjab, Madras, and Burma, with special emphasis on Bengal and the Panjab, as the worst centres of conspiracy. It describes the dangers which threatened India in 1915, from German intrigues for the purpose of fomenting rebellion in Bengal and of landing cargoes of arms for the use of the rebels, and from the anarchical activities of the emigrants of the Ghadr conspiracy in the Panjab, who had returned from America. This Ghadr conspiracy was aimed at the British Government of India with the object of taking revenge upon it, for the action of the self-governing Colonies, especially Canada and South Africa, in restricting the free immigration of Asiatics. The report goes

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on to refer to anti-British associations among the Mahomedans, and describes the method of organisation of secret societies. It concludes by giving reasons for the failure of the administration of justice under the Ordinary Law, and makes suggestions for its amendment.

Since the Defence of India Act (1915), which was very useful in fighting sedition, became inoperative six months after the Peace, and since the danger from sedition still threatened, it was important to have some legal provision to put in its place. The Rowlatt Commission proposed certain emergency measures, to be put in force after a notification by the Governor-General declaring a province or district to be so disturbed as to justify them. In the proclaimed province or district, (1) All persons accused of sedition were to be tried before three judges of the highest status, without appeal and without assessors or juries who might be influenced by public opinion or terrorism. (2) Provincial Governments were to be invested with powers of internment, without trial, of persons suspected of seditious crime, similar to those provided by the Defence of India Act, but modified by checks in the shape of local investigating and visiting committees, in which non-officials were to take part.

The system of internment under the Defence of India Act had been inquired into by Mr Justice Beachcroft and Sir Narayan Chandravarkar, ex-judge of the Bombay High Court. Out of 806 cases inquired into by them they recommended release in only six. The Rowlatt Commission, therefore, saw no risk in the continuance of internment even in time of peace. Early in 1919, the Government of India announced that they would introduce legislation, on the lines of the Report of the Rowlatt Commission, in the February session of the Imperial Legislative Council. The Government Bills 'to cope with anarchical and revolutionary crime' met with bitter opposition in the Legislative Council, which was not disarmed by the Government concession that they should be only in force for three years; but the Bills were ultimately passed into law on March 18, 1919.

It was this event which brought Mr Gandhi into prominence as the leading champion of Indian nationalism. He was a member of the English bar who first became known through his opposition to the

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restrictions imposed upon Indian trade and immigration by the Government of South Africa. Early in 1919, he started an opposition to the Rowlatt legislation by calling on all his followers to take the 'Satyagraha' pledge of insistence on truth or passive resistance. They were 'faithfully to follow the truth and refrain from all violence to life, person, and property,' but to refuse obedience to the Sedition Law, and all such other laws as a Committee to be hereafter appointed might condemn. We have a description of the effect of the Satyagraha pledge by the Hunter Commission appointed to inquire into the Panjab disorders.

'We have no hesitation in saying that, both in the Panjab and elsewhere, a familiarity and a sympathy with disobedience to law was engendered among large numbers of people by Mr Gandhi's movement, and the law-abiding instincts, which stand between Society and outbreaks of violence, were undermined, at a time when their full strength was required.'

In addition, he proclaimed a universal 'hartal,' or cessation from business, as a protest against the Rowlatt legislation. The most mendacious rumours were circulated as to the effect of this legislation; and the consequent unrest was aggravated by scarcity, following on bad harvests. The first result of Mr. Gandhi's pernicious activity was seen in the riots at Delhi (March 30, 1919). He was on his way to the Panjab, but was turned back by Government order, and fresh outbreaks of disorder followed. On April 10, there were civil disturbances at Bombay, Ahmadabad, and Viramgam; and at Nadiad a troop-train was deliberately derailed. At Lahore, about the same date, the rioters, both Hindus and Mahomedans, banded themselves together against the Europeans. At Amritsar, the excesses of the mob forced the civil authorities to summon the military to restore order, and on April 11, General Dyer, who was in military command, fired on the crowd at Jallianwala Bagh. General rioting and attacks upon Europeans followed, till, on April 15, martial law was proclaimed throughout the Panjab, and military forces, including an armoured train and aeroplanes, were used against the rioters. Sir Michael O'Dwyer proposed that civilian magistrates should advise on the administration of martial law, but the Government

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of India refused to consent, on the ground that the responsibility then solely rested with the military. Had Sir Michael's advice been followed, the 'freak' punishments so much complained of, which were imposed by young and inexperienced military officers, might have been avoided. When all this mischief had been done and the forces of disorder unloosed, Mr Gandhi complacently confessed that he had 'underrated the forces of evil,' and ordered the suspension of civil disobedience.

On May 22, 1919, Mr Montagu announced his intention to appoint a commission, under the chairmanship of Lord Hunter, a Scottish judge, to inquire, during the winter of 1919–20, into the disorders in the Panjab and elsewhere. The debates in both Houses of Parliament, following the publication of the Hunter Commission Report in April 1920, are so fresh in all memories that it is unnecessary to discuss them beyond remarking that it was a misfortune that, after the Commons had given their decision, the Lords did not allow the fires of racial hatred to die down, but insisted upon reopening the matter, and, by their opposition to the Government and the Lower House, giving Indian malcontents the opportunity to assert that, after all, the opinion of the governing classes in England approved the action of General Dyer.

The penalty of dismissal inflicted on General Dyer for what was called 'preventive massacre' was denounced as totally inadequate in India. To remedy the so-called 'Panjab miscarriage of justice' by the infliction of a heavier penalty on General Dyer and the punishment of all the officers concerned in the administration of Martial Law was one of the objects of the Khalifat agitation. The other object, the amendment of the Treaty of Peace with Turkey, was a result of Pan-Islamism. The agitation was greatly assisted by the unfortunate delay in the signature of the Turkish Treaty, and the plots of Mustapha Kemal and other Turkish Nationalists. It had no justification, after Turkey had herself signed the Treaty of Peace, but it was continued by Mr Gandhi with the avowed object of ruining the prospects of success of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. The Khalifat Committee, presided over by

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Mr Gandhi and Mr Shaukat Ali (who, with his brother Mahomed Ali, was interned during the war for his pro-Turkish sympathies), has, during 1920, taken up an attitude of constantly increasing aggressiveness towards the British Government. It began by the threat of boycotting the visit to India of the Prince of Wales. It engineered the movement of the Muhajireen, by which numbers of Mahomedans were induced to sell their goods by the persuasion and assistance of Hijrat (or Migration) Committees, and to emigrate to Afghanistan as a country under Mahomedan rule. In August last the Amir refused to receive any more emigrants from India; and many of the emigrants have since returned to India sadder and wiser men.

Mr Gandhi's failure to obtain the removal of the 'Colour Bar' in South Africa has affected his whole attitude towards British rule in India. He looks on British administrators as hypocrites, falsely professing an interest in India's welfare, when they are really animated by selfish ends. He is both Mahatma and Revolutionary, being a man of ascetic life and voluntary poverty, as well as an advocate of the most sweeping political changes. He unites politics with religion, which is the secret of his influence, for, to the ignorant Indian masses, politics mean little, unless connected in some way with religion. He has adopted Non-Co-operation from Tolstoy, who, twelve years ago, advised a Hindu correspondent as to his relations with the British Government in India thus: 'Do not fight against the evil, but on the other hand take no part in it. Refuse all co-operation in the Government administration, in the law courts, in the collection of the taxes, and above all, in the army, and no one will be able to subjugate you.' He is an opponent of modern civilisation on account of its materialistic tendencies.

'India's salvation consists in unlearning what she has learnt during the past fifty years. The railways, telegraphs, lawyers, doctors, and such-like have all to go, and the so-called upper classes have to learn to live consciously, and religiously, and deliberately the simple peasant life, knowing it to be a life giving true happiness.'

In this effort to set the clock backwards, he is not

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consistent, for, in his agitation, he avails himself freely of the resources of modern civilisation, the railway, the telegraph, and the motor car.

The peculiar means adopted by Mr Gandhi and his party to bring pressure upon the Government is the scheme of Non-Co-operation. On June 24, 1920, ninety Sunni Mahomedans wrote to the Viceroy saying that they would refuse to co-operate with Government from Aug. 1, unless in the mean time the terms of the Peace Treaty with Turkey were revised. 'They cannot (they said) bear the thought of the temporal power of the Sultan being adversely affected by way of punishment for his having joined Germany under circumstances which need not be examined here.' They further declare that 'the least a Mussulman can do under the circumstances is not to assist those who are trying to reduce the Khalifate practically to nothingness.' Mr Gandhi wrote an accompanying letter to the Viceroy, which showed that he was not blind to the consequences of the course he was pursuing.

'I admit (he said) that Non-Co-operation practised by the mass of the people is attended with grave risks. But in a crisis such as has overtaken the Mussulmans of India, no step that is unattended with large risks can possibly bring about the desired change. Not to run some risks will be to court greater risks, if not the virtual destruction of law and order.'

In June last the Khalifat Committee resolved that Khalifat volunteer corps should be established all over India to collect subscriptions and to prepare the people for Non-Co-operation. In a speech at Simla, at the opening of the Final Session of the Imperial Legislative Council on Aug. 20, Lord Chelmsford emphasised the risks attendant on Non-Co-operation, but said that he and his colleagues had 'faith in India's common sense,' and preferred to allow the movement to fail by reason of 'its intrinsic inanity.' A Resolution of the Government of India dated Nov. 8, 1920, explains and amplifies this policy.

Mr Gandhi gained a further victory at the Congress held at Calcutta, when he defined Non-Co-operation as implying: (1) Renunciation of titles and honorary offices conferred by the British Government; (2) Boycott of

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foreign goods and of the elections to the new Legislative Councils; (3) Gradual withdrawal of children from Government schools and of lawyers from practising in the Government law-courts. He promised that, if this programme were adopted, the Government would be compelled to grant completely responsible government within a year, and it was carried.

Where the agitators have power, they adopt a strict social boycott of all opponents of Non-Co-operation, even to the extent of threatening to refuse them burial in Mahomedan graveyards. Loyalty to Government entails social ruin, but, in accordance with its policy of inaction, Government does nothing to help its own friends. In October last, Mr Gandhi endeavoured to enforce the boycott of Government on colleges and schools. He visited Aligarh College, accompanied by Messrs Mahomed and Shaukat Ali. The students to a great extent adopted Non-Co-operation, but the trustees by a large majority rejected the proposals of Mr Mahomed Ali to refuse the Charter raising Aligarh College to the rank of a University, and to abandon the Government Grant in Aid. The Hindu University at Benares was the next object of attack, but, owing to the strenuous opposition of Pandit Madhan Mohan Malaviya, Non-Co-operation was rejected there. The Non-Co-operation plan was adopted by the Sikh Khalisa College at Amritsar, but the Government has quietly accepted the situation. Calcutta was affected by the movement later, but in January last 2,000 students were on strike. It is pathetic to see a great number of the youth of the country content to sacrifice their careers for a mistaken religious obligation, but the agitators care nothing for this.

In October, two Mahomedan extremists at Panipat were prosecuted for seditious speeches and writings inciting to rebellion. Their trial was transferred to the gaol at Rohtak. On the 8th Mr Gandhi, in a public meeting at that place, repeated the exact words, for uttering which the two men had been prosecuted, and defied the Government to bring a case against him, but hitherto it has refused to present him with the political martyr's crown by prosecution. With the exception of the prosecution of a few underlings, the only steps taken

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to check Mr Gandhi's agitation have been the application by the Panjab Government of the Seditious Meeting Act to the Lahore and Sheikhpura areas, and its proscription of the Gandhi Volunteer Corps as illegal associations.

Under Mr Gandhi's auspices the National Congress held at Nagpore in November last, adopted a definitely revolutionary attitude. He carried a resolution that 'the object of Congress is the attainment of Swaraj (Home Rule) by the people of India by all legitimate and peaceful means,' thus omitting all mention of connexion with the British Empire, which was always a proviso in all previous Congress utterances. Mr C. R. Das also carried a resolution that 'the non-violent Non-Co-operation scheme, with the renunciation of co-operation with the present Government at one end, and the refusal to pay taxes at the other, should be put into force at a time to be determined by the Indian National Congress or the All-India Congress Committee.' These resolutions show that the Extremists have captured the National Congress, and that there has been a complete split between them and the Moderates.

The Non-Co-operators made a great vaunt of boycotting the new Legislative Councils. The elections for these are now over, and, speaking of the attempt to boycott them, the 'Times' says: 'It has neither succeeded nor failed. It stopped a large number from going to the poll, but it has not stopped the elections.' The attempt to boycott the Duke of Connaught's visit was apparently equally unsuccessful, and the ceremonies inaugurating the new regime at which the Duke was present, took place successfully at Delhi at the beginning of February. One result of the attempt of the Extremists to boycott the elections, is that the members returned to the new Councils almost all belong to the Moderate party, and show a disposition to make the Reforms a success. The Indian Legislative Assembly has passed a resolution repudiating the recommendation of the Esher Commission, and asserting that the Indian Army must remain under the exclusive control of the Indian Government. The Mahomedan members of the Council of State and the Indian Legislative Assembly have requested the Secretary of State to *suggest* to the London Conferences that Adrianople, Thrace, and Smyrna, 'which

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are Turkish in race,' should be returned to Turkey. This is very different language from the arrogant claims of the Khalifat Committee. The Moderates have formed the National Liberal Association and have offered a vigorous opposition to Non-Co-operation. Their proposals in the new Councils have been reasonable, and all who wish for the success of the Reforms hope that they will consolidate their political power.

Itinerant agitators have been concerned in the agrarian disturbances, accompanied by some damage to the crops and property, and by some loss of life, which broke out at the end of the year 1920 in the Oudh districts of Rai Bareli and Sultanpur against the taluqdars or landlords. The cultivators had been told that the downfall of the British Raj was near, and that a 'golden age' of cheapness and plenty under Mr Gandhi's beneficent rule was coming. The disturbed districts are now quiet, and it is proposed to redress the cultivators' only genuine grievance by granting them greater fixity of tenure, and preventing the landlords from imposing arbitrary cesses on their tenants. Similar disturbances have since broken out in the Fyzabad district in Oudh, and in the Mozufferpore district in Behar. These disturbances, with the exhibitions of racial hatred culminating in the murder of Mr Willoughby in August last and the frequent strikes, show that the Reforms have been only too successful in disturbing what their framers called 'the placid, pathetic contentment of the masses' with British rule. As Mr Montagu and Lord Chelmsford have sown, so have they reaped. Lord Chelmsford has defended his policy in a recent speech made at the Calcutta Club dinner on Feb. 23. Speaking of Non-Co-operation, he said:

'The outstanding fact remains that the Councils have been established, are composed of admirable materials, and are doing their work. Non-Co-operation was attempted in the Hijrat movement into Afghanistan. The trial of death and suffering imposed by that exodus upon the unfortunate misguided people who took part in it has, I believe, killed any attempt to revive any such exodus from India. Non-Co-operation succeeded temporarily in inducing emotional boys to leave their schools and colleges, but here again, as soon as the emotional ebullition had passed, the students

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returned in large numbers to their class-rooms. We have then every reason to take heart with regard to the success of the policy we have adopted.

'But a moment may come when our policy may fail, and when the two alternatives of order on the one hand or anarchy on the other alone may face us. In such an event there can be only one course for the Government to pursue and that is to uphold the cause of order. We shall then ask all responsible men to range themselves on the side of order, and here I am confident the Reformed Councils will play their part. We as a Government will place all the facts before them, and all our cards on the table, and I am confident that when we prove to them that the alternative is between order and anarchy, there will be only one response made, and that is that we will support you in any action that you may consider necessary to maintain order in the country.'

Such a speech would be more appropriate for an incoming than an outgoing Viceroy. Lord Chelmsford is entitled to all the satisfaction he can gather from the circumstances he alludes to, but it is strange that he did not consider that the moment when his policy failed, had come last year, when the Non-Co-operators were preaching sedition, persecuting those who disagreed with them in politics, even to the extent of refusing them burial in Mahomedan graveyards, emptying the colleges and schools, and stirring up strikes everywhere. Even when, in his estimation, the moment for action has come, Lord Chelmsford will take no action till assured of the support of the popular representatives. Surely this is to invert the proper functions of government. Any Government, worthy of name, would take action in defence of law and order *first*, and *then* invite the popular representatives to criticise its action, if they think fit. Sir Verney Lovett* criticises the official policy thus: 'It has profoundly puzzled many among those millions, who consider that no Government deserves respect or obedience, which does not promptly combat the operations of its open enemies.' This he calls a 'root idea,' and says that it will remain in 'spite of the implications of the coming parliamentary system.' In saying this he has, we think, given expression to the general verdict.

* 'History of Indian Nationalism,' third edition, 1921, p. 278.

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Art. 4.—CHARTISM.

1. *The Life of Francis Place*, 1771–1854. By Graham Wallas. Revised edition. Allen and Unwin, 1918.
2. *Le Chartisme*, 1830–48. Par E. Dolléans. Two vols. Paris: Floury, 1912–13.
3. *Geschichte des Sozialismus in England.* Von M. Beer. Stuttgart: Dietz, 1913. English translation: *A History of British Socialism.* With an introduction by R. H. Tawney. Two vols. Bell, 1919–20.
4. *The Chartist Movement in its Social and Economic Aspects.* By Frank Rosenblatt. New York: Columbia University, 1916.
5. *The Decline of the Chartist Movement.* By Preston William Slosson. New York: Columbia University, 1916.
6. *The Chartist Movement.* By the late Mark Hovell. Edited and completed, with a memoir, by Professor T. F. Tout. Longmans, 1918.
7. *A History of the Chartist Movement.* By Julius West. With introductory memoir by J. C. Squire. Constable, 1920.
8. *Life and Struggles of William Lovett.* With an introduction by R. H. Tawney. Two vols. Bell, 1920.

THERE comes a time when a period of history is ripe for scientific study; that time has come for Chartism. Mr Graham Wallas was the pioneer, when, being the first to study the Place Papers in the British Museum, he stumbled upon twenty-eight volumes of materials for a history of Chartism. Then came a Frenchman, M. Dolléans, whose history of Chartism may be called 'massive' or 'diffuse,' or said to be not always strictly accurate, but who certainly has given us a very full and living account of the revolutionary leaders and groups, and of the movement as a whole. A German, Mr M. Beer, followed close upon the heels of the Frenchman, with his well-known, very painstaking, and very narrow-minded 'History of Socialism in England.' What we mean when we say that Mr Beer's mind is narrow will appear from the fact that, in his History, Ruskin's teaching and influence are absolutely left out of account; doubtless because there is not enough of the Marxist atmosphere in Ruskin's philosophy. As for Mr Beer's

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scholarly qualities, they nowhere come out better than in his nine admirable chapters on Chartism. Three Americans published works on Chartism in the course of 1916, when we Europeans had no time to spare upon such subjects of ancient history. Not that English scholars had neglected the study of Chartism; two Englishmen were busy working at it when war broke out. And at last their books have been published as the incomplete and posthumous works of their authors; for both Mark Hovell and Julius West were very young, and both died in the war.

Now, valuable as all the books which we have mentioned may be—and we think that they are very valuable indeed—we are afraid that they labour under what we might aptly call the defect of the family biography and of the monograph study. They have, if not always, at all events in many cases, been written by those who, being Socialists, considered themselves as the spiritual grandchildren of the Chartist leaders, and who have in consequence piously emphasised—over-emphasised, as we conceive—the socialistic aspect of Chartism. On the other hand, the writers, immersed as they were in the particular subject of their study, have often lost sight of its historical surroundings, and given Chartism more importance than it deserved in the history of the times. Sir Spencer Walpole, a liberal and broad-minded author, gives on the whole a more faithful account, brief as it is, of Chartism, than do most of these more recent and more laborious writers, because he wrote a general history of England, and because he wrote at a time when Socialism was not yet rampant. It was not, after all, sheer accident that England, in the early forties, fell under the influence of the ideas of Richard Cobden, not under the dictatorship of Feargus O'Connor. Let us never forget that Chartism was not the beginning of a thing that succeeded; it was quite decidedly a thing that failed.

How did Chartism begin? The best account of its beginnings is given us by Francis Place, as quoted by Mr Julius West (op. cit., pp. 79, 89):

'Three or four years ago (he writes) there were a number of weekly newspapers . . . the purpose of which was to excite

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insurrections against property which, under the name of capital, they denounced as the principal cause of low wages and the depression of the people, and the poor law as the production of the higher and middle classes, the "plundering" classes, for the purpose of robbing and keeping in ignorance the productive class, who alone were entitled to all the produce and all the commodities in the country. . . . There was foolish Owenism, too, operating to some extent, and great mischief was done. As, however, the doctrines of each of these men differed in some particulars, so the people were formed into many different squads, but all believing or hoping that a change in their favour was about to take place. . . . But some among the Working Men's Association were displeased with this state of things, and persuaded that it would be much better that a plan should be adopted in which all might concur, and by concurring call the people off from these absurdities, and they proposed Annual Parliaments, Voting by Ballot, Universal Suffrage, etc.'

The original plan, therefore, according to one of its authors, was not to promote Socialism, but to bring back the deluded workmen from Socialism to Radicalism.

The six members of Parliament who were appointed together with six workmen, members of the London Working Men's Association, to draw the Universal Suffrage Scheme, were Benthamites, headed by O'Connell. A story was current, half a century ago, that O'Connell invented the name which was eventually given to the scheme—The People's Charter; and, though the report has since been deemed, by universal consent, untrustworthy (not one of the authors of the books before us, except Mr Rosenblatt, accepts it; most of them do not even think it worth a denial), we do not believe that it should be dismissed as being absolutely without a foundation. If not literally true, it is at all events one of those legends which in a sense are truer than history; it links up, and rightly links up, the early youth of Chartism with the name of O'Connell. He had unsuccessfully, in the course of the preceding years, tried to rouse the spirit of the people against the House of Lords. He observed the Anti-Poor-Law agitation, led by such Tories as Stephens and Oastler, becoming noisier day by day, and opening a kind of chasm between the Liberal Party and the masses. Being a professional agitator, he knew

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that you must always be careful to provide the people with a war cry if you want to keep them on what you think is the right path. He patronised the new movement, in the spring and summer of 1837, because he thought that Universal Suffrage, or the Charter of the People, was a very good cry indeed.

That such was the state of mind of the six parliamentary Radicals who helped in drafting the Charter of the People, our readers will be ready to grant, but what of the six working men? Were they not revolutionists at heart, who thought that the Charter might be used for quite another purpose than O'Connell and his confederates believed, as a foundation-stone for some kind of democratic Socialism? Recent writers on Chartism, being democratic Socialists, have favoured this view; but let anybody read with an open mind, in Mr Tawney's new edition, William Lovett's invaluable autobiography, and say, after having read it, whether Lovett, the leader of the London Association and the real author of the Charter, does not come out as the perfect representative of the artisans and skilled workmen who, towards 1840, gradually became democratic individualists, after having been disgusted with all kinds of revolutionary plans to bring about the abolition of private property. Mr Graham Wallas speaks of Lovett's 'Socialism'; but, if it is true that William Lovett had been a Socialist and a devoted follower of Robert Owen, it is just because he was in 1837 a disenchanted Owenite that he became a Chartist. William Lovett is, according to Mr Tawney, a 'Social Democrat'; unfortunately this sentence of Mr Tawney's occurs in the midst of a most admirable account of William Lovett's philosophy, which does not exhibit one single distinctively social-democratic feature. If a strong belief in education for the people and international peace are enough to make up a social-democratic creed, then not only William Lovett but John Bright was a social-democrat. There was no sudden conversion, of course, and William Lovett went on for a time repeating the familiar Owenite formulas; but the faith was no more there, and Chartism was his way of escape from Socialism. What he asked the London workmen to do was, as he expressly wrote to Place in 1840 (Hovell, p. 204), 'to give up their various hobbies of anti-poor laws, factory

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bills, wages-protection laws and various others, for the purpose of conjointly contending for the Charter.' Well might Francis Place rejoice when he saw William Lovett and his friends coming to his shop in Charing Cross in order to discuss Universal Suffrage and the Ballot; the founders of the London Working Men's Association were flocking back, even though perhaps at first unconsciously, into the fold of Political Democracy pure and undefiled.

This was the first phase (or should we rather say the preliminary phase?) of Chartism. Now comes the second, which, oddly enough, in all these new books on Chartism, except Mr Hovell's, has passed practically unnoticed. While a big strike was going on among the Glasgow cotton-spinners, a workman happened to be murdered. The strikers were, by public rumour, made responsible for the crime; and finally eighteen cotton-spinners were sentenced, upon a charge not of assassination but of conspiracy, to seven years' transportation. The trial and sentence occasioned a double outburst of indignation—among the middle class against the brutal and tyrannical proceedings of the Trade Unionists, among the workmen against what looked like the first sign of a Whig reaction against their right to combine. It happened, moreover, that just at the same time O'Connell had got into trouble with the Dublin trades; and he, though in some ways a Revolutionist, was, in other ways, and particularly as an economist, a very conservative statesman. He came forward as the ally and the advocate of the employers against the working class, and delivered in the House of Commons what was a very violent and at the same time a very able indictment of Trade Unionism. And here was a difficult problem for Lovett to solve.

William Lovett was a Trade Union leader, and as such was appealed to by the Glasgow cotton-spinners. He could not, however, unreservedly take up the case of the cotton-spinners without breaking with O'Connell; and he could not break with O'Connell without endangering the compact of alliance of the summer of 1837. He and his associates of the London Working Men's Association finally struck upon a scheme of compromise; they suggested—and the plan was adopted—a full parliamentary inquiry into the alleged misdeeds of the

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Unionists. If the English working men were innocent, why should they object to such an impartial inquiry? Because, answered a group of revolutionists, an inquiry conducted by a corrupt and undemocratic House of Commons could not be impartial. Feargus O'Connor, an Irish demagogue who had a feud with O'Connell, and had started a few months before in Leeds a weekly Radical paper called the 'Northern Star,' made an alliance with the enemies of William Lovett, and became the leader of the Northern Chartists with methods of his own, which were to have nothing in common with Lovett's *bourgeois* line of action.

Then began the big open-air meetings of the North, under the leadership of Feargus O'Connor, with the help of the local Trades. These orderly processions of thousands of workmen were marshalled by the Trade Unions; these bands of music, these unfurled banners, were the bands and banners of the Trade Unions. Chartism never approximated to the modern Labour Party more than it did in the summer months of 1838; it was a political organisation founded upon Trade Unionism. But a Labour Party is not necessarily a Socialist Party. The Trade Unionists who led the movement wanted a more democratic House of Commons in order that they might be protected against an eventual undoing of the Combination Act of 1824; they were, as a rule, well-paid wage-earners, the aristocracy of the world of labour, and did not trouble about such bold problems as the abolition of private property, or even of the wage system.

Things now changed once more. We enter, as the year 1838 nears its end, the third phase of the History of Chartism. These huge meetings were too big a thing for the Trade Unionism of the time. They became, as months wore on, more crowded and more rowdy. In November the torchlight meetings began, and well might the English *bourgeoisie* wonder what the torch-bearing was meant for; was there going to be industrial incendiarism in the North, after the model of the rural incendiarism of 1830, but on a larger scale and with more destructive consequences? In fact, the movement had got out of the hands of organised labour; it had become a movement of the unorganised mob.

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Oastler and Stephens, the Tory mob-orators, had first set their faces against Chartism, seeing in it nothing but a political trick of O'Connell and his confederates; but now O'Connell in his turn had become an enemy of Chartism, and Oastler and Stephens attended the Chartist meetings. Not that they believed more than formerly in political democracy; but they found Chartist platforms, where they occasionally faced more than a hundred thousand hearers, convenient for the purpose of inveighing against factory servitude and workhouse imprisonment. Thus had O'Connell been hoist with his own petard. He had conceived that the Charter of the People might be used to kill the Anti-Poor-Law agitation; and, after a year had gone by, Chartism was nothing but the old Anti-Poor-Law agitation under a new name, more dangerous than it had ever been.

It is a pity that none of the recent students of Chartism should have bestowed their labour upon this special problem of analysing Chartism into a series of successive phases. They could have shown, more in detail than we are able to do here, how Chartism came to be dropped, first by O'Connell and the parliamentary Radicals, then by the Trade Unions. Let anybody compare the Chartist meetings of 1839 with those of 1838; the tone has altered, the discipline is no more there; it is apparent that the Trade Unions have recoiled from the movement. Let anybody again inquire why the Chartist plan of a national strike broke down; it was, by the testimony of the Chartists themselves, because the well-to-do members of the Trade Unions did not choose to answer the appeal of their "more distressed brethren."* And it is also a pity that none of our writers should have attempted to draw a map—a geographical and sociological map—of Chartism, as it stood in 1839. We believe the result of their study would have been the following: Wherever the working class was in a state of disorganisation, whether because it was decadent, and the time of organisation had passed for it, as was the case with the hand-loom weavers, or because it was in its infancy,

* Resolution of the General Council of the Convention, Aug. 6, 1839: Gammage, 'History of the Chartist Movement,' p. 155.

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and had not yet reached the stage of organisation, as was the case with the colliers, there, and only there, Chartism prevailed.

Being revolutionary in temper, were the discontented working men of 1839 Socialists? They were—if it is enough, in order to be called a Socialist, that you should ask for higher wages and shorter hours, a national bankruptcy, and a wholesale distribution of State alms. But there was no elaborate doctrine, no carefully prepared programme of action behind the Chartist uprising; or rather, there was one, and it was the strictly political one, of a democratic Reform of Parliament. The Chartists were hungry; and Chartist meetings were a kind of theatrical display of their hunger. In August 1838, the price of wheat began to rise, and Chartism increased. Some months later, the price of wheat fell, and Chartism subsided. Elias Regnault, a French Republican, in a preface which he wrote in 1839 for a translation of Bentham's 'Catechism of Electoral Reform,' very aptly defined the difference between the spirit of the Parisian and that of the English mob:

'Il y a loin, bien loin, de ces insurrections à tout ce qu'on pourrait leur comparer chez nous. . . . La révolte à Birmingham, c'est le cri de l'estomac; à Paris, c'est une excitation du cerveau.'

There was one among the Chartist leaders who may be said to have been in the proper sense of the word, a conscious Social Democrat. Bronterre O'Brien, a disciple of Robert Owen and an enthusiastic student of the French Revolution, expressly meant to weld into one common block the socialism of Robert Owen with the Jacobinism of Robespierre. But how many followers had this very frenchified Englishman? He was only the head of a very small group in London, where William Lovett's moderate party always succeeded in retaining the majority within the Chartist body; and, on the other hand, he never got any influence in the North, where Feargus O'Connor made the law. Mr Graham Wallas makes capital of a very misleading sentence of his. 'If I mistake not,' writes Bronterre in the 'Northern Star,' June 23, 1838, 'all the more intelligent Socialists are becoming Radicals, and all the more

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intelligent Radicals are becoming Socialists.' But quotation is a difficult art; and should this particular sentence have been singled out of the whole article?

'Why,' exclaims Bronterre in the course of the same article, 'have not these parties [the Radicals and the Socialists] a better mutual understanding? Why do they not make Common Cause, since their interests are one and the same? Or, if they cannot agree to think so, why do they not practise mutual forbearance?'

Then comes the sentence quoted by Mr. Wallas; the real question being how many intelligent Radicals and intelligent Socialists there were according to Bronterre's calculation. 'Time and good example,' he goes on, 'will no doubt remedy the evil.' Did they? The leader of the Socialists, Robert Owen, started in 1839, throughout the Midlands and the North, a big campaign of propaganda which was mainly directed against Radicalism and Chartism. The chief and king and hero of the Chartists was, and to the end remained, Feargus O'Connor, a revolutionist and an enemy of the Factory and Workhouse system, but a genuine individualist of the Irish type, whose aim was to bring the English wage-earners back to the land as small and independent landholders.

We have briefly told the tale of the first Chartist uprising, which took place in 1838 and 1839. The further history of Chartism is nothing, as Mr P. W. Slosson says, but the history of the decline of Chartism. After the first National Petition in favour of Universal Suffrage had been presented and rejected in 1839, there was another National Petition in 1842, which failed also, and was followed by an uncoordinated and aimless general strike all through the industrial districts of England; but nobody would have denied in 1842 that Chartism was on the wane, while the Anti-Corn-Law-League was winning new members every day. In 1848 a third and last National Petition was signed by the English workmen; but it was a mere aftermath of the French 'Révolution de Février'; and if there happened on April 10 a kind of one-day panic in London, I dare say everybody on the evening of that uneventful afternoon, when there had been neither an armed insurrection nor

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even the promised peaceful procession of Chartists, felt rather ashamed of having been so frightened in the morning. The only outburst of Chartism which it is worth while to consider is the outburst of 1839.

Real and important as it may have been, did it seriously alarm the gentry and middle class of England? Some fears may have been aroused in the end of 1838 when the torchlight meetings began; but, even then, the alarmists were in the minority. The Government did not lose its head; it took only the necessary military measures, made practically no preventive arrests, and did not attempt to curb the liberty of the press and of public meeting. And, though some Tory members of Parliament, for obvious tactical reasons, complained of what they thought a dangerous display of Whig *nonchalance*, the Ministers were manifestly backed by public opinion, which could not bring itself to believe in a Chartist peril. A French Fourierist who just then travelled through England, inquiring about the future of Democracy and Socialism, was bound reluctantly to acknowledge 'la parfaite sécurité que professent de ce côté-là les classes supérieures et moyennes de ce pays'; and adds, a few lines lower, this most characteristic sentence:

'Les Anglais pensent si peu comme moi à cet égard que, quand je prononçais devant l'un d'eux le mot de Chartistes: "Chartistes?" me répondait-on, qui est-ce qui s'occupe de Chartistes en Angleterre? On ne parle de chartistes qu'en France.' *

Just in the same way Thomas Carlyle, who took Chartism in deadly earnest, believing quite mistakenly that it meant the speedy downfall of middle-class liberalism and the advent of some kind of social feudalism or monarchy, observed indignantly the apathy of public opinion.

'Read Hansard's Debates, or the morning papers, if you have nothing to do! The old grand question, whether A is to be in office or B, with the innumerable subsidiary questions growing out of that . . .: Canada Question, Irish Appropriation Question, West-India Question, Queen's Bedchamber

* 'La Phalange,' 15 août 1839: 'Sur l'avenir révolutionnaire de l'Angleterre.'

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Question . . . all manner of questions and subjects, except simply this . . .' *

And thus the question arises, who was right, the angry intellectual or the apathetic man in the street? The man in the street undoubtedly, for reasons which will presently appear.

Let our readers in the first place pay attention to the incredible meekness of the Chartist crowds. It is all very well to sing the praises of General Napier for having, in the summer months of 1839, so gently handled the Chartist rising in the North. But would things have gone as smoothly as they did if he had dealt with an Irish instead of an English mob? or again, with French insurgents instead of English starving working men? The Chartist displays of physical force, so gigantic and so harmless, were a perfect riddle for French contemporary observers.

'Les Chartistes,' wrote Louis Blanc, the founder of French Social Democracy, 'ont formé l'avant-garde de la démocratie de l'Angleterre. Dans leurs meetings ils affectaient jusqu'aux formes extérieures de la démocratie française. . . . Mais c'était pour le gros de la nation plutôt un spectacle qu'un symbole; on venait écouter les orateurs pour passer le temps, et la circulation des voitures n'était pas même interrompue sur les places où ils se tenaient.' †

Henri Heine, the Franco-German man of letters, the philosophical communist and intimate friend of young Karl Marx, confessed that he felt sorely perplexed ('saisi d'un singulier doute') when he saw 'qu'une poignée d'hommes est suffisante pour disperser un bruyant *meeting* de cent mille Anglais.' ‡ Or again, let us listen to Elias Regnault, already once quoted above—a bitter Anglophobe, as is to be expected from a French democrat of those days, who over-emphasises the brutality of an English mob, but who, when once this mistake is allowed for, must be admitted to have been a very keen-sighted critic of Chartism.

'Tant que l'autorité reste inactive, c'est un torrent qui semble défier la digue; mais qu'il se présente cinquante

* 'Chartism,' chap. I. † 'Revue du Progrès,' vol. II, p. 249 (1839).
‡ 'Lutèce,' XV, 29 juillet 1840.

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baïonnettes, ces bandes furieuses ne laissent d'autres traces de leur passage que les ruines qu'elles ont faites. Le Français marche à l'insurrection calme et silencieux. S'il pousse quelques cris, c'est en face du canon; il tient en échec des régiments entiers; et trois cents hommes disputent Paris à toute une armée. Ce contraste s'explique aisément; on affronte le mort pour une conviction politique même erronée; on ne se fait pas tuer pour un besoin matériel, même très puissant, parce que le besoin de la vie est encore plus puissant que le besoin de la faim. Aussi l'insurrection des chartistes est-elle destinée à finir comme les révoltes de la Jacquerie, tandis que le démocratie française gagne tous les jours du terrain, et déjà commande à l'avenir.'

Such is the first and perfectly legitimate ground for the coolness of English middle-class opinion while the first Chartist uprising was reaching its culminating point. But there is still more to be considered, and we believe it may be explained why Chartism, take it all in all, had a positively reassuring effect upon the mind of the English gentry and *bourgeoisie*.

We do not sufficiently realise nowadays what a living thing the fear of a renewal of the French Revolution was in those days. The years of Jacobinism and the Terror had not faded away into the distant past. The times of Napoleon and Pitt and Robespierre were not farther off from an Englishman of 1840 than are from us the times of Bismarck, Gladstone, and Gambetta; and many of the leading statesmen, the Austrian Chancellor, the English Foreign Minister, the King of the French, had taken an active part in the events of the Great War, in, and even before, the time when Napoleon was Emperor. After France had been forced back within its pre-revolutionary boundaries and under its legitimate King, it was a problem how long the French people could be kept from again shaking off the very artificial regime of the Restoration. And why should a new French revolution not spread to the whole of Europe, England included? It was useless to explain that England was not an over-centralised country such as France, and that it was not in the power of a revolutionary mob in the capital to get hold of the seat of government and, in the course of a few hours, change the political institutions of the nation. The fact

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remained that there were in London revolutionary leaders and a discontented populace, and that the financial and industrial fabric of England was in many ways more shaky than was that of France. What if a revolution after the Jacobin model was to occur in London, and overturn the Constitution?

That was the fear which in 1819 frightened the ruling class into reaction; and that was the fear which in 1832 frightened them into concession. At the latter date the situation appeared to be more perilous than it ever had been before. A revolution had actually occurred in Paris, and from France the agitation passed into England. Wellington fell; and the new Whig ministry was carried along on a huge flood of pseudo-French revolutionary feeling. Orators in London meetings wore caps of liberty, with tricolour flags unfurled above their heads. The King was insulted in the streets; Apsley House was badly damaged by the mob; and bishops had to flee for their lives. Around the metropolis a 'rural war' was raging, with all the agricultural labourers of the Home Counties in touch with the London Radicals, arrayed against the parson and the squire. The passing of the Reform Bill did not apparently allay the feeling of discontent. Revolutionary clubs went on exerting 'pressure from without' upon the reformed House of Commons. The rural war, after a few months of suspense, began again in the winter of 1834, while the workmen for the first time conceived the scheme of a universal strike. Parliament, seriously alarmed, abolished at one blow the whole of the house duty in order to placate the metropolitan Radicals; while it hastily passed a Poor-Law Amendment Bill in order to solve the problem of rural unrest in the Southern Counties. In all the big towns, and more particularly in London, the fight was no more between Whig and Tory, Reformer and Conservative, but between Whig and Radical.

Everything had altered by 1840. At the general election of 1837, for the first time since 1832, the Radicals positively lost ground; and Chartism, coming upon the heels of the general election, proved at all events that London was no more a revolutionary centre. When, after having held big meetings in Lancashire, Yorkshire,

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and the Midlands, the Chartists tried to take London by storm, they failed badly; and the thinly attended meeting which was held in Palace Yard in September 1838 was a ridiculous affair. When, later, the delegates to the Chartist Convention came to London, they soon felt themselves ill at ease in an uncongenial atmosphere, and eventually transferred themselves to Birmingham, as being a more suitable centre of propaganda and action. Observe that the day on which, having reached Birmingham, they issued their manifesto to the English people, was the very day on which Barbès and Blanqui, with a handful of insurgents behind them, seized several public buildings in Paris, and for a few hours held the police and army at bay. The *coup de main* of Barbès and Blanqui was a failure of course; both men were thrown into prison, not to be released for years. But it was a caricature of what had succeeded in 1830 and was to succeed again in 1848. Nothing of the kind happened, or could happen in England.

There were riots, Chartist riots, in the course of 1839; but they occurred first in Birmingham, and then, still further away from the capital, in the distant Welsh town of Newport. So that at last English public opinion realised that London was safe from the peril of a Jacobin or pseudo-Jacobin revolution. Chartism was a thing not of London but of the provinces, not of the South but of the North. As a political movement (and we must never forget that the Chartist programme was emphatically a political programme), Chartism was the ebb of the big Radical upheaval which, having begun in 1817 and 1819, had in 1832 all but broken down the dam. As a social movement it was nothing but one of those fits of unrest which periodically disturbed the industrial North, the last and impotent outburst of what in the earlier part of the century had been called Luddism.

ELIE HALÉVY.

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Art. 5.—TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES.

1. *The Voyage of Captain Don Felipe González to Easter Island, in* 1770–1. Edited by B. Glanvill Corney, I.S.O. Charts and Plates. (Hakluyt Society.) 1903.
2. *A New Account of East India and Persia.* By John Fryer, M.D., F.R.S. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by William Crooke, B.A. Three vols. 1909–15.
3. *The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti by Emissaries of Spain,* 1772–76. Compiled from original documents, and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by B. Glanvill Corney, I.S.O. With Charts, Plans, and Plates. Three vols. 1913–18.
4. *Cathay and the Way thither. A Collection of Mediæval Notices of China.* Translated and edited by Colonel Sir Henry Yule, K.C.S.I., C.B., R.E. New edition, revised throughout by Prof. Henri Cordier, of the Institut de France. Four vols. 1913–16.
5. *The Book of Duarte Barbosa: an Account of Countries bordering on the Indian Ocean . . . about* 1518 A.D. Translated from the Portuguese, and edited by M. Longworth Dames, I.C.S. (retired). Vol. I. 1918.

And other works.

ORAL and written narratives of voyages of discovery have naturally occupied a conspicuous place in the legends and the epics of maritime peoples from the earliest historical times; and travels by land into remote or previously unknown regions have consistently enjoyed a similar measure of renown, with the result, as we see to-day, that explorers who

> 'Wand'ring from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
> Their manners noted, and their states survey'd,'

have been honoured in their lifetimes as public benefactors or national heroes, and have left undying names. The half-legendary fame of Hanno the Carthaginian and Pytheas the Massilian, the navigation of Onesicratus, the Norsemen's sagas of their voyages to Greenland and Labrador, the remarkable songs and traditions of Polynesian migrants and other ocean-rangers, all testify to the enduring public impression made by exploits of

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this class. Even the reputed wanderings of Ulysses, and the mystic occupations of Æneas and Palinurus, point the same moral; while the more definite and matter-of-fact writings of Herodotus, of Diodorus the Sicilian, and of Strabo, display cogitations and beliefs which those authors could not have discussed without some wider knowledge of the world than their own travels could give them, and which must therefore be ascribed to reports brought by other adventurers before their era.

In later times the narratives of mediæval seafarers supplied our forefathers with a fund of information which not only advanced the science and art of navigation and promoted oversea commerce, but also helped to spread abroad the reputation of the explorers' respective nations, and to sow the seeds of progress among primitive and far-off peoples who lacked resources of their own for coming into touch with Western civilisation. Moreover, many early travellers have left written records, either in a fragmentary or a complete form, containing descriptive accounts of their journeys, of the routes they followed, the new products, foreign peoples, and strange customs they met with; thus imparting to the European world a knowledge of the Far East, or the Farthest West, which the inhabitants of those realms had never published beyond their own borders.

It was well affirmed by Peter Heylyn that a knowledge of History and Geography is necessary 'as well for the understanding the affairs of ages past, as for commerce and correspondency with Nations present.' And proceeding in his quaint and discursive way to emphasise the close relationship and interdependence of these two studies, each complementary and, as it were, ancillary to the other, he observes:

'"Tis true that Geography without History hath life and motion, but very unstable and at random; yet History without Geography, like a dead Carkass, hath neither life nor motion at all, or moves at best but slowly on the understanding. . . . History therefore, and Geography, if joined together crown our reading with delight and profit,' while the study of History 'without some knowledge of Geography is neither so pleasant nor so profitable as a judicious reader would desire to have it.'

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It is just this blending of geography with history that imparts the charm to so many of the narratives penned by travellers and seamen; and a most praiseworthy labour did Richard Hakluyt, Preacher (as he usually styled himself), perform when, with incomparable industry and 'after much trauaile and cost' he compiled his great work on 'The Principall Nauigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoueries of the English nation . . .,' first printed in a single thinnish volume in 1589, but republished with additions in a much expanded form, filling three volumes, in 1598–1600.

Hakluyt lived, as he expressed it, in 'an Age wherein God hath raised so general a desire in the Youth of this realm to discover all parts of the Earth.' Though circumstances did not enable him to share in the active pursuit of this quest, his mind was deeply imbued with the sentiment for roving and research; for we find that, after the close of his terms as a Queen's scholar at Westminster, Hakluyt 'had waded on,' as he tells us, 'still farther and farther in the sweete studie of Cosmographie.' He was, moreover, even at that early period of his life, inspired by a great and broad-minded patriotism; and when, following his cousin Richard's footsteps, he 'grew familiarly acquainted with the chiefest Captains at sea, the greatest Merchants and the best Mariners of our nation,' the happy idea occurred to him that not to preserve the records written down by such pioneers, or stored in the minds of those still living who had done no writing, would be to squander an opportunity, nay, to evade a duty. And he deemed that the interests of his country and its future generations of statesmen, merchants, navigators, historians, and geographers called upon him, Richard Hakluyt, to perform that task, to collect such records and print them, and thus to

'file upon the Registers of perpetual Fame the Gallantrie and brave Atchievements of the People of England.'

In the words once spoken by the late Sir Clements Markham, 'the evil which Hakluyt set himself to alleviate was the absence of records of voyages and travels.' It is true that his predecessor, Richard Eden, had published some translations from the 'Decades'

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of Peter Martyr, a second edition of which, augmented and revised by Richard Willes, appeared in 1577, the year when Hakluyt proceeded to the degree of M.A. at Oxford. But, of all the English voyages that had been undertaken for a century before, most had by that time been utterly forgotten; and even of the memorable achievement of John Cabot there was neither a map nor a scrap of writing, so that the precise situation of his landfall is still a much argued question to-day.

Hakluyt looked upon such a void as a great national calamity; and he devoted many of the best years of his life to remedying it. He felt that the preservation and publication of such records would not only serve (as Sir C. Markham also said) 'for keeping in remembrance brave and noble deeds for emulation by posterity,—though this in itself was a good and sufficient reason for his labours—he saw also the vast importance of the information as preserved, to the seaman, the merchant, and the colonist.'

How many persons, forsooth, of the tens of thousands who annually visit the Abbey of Westminster know that beneath its hallowed stones lie the mortal remains of Richard Hakluyt? And of those who have this knowledge, how many are aware of the reasons that establish his fame, or are familiar with the efforts of later generations of men of letters whom Hakluyt's example has stimulated to apply their experience and their labour to continuing the work he so worthily began? Yet it was not his secular but his clerical attainments that brought Hakluyt the honour of interment within the walls of that noble structure, in which as a Westminster scholar he had been accustomed to worship in his boyhood, and wherein, half a century later, he ministered as a Prebendary and Archdeacon. But though, for a span, the image of the cosmographer lay shrouded in the garb of the cleric, his renown as a preserver of records has long outlived any repute he may have acquired as a dignitary of the Church. No volumes of sermons issued from Hakluyt's pen. He was, indeed, only in a limited sense an author, for he produced no more than one book entirely of his own writing; and even that remained in manuscript for nearly three hundred years. Hakluyt

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preferred to gather about him the logs and journals written by the men who saw and did the things they related in them, records penned on the spot and at the moment, when events made their strongest and truest impression on the minds of the writers. In this he followed the time-honoured practice of the early historians extolled by good old Isidore of Seville, 'Apud veteres enim nemo scribebat Historiam, nisi is qui interfuisset et ea quæ scribenda essent vidisset.' And this is the principle obeyed by the Council of the Hakluyt Society to-day.

Founded in 1846 by a coterie of literary, scientific, and antiquarian scholars, the Society has for its object the printing and circulation of unpublished or out-of-print and rare original accounts of voyages, travels, naval expeditions, and other geographical explorations not readily accessible to readers. Documents of this class are of special interest and utility to students of history, geography, navigation, and ethnology. Many of them, particularly the original narratives and translations by writers of the Elizabethan and Stewart periods, afford admirable examples of English prose at the stage of its most robust development. Of such a character are the 'Journal of John Jourdain' and the 'Travels of Peter Mundy.'* A few years later Thomas Bowrey's graphic and neatly illustrated account of 'the Countries round the Bay of Bengal' takes up the running and is closely followed by Fryer's 'New Account of East India and Persia,' the author's travels extending over nine years, from 1672 to 1681.

John Fryer was a very observant person and had received a good education, having graduated as a bachelor of medicine in 1671, *per literas regias*, at Cambridge. Being presently 'enterteyned as Chirurgeon for Bombay, to doe in that profession as they shall find him deserving' in the employ of the East India Company, he set out at the close of the same year to enter upon his professional career in the Orient, where he was to receive a stipend of '50*s.* *per mensem*, to commence at his arriveall'—a saving clause which proved the means of deferring

* Published by the Society in 1905 and later years.

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Fryer's enjoyment of this munificent reward for exactly one year. Six months of this period were occupied in the voyage from the Downs to Masulipatam; the second half-year elapsed, owing to various detentions, before he found his way thence to Bombay, which had then just become a British possession, acquired from the Crown of Portugal.

After describing the common incidents of life at sea in those days, a call at Porto Praya,* and a highly interesting visit to Johanna, in which island, he tells us, 'all things strive to gratify the Life of Man,' Fryer goes on to relate his adventures, observations, and reflexions, in the form of eight long Letters. They are addressed to some person of quality whose name is not revealed, but who had done Fryer the honour to see him off on the day he embarked 'at Graves' End,' and had then exacted from him a promise, says the author, 'whereby you obliged me to give you an account not only of my Being, but of what Occurrences were worth my Animadversion.' This undertaking Fryer faithfully fulfilled, his letters extending, when printed, to three goodly octavo volumes as issued by the Hakluyt Society.

Mr Crooke, having also prepared the new edition of 'Hobson-Jobson' for press, found the editing of Fryer's letters a congenial task, many of the Anglo-Indian terms explained in that medley being quoted by its original compilers from the 1698 edition of Fryer. In fact, Sir Henry Yule himself, alluding to 'Hobson-Jobson,' wrote that 'no work has been more serviceable in the compilation of the glossary'; and one has only to glance through its pages to see that Fryer's narrative, and the constant 'animadversion' with which he enriched his statements, render the book a veritable treasure-house of Indian and Persian social history, and a prolific source of references or quotations for the student of Eastern topics.

From Bombay Fryer was transferred (September 1674) to Surat, where he remained six months. Returning to Bombay, he next visited the Junnar Fort, and

* The present writer, visiting Porto Praya two hundred years later, met with exactly the same incidents and experiences as Fryer relates, even to the price demanded (an old coat) for a monkey.

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afterwards went on to Goa and other places, and back to Surat. In 1676 his stipend was increased to '3 *li.*' a month, and he was despatched into Persia, travelling by sea as far as Bandar Abbas and thence by the caravan route through Shiraz to Ispahan, visiting the ruins of Persepolis by the way. While in Persia his health broke down; and in January 1678/9 he returned to India. It was during the voyage thither from the Gulf that Fryer prepared his important monograph entitled 'The Present State of Persia,' which accompanies his Fifth Letter. He was next reappointed 'Chyrurgion' to the factory at Surat, where he discharged the functions of that office for nearly three years, after which he embarked for home, reaching England in August 1682.

In the following year the degree of M.D. was conferred upon Fryer at Cambridge; and in 1697 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. His book was not published until the year next following, what prompted him 'to expose this Piece to the World, after so many yeares' silence' (he explains) being 'not so much the Importunity of some, as the Impertinencies of others,' and a virtuous ambition to show his 'Diligence in collecting, and Sinceritie in compiling, what may make the Road more easy to the next Adventurers, and satisfy the present Enquirers.' Let us hope that it did so, for it was worthy of those aims at the time, and is now, clarified by enlightened editing, palpably more interesting and instructive than ever.

One of the cardinal assets of the Hakluyt Society is, indeed, its remarkable faculty for enlisting the services, as editors, of scholars whose long residence abroad in various responsible capacities, and consequent familiarity at first hand with the countries, sea routes, languages, and peoples treated of in its volumes, confer upon them special qualifications for the task. They are thus able, by means of introductions, foot-notes, glossaries, bibliographies, and appendices, to give the reader every assistance he requires for the complete understanding of the texts and the identification of old-time names, foreign words, or archaisms occurring in them. The fact that all the Society's editorial work, and in nearly every case its translations from foreign originals, are done as a labour of love and pure devotion to the subject, further ensures

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that no pains are spared in achieving results with scrupulous care and accurate scholarship.

Though the volumes of Fryer, Jourdain, Bowrey, and Mundy have been cited as typical examples of the work undertaken of late years by the Council of the Society, it is a fact that all these four relate principally to India. Yet it is not type alone, but diversity of types, that counts; the subscribers not being confined to any single or local interest. Taken as a whole, the Society's selection of works, now just a hundred and fifty in number, shows that this principle has been kept consistently in view. Every continent, every tract of ocean, excepting only the Antarctic, has had its share of the Council's attention, this one exception finding, at present, no place in the Society's prospectus for a definite reason —viz. that the Society prints nothing that relates to less than a century aforetime. The circumnavigation by Dampier, which marked approximately the transition from the 17th to the 18th century, was the limit of modernity adopted by the founders of the Society; but after fifty odd years of existence, when the 19th century had elapsed, the Council decided to revise this canon of its constitution, and selections from the records of another hundred years were declared eligible to receive its attention.

Apart from the reservation mentioned, the Society has not confined its output to any particular age or region, but has adopted the same broad scope as did Hakluyt himself in this respect. It has, indeed, widened its spiritual ancestor's purview in another direction, not limiting its editions to the 'traffiques and discoueries of the English nation,' nor restricting its researches to documents or printed texts originally indited in the vulgar tongue. It has published translations, most of them made by the Society's editors, from not less than a dozen foreign languages. Here and there, it is true, a document is inserted in its original text, either on account of its singularity or rarity, or for comparative reference. These are printed as appendices, as in the case of Odoric's travels, in the second volume of 'Cathay.' Such too is the Deed by which a compact of mutual support and obligation was sealed, in 1775, between Don

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Domingo de Boenechea on behalf and by authority of the King of Spain and the ruling chiefs of Tahiti—a State Paper which lay hidden for 130 years in the maze of muniments treasured by the Spanish Government, at Seville, and but for the activities of the Hakluyt Society might still have remained there undisclosed. Akin to it is the Act of Cession by which the natives of Easter Island were induced, in 1770, to put their country at the disposal of the same sovereign, and to which they affixed marks (which have been miscalled signatures) of the same character as the mysterious 'glyphs' or graven tablets since found among that isolated remnant of a people, but never yet clearly explained or deciphered.

The work in which the former of these two documents is now published comprises a set of three volumes, entitled 'The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti by Emissaries of Spain, 1772–76,' with which may be bracketed an earlier one, 'The Voyage of Don Felipe González,' containing the glyphs. In these four volumes are described a series of exploratory voyages conducted by command of King Charles the Third of Spain, with the object of forestalling British and French enterprise in the southern Pacific. It was the wild scheme of MM. de Surville and Law de Lauriston for driving a trade with the natives of Easter Island, reputed to be 'Davis's Land' (which they confused with Bougainville's 'Nouvelle Cythère'), and the series of blunders and misadventures which brought about the *délabrement* of that scheme that inspired the Viceroy of Peru to despatch a naval expedition from Callao, for reconnaissance purposes, in 1770. This expedition consisted of a 70-gun ship and a frigate—a force afterwards characterised by the Comte de Fleurieu as an 'armement suffisant pour subjuguer tous les Archipels du Grand Océan.'

The commander bore instructions to find the island that Surville had missed, to bring its natives into submission as vassals of His Majesty of Castile, and to expel any foreigners who might be found settled there. In 'The Voyage of Captain Don Felipe González' the Hakluyt Society has brought to light and translated into English all the official documents which determined the expedition just referred to. With them are pub-

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lished the journals of the commander and two other officers, none of which had been printed before, even in Spanish. To these the editor has prefixed a translation of Meester Roggeveen's official log, in so far as it relates to the Hollanders' transactions at Easter Island in 1722. That log is the only official record of Roggeveen's voyage; having been impounded, it was only brought to light in 1836, at Middelburg. It adds interest to the collection of papers and facilitates a comparison between the methods, observations, and experiences of the two sets of explorers. As in the case of the Hollanders, so also the Spaniards' investigations covered a stay of barely one week; and, in reporting to His Majesty the result attained, the Viceroy expressed disappointment at the hurried and somewhat sketchy way in which his instructions had been applied. The King therefore directed that a second visit should be paid to the island, and that the opportunity should be utilised to establish a small settlement of Spanish soldiers there. Just at this time, however, rumours reached Lima of Captain Cook's return to England, and of his sojourn at Tahiti for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus; so the Viceroy, apprehensive, like his Sovereign, lest some deeper motive than zeal for astronomy should have influenced the British Government, decided that the projected re-examination and military occupation of 'San Carlos' (as they renamed Easter Island) should be supplemented by a similar move in respect of Tahiti.

The first volume of 'The Quest and Occupation of Tahiti' is really a sequel to the narrative of González' voyage, and opens with a brief review of these proceedings and the three voyages of the 'Águila' to Tahiti which ensued, written by the Viceroy, Don Manuel de Amat, for the information and guidance of his successor. It contains, too, a number of previously unpublished State Papers showing how the Spanish King and his Ministers were obsessed by a belief that the British Admiralty had established a naval settlement on some bay or river on the Patagonian coast, or among the intricate fiords and islands composing its western labyrinth. The post in question was eventually revealed to a small Spanish scout or surveying vessel, not where it was expected, but at Port Egmont in the

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Falkland Islands, then known to the Spanish officials only as Las Islas Malvinas, where they themselves had a station, called Puerto de la Soledad. The history of our dislodgment from Port Egmont in 1770, our re-settlement there four years afterwards, and subsequent abandonment of that foothold for no explicit reason, though without any surrender of our rights, is full of interest. Perhaps Lord Mahon's summary of the subject, in the fifth volume of his 'History of England,' affords the best conspectus of the chain of events comprised; but a detailed narrative, illustrated by all the official documents that were exchanged between the nations, and certain admirable water-colour drawings of Port Egmont and our block-house or watch-tower erected there, which are preserved in the *Archivo de Indias* at Seville, still awaits an author.

The volume under notice necessarily touches upon these incidents, and it supplies some of the interesting correspondence conducted by our opponents amongst themselves, translated by the editor from original despatches found in the repository just mentioned. But the Malvinas were outside the jurisdiction of the Viceroy of Peru; and that prudent officer wisely recommended that their affairs should be committed to the care of the Governor of Buenos Ayres, which was accordingly done.

From Callao Captain Boenechea of the 'Águila,' to whom the Viceroy entrusted the conduct of the expedition, directed his course firstly towards the situation where the scanty particulars in his possession indicated that he would find Tahiti; and in this 'Quest' he was entirely successful, sighting its lofty forest-clad acclivities on Nov. 8, 1772. Like Cook, the Spanish captain caused the island to be explored in its entire circuit by a party in one of the ship's boats. They were everywhere well received, and the lieutenant in charge of this duty made acquaintance with several of the native chiefs, including Otoo and Oreti, who had been friends and hosts to Cook and Bougainville before him. From these he gleaned some particulars of the visits of the English and French ships; but the natives' accounts were vague and confused. One of the marines serving in the 'Águila,' named Máximo Rodríguez, applied himself to learn the Tahitian

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dialect, and acquired a fluency in it which afterwards stood him and his superiors in good stead.

Volume I ends with Boenechea's own journal of the voyage, and an account of his intercourse with the natives, which was humane and sympathetic on his part and friendly on theirs throughout. The anchorage selected for the frigate on this occasion was in the lagoon at the south-eastern extremity of the island, off Vai-urua, and is now commonly laid down on the charts (but erroneously, as the editor points out) as 'Lángara's Harbour.' The correlation of the Spaniards' narratives with the accounts written by Captain Cook and other members of his expeditions, synchronising so nearly as these did with the three visits of the 'Águila,' is of much interest and quite new to historians. Among matters to which the editor has drawn attention is the baseless accusation recorded by George Forster, who sailed with Cook in the 'Resolution' in 1773–5, against Don Juan de Lángara to the effect that, while in command of the 'Águila' at Tahiti, this distinguished officer hanged four of his crew. This statement was not challenged at the time when Forster's narrative was published; it was repeated from that work in the Missionary Society's 'Voyage of the *Duff*' a few years afterwards; and has since been copied time after time by the compilers of ignorant works of reference, after the manner of their kind, just as the mythical identity of Tahiti with 'La Sagitaria' of Quiros has been so reaffirmed. The editor of these volumes not only finds no support for Forster's allegation in any of the documents relating to the 'Águila's' three voyages to Tahiti, but shows conclusively that the misconception arose through faulty interpretation; that Forster himself knew nothing of the language when he wrote the statement down, having then been only a week at the island; that Don Juan de Lángara never commanded the 'Águila,' and, moreover, never visited Tahiti at all.

In the second volume of the set, independent journals of the same voyage are presented, one by a friar who had previously been a pilot; and one by a junior officer who ranked as *alferez*, or ensign, from a MS. in the Hydrographic Office at Madrid. They are followed by a number of State Papers setting forth the complete

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history of the 'Águila's' subsequent two voyages, the earlier of which was undertaken with the object of planning a Mission at Tahiti for the conversion of the natives, and the assertion of Spanish sovereignty over the island and its remarkable native community, as by divine right. This expedition had the misfortune to lose its commander, Captain Boenechea, an elderly and kind-hearted man, who died suddenly and was buried in the island. The editor, while residing at Tahiti in 1908–9 to familiarise himself with its topography, language, and people, had the satisfaction of locating the plot of ground where Boenechea lies interred; it is unsanctified by any visible memorial, the original wooden cross that marked the spot and commemorated the Spanish occupation (and which, for this latter reason, Captain Cook defaced, in 1777) having long since decayed. To Captain Cook, indeed, these visits of the Spanish ship were full of mystery; there are frequent allusions to them in the journals of his second and third circumnavigations, and in those of his companions, whom they also fairly puzzled.

At her second visit the 'Águila' was accompanied by a hired storeship, the 'Jupiter.' Her master, one José de Andía y Varela, a Chilean by birth, who was also the owner and navigator of the craft, wrote what is perhaps the best and most intelligent account that we have of the voyage and the transactions at the island. This has been included by the editor in this second volume of 'The Quest, etc.,' together with Boenechea's journal continued by his successor, Lieutenant Tomás Gayangos. Another document is a somewhat banal and fragmentary diary written by the two Franciscan friars whom Boenechea installed at Tahiti as missionaries.

What the friars' diary lacks is, however, amply made good in the third volume, which is almost wholly devoted to the aforementioned Máximo Rodríguez' diary. Máximo was the individual referred to in somewhat scathing terms by Captain Cook as 'Mateema,' in consequence of his having been led away by patriotic sentiment to allege hard things, a good deal wide of the truth if natives' gossip was to be believed, about 'Tute' himself and the English nation. So says Cook, at least, though Máximo, in a Memorial that he submitted to

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the Viceroy De Croix some years after the event, rebuts the Englishman's impeachment. He was selected by the Viceroy Amat to accompany the Franciscan missionaries as interpreter, and acted for them in this capacity in their transactions with the natives. He kept a diary throughout the year 1775, while resident in the island—a document which, as the editor observes, is unique of its kind. Its pages are full of incident, and throw much light upon the social and domestic life of the Tahitians at that period. Eminently do they reveal the gentle, affectionate, generous, and confiding nature of the high chief Vehiatua and his mother O Purani, and the curiously timid character of their cousin and nominal overlord O Tu, with whom the young Spaniard lived on intimate yet reverential terms, in spite of the absolute failure of the friars' mission. The history of these once important but afterwards forgotten expeditions has thus been brought to light in all its details by the labours of the Hakluyt Society, after lying dormant among the archives of the Lonja and other collections of manuscript records for a century and a quarter, a labour that has been much appreciated by historians and geographers in Spain, in France, and in France's dependency—Tahiti itself.

In the 'Book of Duarte Barbosa,' written in the years next preceding 1518, the Society affords another example of the variety of its studies; for, although this work deals, in its later portion, with Barbosa's life and travels in Indian territory, much of the first volume relates to East Africa and Arabia; and the excellent notes supplied to the present edition serve for the identification of numberless ports and coastal tracts of country described by the author in the course of his wanderings, whether from his own observation or from knowledge derived through other persons. His references include Burma, Siam, Malacca, and such parts of the Eastern Archipelago as were known by repute. The first English edition of Barbosa's account was issued by the Hakluyt Society more than fifty years ago, the translation being made by the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, from a MS. in the Spanish language. As time wore on there appeared good reason for desiring a revision of that text, with some

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further annotation by an experienced and up-to-date orientalist. The editorial task was therefore entrusted to Mr Longworth Dames, whose official career in the Indian Civil Service extended over many years. He decided to make an entirely new translation from the original Portuguese. The result, as shown by the first volume—for the new edition will occupy two—is in every way admirable, and throws much new light on the rôle and associations of this brother-in-law and companion of Magellan, whose tragic fate befell Barbosa also a few days after him.

'Cathay and the Way thither,' first issued in 1866, was the second work edited for the Society by the late Sir Henry Yule, his first one being an annotated translation of the 'Mirabilia descripta' of Friar Jordan. It was, as Prof. Cordier remarks, for a long time the vade-mecum of all who were engaged in the study of the Far East as it existed in mediæval times, and became the indispensable guide of all those interested in the historical geography not only of China, not only of Central Asia, but of Asia at large. That work has long since been out of print; and, as time advanced, science and especially the geographical researches of fresh travellers added new discoveries in theretofore insufficiently studied countries; so that it became desirable to give a new and augmented edition of Yule's 'Cathay' embodying all the most recent information touching the countries and routes described in it. The late Sir Clements Markham, whose name is identified with so many of the Hakluyt Society's publications and who acted as its honorary secretary for thirty years before he occupied the Presidential chair for twenty more, was much impressed by this need. It was at his suggestion that the task of preparing a new edition was proposed to Prof. Cordier, than whom assuredly no other scholar so eminently qualified to undertake it could have been found.

Yule's Preliminary Essay on the intercourse that took place between China and the Western nations before the sea route round the Cape of Good Hope was known, a mine of erudition in itself, is now embellished under Prof. Cordier's revision by additional notes of exceptional value to historians. Not the least interesting part of the Essay sets forth the evidence of Chinese knowledge of

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the Roman Empire, of Byzantine history, and of the intercourse between the Arab nations and China, partly by land routes through Persia, but largely by means of Chinese junks regularly visiting towns on the Euphrates and the Tigris in the fifth century and later, even to the vicinity of ancient Babylon. About the beginning of the 15th century of our era the maritime trade to the Persian Gulf in Chinese bottoms seems to have given place to Arab ships sailing to the Far East. The penetration of both regions by the Portuguese, which began about 1514, may have determined, though it did not initiate, this change.

The second volume of 'Cathay' contains the Travels of Friar Odoric of Pordenone; and the third reprints letters and reports of various missionary wanderers who travelled across Asia, extracts from Rashíd-ud-Dín's history of the Mongols, and the 'Recollections' of Marignolli, many of which are exceedingly quaint, if not exactly informative. The fourth and final volume contains the Travels of Ibn Batuta, with many admirable comments and elucidations, and closes with the Journey of Benedict Goës from Agra to Cathay, undertaken by command of King Philip III of Portugal, in 1602, to set at rest sundry doubts concerning the position and identity of China, and to open a way for connecting the Christian missions already settled in that country with those established in India, by a daring and most difficult route across Afghanistan and the Pamir region into Eastern Turkestan. It was fitting that the distinguished sinologist who edited Odoric's narrative for the 'Recueil de Voyages' (tome x, 1891) should have consented to repeat the task in English for the Hakluyt Society.

The above-mentioned works are among those recently issued by the Council, and are quoted as merely a few examples—as Hakluyt said of his own collection—of

'many rare and worthy monuments which long haue lien miserably scattered in mustie corners, and retchlesly hidden in mistic darknesse, and were very like for the greatest part to haue bene buried in perpetuall obliuion,'

but are now rendered easily accessible to readers. But

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it may be asked, Are they so easily accessible? The Society prints them not for public sale, but for issue to its members, or—which amounts to the same thing—its subscribers. The answer is 'Certainly, they are accessible,' because, although those subscribers number at present less than six hundred, yet nearly one half of them are institutions or corporate bodies, such as universities and single colleges (50), royal, municipal, institutional, or public libraries (75), learned societies (33), clubs (20), Government departments, military and naval libraries (24). This circumstance not only throws open the volumes to readers who are not individual members of the Society, but shows that its aims and labours are appreciated by the leaders of culture and promoters of the higher branches of education in this and other countries, both in and out of Europe.

If so many universities and single colleges find the Society's volumes a necessity, how comes it, it may be asked, that of all our great Public Schools, in which is vested so weighty a responsibility for the infusion of patriotic and imperial sentiment and a knowledge of the world at large into the flower of our youth at its most impressionable age, only one has seen fit to devote an annual guinea to the publications of the Society—two handsome cloth-bound volumes in each year? That one, it is true, is Westminster, Hakluyt's own old school. Yet surely these records of exploration, adventure, pioneer colonisation, and all the valuable information which they contain about men and things and heroic deeds in the past, supply the very best material, at first hand, to arouse emulation in the young, and excite a feeling of sympathy which is ennobling to those who come under its influence, and is an important education in itself. No public school in the kingdom which possesses a library can be deemed adequately equipped until the Society's volumes find a place on its shelves. For by their means many misconceptions have been cleared away, greater historical accuracy has been secured, and the most attractive as well as generally useful branch of education has been purified and elevated.

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Art. 6.—SHIPS' TIMBER AND CONTRABAND OF WAR.*

THE hyperbole of the 'Sure Shield,' in the days when the maritime supremacy of England was in the making, was based, not on the spirit of the Navy alone, but on a policy, widespreading in its action, of ships' timber and naval stores. All that such policy implied is as vital to-day to the safety of the Empire as it was then, though the old ships which were built and maintained by it have sailed below the horizon.

The principal factors then determining foreign relations, the strength and vitality of which rested on sea-power, were, firstly, political, the succession to some thrones in Europe being of great concern to England, and requiring the capacity for vigorous action in distant seas—such were the foreign occasions of the King's naval service, their outward expression the annoying of our enemies and the support of our honour with foreign Princes; and secondly, commercial—the ordinary occasions of the service, and the protection of the estates of our trading subjects. For answering the former it was essential to maintain at sea capital ships, and for answering the latter, the 'nimble frigats,' in their full wage, victuals, supplies and repairs.

Thus Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty, described the functions of the Navy in his 'Memories,' begun in 1679, three years after Parliament had resolved (March 5, 1676), to give to his Majesty 600,000*l.* for the building of 30 ships ('in two years, to be accounted from Midsummer next'), an addition to the navy royall rendering 'the whole a security not unequal (ordinary providence concurring) to the publick ends of it, in the maintenance of the Peace and Honour of the Government on Shore, and support of its ancient, rightful, and envy'd Title to Dominion at Sea'; forasmuch as

'in these ships rested not only that, by which the present

* The authorities on which the writer of this article has largely availed himself are, Pepys' 'Memoirs of the Royal Navy,' edited by J. R. Tanner; Evelyn's 'Sylva,' 4th edition, 1776, by Dr Hunter, F.R.S.; Hollond's 'Discourses of the Navy,' edited by J. R. Tanner; 'The Barham Papers,' Navy Records Society; Oppenheim's 'Administration of the Navy'; the Records of the Royal Society (by courteous permission of the Council), and the Foreign Office Records in the Public Record Office.

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sea-strength of England surmounted all it had ever before had to pretend to, and the utmost that its present woods * (at least within any reasonable reach of its arsenals) seem now able to support with materials, or its navigation with men; but that portion also of the same, upon which alone may at this day be rightfully said to rest the virtue of the whole, oppos'd to the no less considerable growths in the naval strengths of France and Holland.'

'The utmost that its present woods seem now able to support with materials!' Words pregnant with meaning. Nature herself, while man was content to fight in wooden ships, imposed a limitation of armaments. The supply of timber, so long in its growth, was not inexhaustible (unless Admirals and country gentlemen walked abroad with acorns in their pockets †); and the forests had to furnish the merchants as well as Princes with ships. But private as well as Royal demesnes were becoming exhausted, in spite of ancient statutes devised for their preservation. Ironworks were the great destroyers of timber; and a statute of Elizabeth had forbidden the creation of any new works within 22 miles of London or 14 of the Thames.

In 1632, the Forests of Dean and Waltham were reported wasted and ruined; work in Chatham and Deptford yards was almost at a standstill, so great was the destitution of timber. Complaints of decay of timber and unauthorised pillage were constant. In 1651, the preservation of the New Forest was recommended as being 'one of the principal magazines of timber for shipping'; and in 1668, 11,000 acres in the Forest of Dean were enclosed specially for the growth of oak.

In 1662, certain queries were addressed to the Royal

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* The call of the Navy on the forests of England was dealt with by the 'Quarterly Review' in March 1813, in a review of Hunter's edition of Evelyn's 'Sylva'; April 1818, in a review of Bray's 'Memoirs of Evelyn'; October 1827, in a review of Monteith's 'Forester's Guide and Profitable Planter'; and October 1838, in a review of Loudon's 'Trees and Shrubs of Britain' (*ex rel.* Dr Nesbit's edition of 'Sylva').

† Collingwood wrote in 1805, 'If the country gentlemen do not make it a point to plant oaks wherever they will grow, the time will not be very distant when to keep our Navy we must depend entirely on captures from the enemy. I wish everybody thought on this subject as I do. They would not walk through their farms without a pocketful of acorns to drop in the hedge-sides, and then let them take their chance.'

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Society, at that time beginning its illustrious career, by the Commissioners of the Navy touching the preserving of timber; of which the first was

'Whether it were not advisable that His Majesty might be moved, now there is so great a scarcity of timber for the supply of his Navy, that all his forests, shaws and parks, which lye within 20 miles of the sea or any navigable river, and whose soil shall be found fit for propagating of timber for the service of the Navy, may be planted with oke, elme, ash and beachen tymber, in such manner and proportion as may still consist with His Majesty's benefit and pleasure in his game, and whether the planting of them be not a far greater improvement of those lands than now is made?'

This and other queries, tending to further the growth of timber fit for shipping, were referred to a Committee. Dr Goddard brought in his thoughts upon the subject, and Dr Merret presented a collection of statutes concerning the same. Mr Winthrop, son of a former Governor of Massachusetts, and himself Governor of Connecticut, advocated utilising the resources of the American Plantations*; for there was great store of good oak timber for the building of ships, of spruce and fir-trees 'fit for masts of all sizes for ships of any burthen,' and 'of that sort of pine which is called pitch-pine, of which tar and pitch may be made.' Many ships had been built there during the last twenty years; and there were many saw-mills near good harbours and navigable rivers, 'sufficient though there should be divers ships built at a time,' and 'many good artists for master-workmen and other ordinary workmen,' also caulkers, smiths, and all other necessary trades; and excellent accommodation for any artificers who should be sent out. Everything favoured his plan that ships should be built in America, and freighted with planks, knee-timbers, and masts, the cost not exceeding one-third of the English price.

Mr Evelyn was desired to peruse these papers 'and to add what he had of his own, digesting the sum of all into one paper against the next meeting.' Which being done, he, on October 15, 1662, delivered 'A discourse of Forest Trees, and the propagation of Timber in His

* His paper is summarised in Birch's 'History of the Royal Society.'

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Majesty's Dominions,' known in its enlarged and published form as 'Sylva.'

The need of the Navy was not difficult to formulate: well-stocked forests near to navigable rivers, so that timber might be brought at a reasonable expense to the yards. But it was of almost equal importance to find honest purveyors. It had been necessary to issue a special order forbidding even the members of the Navy Board from trading in naval material.

In April 1679, Charles II appointed Commissioners, devolving upon them 'the execution of the whole office of Lord High Admiral.' The time, Pepys thought, was opportune, for the state of the fleet was most satisfactory. The gross of the ships, 76 out of 83, were well found, and the residue in a condition of being thoroughly fitted for sea, with sea-stores, and a reserve in magazine. Of the thirty ships ordered by Parliament, eleven were reported newly launched, and 'the remainder (all of them) under an assiduous prosecution upon the stocks.' The experiment proved disastrous, owing to the incompetence of the Commissioners; and in May 1684, Charles resumed control of the Navy, assisted by his brother. An inquiry was ordered in January 1685/6, and discovered a most 'deplorable degree of calamity.' Only 24 ships were at sea, 'and the remainder greatly out of repair, with a magazine unequal to the occasions of the Navy.' The Commissioners, after 'the longest vacation of a Home-marine Peace,' had 'brought the Navy into a state more deplorable in its ships, and less relievable from its stores' than had happened at the close of 'the most expenceful war.' As an example of its generally evil plight, Pepys, in his Report to James II, pointed to the miserable state of the thirty ships: 'The greatest part (without having ever yet look'd out of harbour) were let to sink into such distress through decays . . . that several of them had been newly reported . . . to lye in danger of sinking at their very moorings'; and some of them were wholly irrepairable. The time-limit of two years for building had been exceeded; some had taken three, some four years, and one more than five, so that 100*l.* was demanded by the builders for repairing her keel as she lay upon the stocks. The cause of this calamitous state was 'the plain omission of the necessary and ordinary cautions

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us'd for the preserving of new-built ships'; they had not once been graved or brought into dock.

Those who were called on to report proved as incompetent as those reported on. They attributed the state of these ships to hastiness of building, the greenness of the stuff, and the use of East-Country, that is, Baltic, plank. Whereupon a new Commission of Inquiry was appointed; and it was no sooner opened but a solemn conference was held by them at the Office of the Navy on April 17, 1686, with all the eminent master-builders in the River of Thames, 'touching the present condition of this kingdom in reference to Plank for ship-building.' Certain 'Inquiries' were formulated:—

'*First*:—How far it may be depended on, that England may at this day supply itself with a sufficiency of [Plank], for answering the Occasions both of the Merchants and His Majesty's Service (in the state the Royal Navy thereof now is) without Foreign Help?

'*Resolution*:—That it is in no wise to be relied on. Forasmuch as from the want of Plank of our own growth, and consequently the highness of price of what we have, the Shipwrights of this Kingdom (even in our out-ports, as well as in the river of Thames) have been for many years past driven to resort to supplys from Abroad, and are so at this day, to the occasioning their spending of One Hundred loads of forreign for every twenty of English. Besides, were our own stock more, the exclusion of forreign goods would soon render the charge of building insupportable, by raising the price of the Commodity to double what it is, and more, at the pleasure of the seller.

'*Second*:—From whence is the best Forreign Plank understood to be brought?

'*Resolution*:—Either out of the East-Sea from Dantzick, Quinborow, or Riga of the growth of Poland and Prussia, or from Hambrough, namely, that sort thereof, which is shipt from thence of the growth of Bohemia, distinguished by its Colour, as being much more black than the other, and render'd so (as is said) by its long sobbing [sopping] in the water, during its passage hither.'

The third Inquiry, 'What proportion this forreign plank should bear to English?' was answered in great detail. For vessels of fourscore tuns downwards 'our English plank will (from the nature of the wood) last

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longer than any forreign of the same dimensions'; but for ships of 300 tuns upwards 'universal practice shows that the White Crown-plank of Prussia, and the fore-mentioned black of Bohemia, do in their durableness equal or rather exceed that of our English production of like dimensions.' The plain reason of this was,

'that the forreign oak being of much quicker growth than ours, their trees arrive at a stature capable of yielding Plank of these measures [3 and 4 inch, from 26 to 40 foot long, meeting at 14 or 15 inches at the top-end], while they are yet in their sound and vigorous state of growing; whereas that of England advancing in its growth more slowly, arrives not at these dimensions, till it be come to or rather is past the full of its strength; 50 years sufficing for raising the forreign, to what the English will not be brought in 150.' *

East-Indiamen built of large foreign plank proved to be most durable, while ships built wholly of English stuff had perished in half the time. But where short stuff will serve, as 'in laying of a gun-deck, as far as the three streaks next the ship's sides,' English plank, cut out of young growing timber, was to be preferred. Where long plank is necessary, 'that of forreign growth is for strength and duration always preferr'd.' Other defects of English material were pointed out: its 'general waniness, want of breadth at the top-end, and ill-method of conversion.' The unanimous opinion of the Commission was 'that large plank, well chosen, of the forreign growths before mentioned, is in its service at least as durable, in its cost less chargeable, and the use of it (through the scarcity of English) become at this day indispensable.' An Order in Council was thereupon issued (Oct. 8, 1686) authorising the Commissioners of the Navy to contract for oaken plank of foreign growth.

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* A Report of the Commissioners of Land Revenue (referred to in the 'Quarterly Review' article of 1838, and probably issued in 1792) gives very different figures: 75 to 100 years as the period at which oaks are usually cut for ship-building. It also furnishes the interesting statistics, that a 74-gun ship contained about 2000 tons of timber, and would require 2000 trees of 75 years', or 250 of 150 years' growth; and, on the basis of 40 trees to the acre, 50 acres of the younger trees would be required to supply the timber for every 74-gun ship.

Mr Dallimore of Kew Gardens is sceptical about the conclusions come to by the Pepys' Commission. The modern books, even Elwes and Henry, and Marshall Ward, throw no light on this question.

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The timber question involved the supply of two separate commodities, plank and masts. In the middle of the 16th century masts had been obtained from Danzig and the Baltic ports; the best from Riga, 18 to 25 inches in diameter, and 70 to 80 feet long. The safe delivery of everything which came from the north was, however, imperilled by war; and the constant wars with France and Holland, and the doubtful attitude of Denmark,* led, in 1652, to two vessels being sent to New England to bring samples of colonial trees. It seems probable that Mr Winthrop's suggestion, made ten years later, reinforced the result of this experiment; as it would appear from correspondence, to be presently referred to, that gradually the yards came to depend solely on the colonial supply. In 1704, by an Act referring generally to naval stores, importation was encouraged by a premium of 1*l.* per tun; and a few years later, in view of the great store of trees fit for masts in Scotland, landowners were encouraged in the same way to make roads for their transport to the sea. In 1721 a statute was passed protecting the forests of Nova Scotia, where there were 'great numbers of white pine trees fit for masting the Royal Navy.'† The benefit of this Act was felt after the American Rebellion.‡

For the supply of all other things which the Navy needed—generically 'naval stores'—necessity had long compelled the purchase of them abroad without the intervention of the Council. Those of greatest importance, and, reverting to Pepys' Report, 'least to be depended upon from the market, as being (save one) all of forreign growth,' were 'hemp, pitch, tar, rosin, canvas, iron, oyle, and wood.' Cordage came from Danzig and

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* A combination between Holland and Denmark might close the gates of the Baltic, and 'might exclude England from free access to the tar, cordage, and other prime necessities for the building and rigging of her ships' (Morley's 'Oliver Cromwell,' Bk. iv, ch. 5).

† The forests of the tropical Colonies do not seem to have been regularly exploited for masts or ships' timber. There exist still in Mauritius traces of a 'Chemin des Vergues,' down which tall trees were dragged from the forests to Port Louis, certainly by Labourdonnais, probably by his English successors. Mr Paul Kœnig, the present Director of Forests, tells me that the tree was the Tatamaka (*Calophyllum inophyllum*), which is in high repute for masting, 'being light, even-grained, and wind-strong.'

‡ 'Barham Papers,' II, 192, 223.

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Russia, through the medium of the Russia Company. The best iron came from Spain; hemp, pitch, tar, and the rest from Russia and the Scandinavian countries.

To the replenishment of the yards Pepys devoted his energies. The 'proposition' submitted by him to the King was that each ship should be provided with six months' sea-stores 'separately laid up and preserv'd for use whenever the service shall call for them,' and that there should be a further reserve in magazine for answering the general service of the Navy. The Secretary's work, which earned for him the title 'The right hand of the Navy,' resulted in 'the obtaining of such an enlargement of magazines and the amassing therein of such a treasure of stores, as England was never before mistress of, nor could now have had its navy longer supported without.' He could say with just pride that he had helped 'to raise the navy of England from the lowest state of impotence to the most advanced step towards a lasting and solid prosperity that (all circumstances considered) this nation had ever seen it at.'

Thus, and in the several ways here indicated, were the foundations laid of the policy of ships' timber and naval stores in its domestic application. We see it at work in 1704, in the statute of Anne 'for encouraging the importation of naval stores from His Majesty's Plantations in America,' the preamble of which recited the elementary truth, that 'the Royal Navy and the navigation of England, wherein, under God, the wealth, safety, and strength of this Kingdom is so much concerned, depends on the due supply of stores necessary for the same'; but they were now brought in mostly from foreign parts, in foreign shipping, and at exorbitant and arbitrary rates. There were vast tracts of land in the Plantations lying near the sea and upon navigable rivers, which might with due encouragement commodiously afford great quantities of all sorts of naval stores. Wherefore rewards, or premiums, on importation were to be paid by the Commissioners of the Navy—for tar and pitch, 4*l.* per tun; for rosin and turpentine, 3*l.*; for hemp, 6*l.*; and for masts, yards, and bowsprits, 1*l.* per tun. The Navy was to have the refusal of all stores imported, and a penalty was imposed for destruction of pitch-pine or tar-trees. The Act dealing with the Scotch

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forests had also in view the manufacture of pitch, tar, and rosin. These Acts proved very successful,* and were renewed in 1721, when additional encouragement was given to the production of hemp.† Further, 'any sort of wood, plank or timber, wrought or unwrought, or goods commonly called Lumber,' were to be admitted free of duty, except masts, yards, and bowsprits, which remained subject to the premium. The Acts were periodically continued until the American Rebellion, when the Navy was weighed down with the maladministration of Lord Sandwich, which had begun in January 1771. Pepys' work was frittered away, and the evil which he fought once more rose triumphant.

The severely practical recommendations of Pepys' Commission, which, apart from the necessity of importing East-country plank, found a virtue in its superior merits, somewhat jars against the lyrical tradition which has enshrined the English oak in English hearts. But there were many who maintained that old tradition; among them Evelyn, who wrote that 'the oak is above all the trees of the forrest absolutely necessary in naval architecture,' and that spring and toughness were the special qualities with which our English oak was endued. And Dr Hunter, who was responsible for the edition of 'Silva' issued in 1776, says that 'the common English oak, for shipbuilding, far excels all the kinds in the known world.' Pepys himself notes that in the old Navy instances were known 'where the timber had been standing, cut and converted, and the ship built therewith, and launched in six months, without having one plank shifted in them (but for shot) in 8 or 9 years after.' In his dedication of the 4th edition to the King, Evelyn declared that soon after its original publication millions of trees had been propagated and planted 'at the instigation, and by sole direction of this work'; and his editor, writing while the memories of the Seven Years' War were fresh, added,

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* One fleet from New England brought home 6000 barrels of pitch, tar, and turpentine to London, in 1715 (Anderson's 'Origin of Commerce,' III, p. 68).

† The consumption of hemp in 1781 was 12,000 tons; but in peace time the amount required annually was about 3000 tons. Two-thirds of what was grown near Petersburg came to England ('Barham Papers,' II, 220).

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'There is reason to believe that many of our ships which, in the last war, gave laws to the whole world, were constructed from oaks planted at that time. The present age must reflect upon this with gratitude, and it is to be hoped that we shall be ambitious to receive from posterity the same acknowledgment that we, at this moment, pay to the memory of our virtuous ancestors.'

Dr Nisbet, Evelyn's modern editor, attributes a similar result to the publication of Hunter's massive quarto. It is a doubtful if a pleasant story, yet one very popular with authors. Isaac Disraeli talks of Evelyn's 'triumphant oaks.' 'Inquire,' he says, 'at the Admiralty how the fleets of Nelson had been constructed, and they can tell you that it was with the oaks that the genius of Evelyn planted.' The general wastage of the forests must have continued after the 'great planting'; and millions of trees were cut down for 'fewel,' men being 'more studious to cut down than to plant.' Evelyn tells us that acorns planted in hedge-rows have borne a stem of a foot diameter in thirty years. Pepys' Commission sat twenty-four years after the appearance of 'Sylva'; and had Evelyn's trees existed, the master-builders could not have failed to report on so goodly a store of

> 'sapling oaks, which at Britannia's call,
> May heave their trunks mature into the main,
> And float the bulwarks of her liberty.'

There is no doubt, however, that the wastage continued unchecked. A Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1771 only touched the fringe of the danger when it reported that the East India Company was building ships far in excess of the tonnage requirements of their trade, and recommended the Act, passed in the following year, limiting their activities to the Colonies and India. The evil was widespread. Dr Hunter recorded in 1776 that the cutting down of all kinds of woods 'is become so general that unless some effectual remedy be soon applied, it is more than probable that very little full-grown timber will be left in this island for the use of the ship-builder.' He added this grave warning: 'The most serious and positive proofs can be produced that, at this very moment, the Royal Navy is

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in want of timber. With what zeal ought we to join in warding off the impending danger?'

The danger was even then at our doors; for it was in 1776 that De Vergennes' policy of secretly aiding the American rebels was definitely accepted by Louis XVI. France then began to collect timber and stores for rebuilding the fleet which was to deprive England of her supremacy at sea. In his article in the Dictionary of National Biography on the Earl of Sandwich, Sir J. K. Laughton says that in 1780 the dockyards were sinks of iniquity; but that at no time were they so utterly bad as during the War of American Independence. As a result of Sandwich's methods, the charge of departments was in the hands of men without qualifications:

'It is not to be wondered at that, when war with France broke out in 1778, the number of ships in the Navy was inadequate, and that of what there were many were not sea-worthy; that the naval store-houses were empty; that the ships sent to America under Admiral John Byron were rigged with twice-laid rope; that it was only with the greatest difficulty and after most vexatious delay that Keppel got to sea with a fleet still numerically inferior to that under D'Orvilliers; and that on his return to Plymouth, after the indecisive action of 27th July there were neither masts, nor spars, nor rope for the necessary refitting. This was at the very beginning of the war, but the same want of ships and of stores continued throughout.'

The incompetence of Lord Sandwich's administration of the Navy is matter of history; but for the lack of timber, and consequent shortage of ships, which brought us nearly to disaster, the nation at large is to blame.

A year before France declared war, steps were taken by the Admiralty to deal with the impending shortage of masts. In November 1777, the Navy Board reported that, although the magazines were well stored, 'there are but few large masts due upon contract, and the present contractor apprehends there may be difficulty in providing further supplies.' The Admiralty resolved that a mission should be sent to Russia to purchase such masts as could be had immediately, and to contract for a further supply; and Mr Butt, one of the principal officers of Deptford yard, was selected; and, in requesting Lord Suffolk's good offices for him, Lord Sandwich added, 'for tho', thank God,

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we have a large store in hand, as our intercourse with America, which was our sole dependance, is cut off, it is absolutely incumbent on us to look forward and to provide ourselves in time from another quarter.' Butt's instructions were to visit Berlin, Danzig, Memel, Riga, St Petersburg, and any other places he thought advisable,

'to ascertain whether there are any timber trees upon the continent of Europe, of sufficient diameter to form masts (without piecing) for large ships of war, and so selected as to be a merchantable commodity, capable of being brought within our contracts for the supply of His Majesty's Navy.'

Butt's report has unfortunately not been preserved; but in May 1785 Sir Charles Middleton reported that the stock in hand of masts was very large, though many, but probably not all, had come from Nova Scotia. The French, waiting to declare war as soon as they were ready, were already in the market. In July 1776, it was known that they had

'purchased great quantities of naval stores, and particularly ships' timber from Riga, and from that part of Poland of which His Prussian Majesty lately took possession; and this circumstance, added to the frequent visits which the Prussian Minister in Paris has lately made to M. de Maurepas, has given rise to the report that a Treaty of Commerce is in agitation between the Courts of Versailles and Berlin, in which the latter will stipulate to furnish France with a certain quantity of *bois de construction*.'

The anxiety consequent on the shortage of timber continued throughout the French Wars. The evidence given before the Commissioners of Land Revenue in 1791 was the same as had been given before the Parliamentary Committee in 1771; and in 1796 the position does not appear to have improved. In 1810 Lord Melville, who had himself been at the Admiralty, wrote a long letter to Mr Perceval, referring to the apathy in the matter of planting oaks during the last forty years, and emphasising the general alarm.

The development of a foreign, in aid of the domestic, policy must now be briefly traced. The demands of the dockyards being far in excess of the home supply, there developed a trade with foreign countries. The parties

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to the contracts on which this trade was based were: on the one side, the purchasing Government, acting through, or as the above correspondence shows, on behalf of, its contractors; and on the other, the vendor, an individual merchant; in the case of naval stores, the ships' chandlers; of timber, the owners of private forests.

It is not probable that timber from State forests would be available for foreign Governments, for the navy of the smallest maritime Power was Royal, and its upkeep would, as in England, be primarily dependent on the Royal forests. Moreover, the fulfilment of contracts with foreign States for the supply of State timber might, in the event of war, give rise to awkward questions of neutrality. Frederick the Great, following his traditional practice of playing off France against England, would not be affected by such considerations. But this trade, even in peace, would need protection, e.g. from excessive export duties, or arbitrary interference by the Government; and this would be sought by means of commercial treaties. These treaties are alliances for the limited purposes of commerce; but they prepare the way for political alliances. The necessity of the State is the mother of its policy; and thus gradually England's policy of ships' timber and naval stores, in its external development, took shape. In Fox's words, 'alliances with the Northern Powers,' the great storehouses of ships' timber and naval stores, 'ever have been, and ever will be, the system of every enlightened Englishman.'

The rivalry between France and England to place contracts for Prussian timber brings us to the manifestation of English policy in time of war; and we get at once to the heart of the controversy which raged in all the great wars. For, some thirty years before, Frederick sought to maintain, by many devious means, that ships' timber and naval stores were not contraband by the Law of Nature, on which the Law of Nations was based. This position, consistently maintained through the second half of the 18th century, still finds supporters. In a modern German work,* the authors assert that in seizing these cargoes in Prussian ships in 1744–48, England gave a very wide extension to the conception

* 'Preussische Staatsschriften,' Berlin, 1885.

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of contraband. There never was any question that in its true conception 'contraband' was synonymous with 'munitions of war'; but England maintained that ships' timber and naval stores came within the meaning of that term, for the simple reason that war at sea could not be carried on without them.

It is strange that a question apparently so elementary should have given rise to such fierce debate. Space will only allow me to deal with it broadly, though I hope clearly. Rutherford, in his 'Institutes,' puts the matter in a nutshell thus:

'Where a war is carried on by sea as well as by land, not only ships of war which are already built, but the materials for building or repairing of ships, will come under the notion of warlike stores.'

The definition of contraband adopted in the Jay Treaty in 1794 included 'timber for ship-building, tar and rosin, copper in sheets, sails, hemp and cordage, and generally whatever may serve directly to the equipment of vessels, unwrought iron and fir planks only excepted.'

In defending this article against the attacks of Jefferson and his party, Alexander Hamilton * adopted Rutherford's view as 'a precise idea, and, it must be confessed, not an irrational one.' And he added

'In wars between maritime nations . . . whose dominions cannot be attacked or defended without a superiority in naval strength, who moreover possess distant territories, the protection and commercial advantages of which depend on the existence and support of navies, it is difficult to maintain that it is against reason or against those principles which regulate the description of contraband, to consider as such the materials which appertain to the construction and equipment of ships.'

Timber serves a double use—for houses as well as ships—hence the emphasis on *ships'* timber. But there were merchant ships as well as men-of-war; and this difficulty the English Prize Courts solved in a practical and equitable manner. Enemy destination, as the test of contraband, was held to be satisfied only when timber was going to a port of naval construction exclusively used for the building of warships.

* In the 33rd 'Camillus' letter.

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In maintaining her view of the law of the sea, England did not deny that what she seized on its way to the enemy, the enemy might seize on its way to her own ports—if he could. That her superiority at sea gave her the advantage could not affect the soundness of the principle. So long as timber and stores are contraband, the neutral carries them subject to the risk of seizure; and the advantage lies with the stronger belligerent at sea, who can not only seize cargoes going to his adversary, but protect those coming to his own ports. But once declare them to be not contraband, the advantage of superiority at sea passes away, and the weaker belligerent gets on more equal terms, the neutral profits increasing accordingly. Hence the perpetual struggle to include stores in the free list. This has been true of all our wars with France; it was specially true when she joined the American colonists, with the avowed object of reducing England to the position of a second-rate Power.

The policy advocated by De Vergennes in 1776 was to raise the effective forces of France and Spain '*au niveau de leur puissance réelle*'; and even Turgot thought it necessary

'rétablir sans éclat nos forces militaires, remplir nos magasins, réparer nos vaisseaux, nous mettre en état d'armer promptement, lorsqu'il en sera besoin, une escadre à Toulon, et successivement une à Brest, pendant que l'Espagne en armerait une à Ferol.'

When, two years later, war was declared and England was free to confiscate naval stores in Dutch ships, M. de Sartine, Secretary for the Marine, wrote to Vergennes, 'Si les Anglais prennent les neutres, nos approvisionnements pour l'année prochaine seront interceptés; vous jugez du mal que cela nous fera.' Dr Fauchille, in his work on the Armed Neutralities, thus sums up the situation:

'C'était pour la France l'unique moyen d'assurer l'approvisionnement de ses ports et l'entretien de sa marine, conditions indispensables au soutien de la guerre navale contre l'Angleterre. La France ne trouvait pas en elle-même les matériaux essentiels pour la navigation—seule, elle n'aurait pu importer toutes les choses nécessaires. . . . Il fallait donc recourir à l'étranger.'

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The Archives bristle with similar statements. The syllogism is already complete: war at sea cannot be carried on without ships maintained and equipped in full fighting efficiency; and this cannot be done by either belligerent without ships' timber and naval stores. No country can of itself provide all that those terms connote, but must buy them from the neutrals; therefore all those things which are essential to war at sea are 'munitions of war,' and contraband.

Let us be rid of technicalities, and state the case in simplest terms. On the one side, the deliberate intention to wrest the sovereignty of the seas from England; on the other, the assertion that timber for building and repair of ships, and stores for their efficient maintenance, were munitions of war, because they were as essential to the carrying out of that intention as for defeating it. And yet it was gravely contended that timber and stores were not contraband!

The 'Vryheid,' seized in 1778, bound from Riga to Rochefort, had a cargo of '71 masts of above 90 feet in length fit for first-rate ships of war, 12 small ditto, 400 boat masts, 100 spars, and 2,900 deals.' The fleet of Swedish merchantmen, seized in 1798, of which the 'Maria' was one, were carrying pitch, tar, hemp, deals, and iron to the ports of France. Such seizures, like those in Prussian ships in 1744–48, struck at the root of the enemy's naval preparations; and some way had to be found to get rid of England's obduracy. One way was to denounce her as the 'Tyrant of the Seas.' But hard words free no cargoes, and it was necessary to devise something which, if possible, could be set up as a principle. And thus many curious doctrines made their appearance, among them these: (*a*) that neutrals had a right to carry enemy property free from seizure, except contraband; so that, if the definition of contraband could have been limited, the trade in timber and stores would escape molestation; (*b*) that to visit and search a neutral vessel was an 'insult' to its flag, and that its papers were conclusive as to the nature of its cargo; the statement 'no contraband on board' would then have been governed by the neutral's own interpretation of the term, which excluded timber and stores; (*c*) that this right of the neutral might be

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enforced by an escort of war-ships; a challenge which, unless they were met by a larger fleet, would force the cargoes through the perils of the Straits; (*d*) that neutral merchant ships are part of the neutral territory —which merely stated the flag contention in a more untrue manner; (*e*) that 'private property' was immune at sea—a larger and more specious doctrine, much insisted on by Bonaparte, which, if adopted, would have got rid of the necessity for defining contraband altogether. Thus, by every means which sophistry could devise, it was attempted to get timber and stores safely to the enemy dockyards. Here, then, is the first reason for keeping the old policy alive to-day; it emphasises the true intent of those doctrines which still appeal to the humanitarian, the commercialist, and the philosophic-radical, almost as strongly as to the enemy and the neutral.

There was one other ingenious argument: that contraband, being munitions of war, meant articles just as they were used in war, and not the materials of which they were made. In one of the propaganda pamphlets issued by Frederick the Great's lawyers in 1753, under the pseudonym of a 'Burgomaster of Middelburg,'* this contention was tentatively put forward:

'En général les traités ne mettent au rang des marchandises de contrebande que les munitions de guerre; c'est à dire, les choses faites ou fabriquées, et non les matières qui servent à les faire. Telle est la règle commune.'

True, the rule had sometimes been departed from, as in the Treaty between Denmark and Holland of 1701, which treated naval stores, 'ainsi que tout ce qui sert à l'équipement des vaisseaux,' as contraband. But what a prodigious reduction this involved in the commerce of Denmark! With France and Spain it would be ruined. Such agreements were 'bizarres, et contraires au droit naturel.' 'Voilà,' the author exclaims, 'où conduisent des dispositions contraires au

* 'Lettre d'un Bourguemaître de Middelbourg à un Bourguemaître d'Amsterdam, sur le differens entre les Rois d'Angleterre et de Prusse; traduit du Hollandais'; published at the Hague, June 1753.

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droit commun!' Set against this contention the argument on which the 'policy of ships' timber' was based, and it crumbles away. Plank and masts, hemp and stores of all kinds were the materials with which ships were built and kept afloat; they must therefore be affected by the contraband quality of the entire ship. What is true of the whole must be true of the part; for were it otherwise, then, as Sir James Marriott said in the case of the 'Vryheid':

'If one Dutch ship carries masts, another anchors, another sails, another a ship's frame (and such there is now taken, of size for a 70-gun ship), a whole fleet may go by detail from Holland for the King of France's service.'

Here, then, is the underlying principle: that materials or ingredients of contraband articles are themselves contraband, subject only to the general rule of 'enemy destination'; in this case more precisely defined to be—destined to the construction, or manufacture, of the article of contraband.

The opposite principle, however, in part persisted up to the time of the last discussion on maritime law. The Declaration of London, adopting the list of contraband agreed to at the Second Hague Conference, included the 'distinctive component parts' of certain things themselves declared to be contraband, as of arms and projectiles, but did not include the materials of which 'powder and explosives' are composed.* It is unnecessary now to examine the reasons which led the Conference to adopt this narrow view; suffice it to say that during the late war, after a few revisions of the list of contraband, this item was added on Dec. 23, 1914, 'Ingredients of explosives, *viz.* . . .,' altered on Oct. 14, 1915, to 'Materials used in the manufacture of explosives, including . . .' How great a part this broad definition played in the ultimate victory need not be emphasised.

The disappearance of wooden ships probably enabled the British Government to rest content with the item

* It is interesting to note that in the Memorandum of the United States it was suggested that 'munitions et explosifs de toutes sortes et les éléments dont ces corps se composent' should be included; and some other nations put forward similar suggestions.

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'Warships, including boats and their distinctive component parts of such a nature that they can only be used on a vessel of war'; but, though the fundamental principle of the old policy may have been temporarily overshadowed by the desire of the Government of that day to bring about the total abolition of contraband, the necessities of war almost immediately compelled a recognition of the fact that ingredients are of as much assistance to the enemy as the manufactured article.

So great, as I have traced them, through all its story, were the difficulties which the spirit of the Navy has had to contend with, so great was the spirit which overcame them, the endurance with which it triumphed over all the perils which have encompassed it; of which the peril of the enemy was not the greatest, nor the peril of the neutral the most insidious. The greater perils came from the country itself—of pilfering by all and sundry, so that whole houses were built of 'chips'; of peculation by dishonest purveyors, so that all made fortunes; of party, which set the incompetent in the place of the competent, and of consequent maladministration; of the weevil in the biscuit, and of salted beef 'blue and white mouldy,' which led to the cat; of mutiny, which led to the yard-arm; of Commissions without number, and reports that always told the same story, lack of oak-timber and stores; of spasmodic plantings urged by the student's eloquence, which succumbed to consistent pillage; of individual profit always preferred to the safety of the State—and yet, through it all, the spirit has prevailed, by its 'native spring and toughness' which, perchance, it has borrowed from the English oak —the spirit which has given to England the command of the sea. The command does not rest merely on numbers of big ships, and numbers of their crews, but on the spirit behind them. The Navy has in its charge the Peace and Safety of the Empire. Now it has accepted the larger doctrine, which has its origin in the times when it chased the pirates from the Narrow Seas, that the command carries with it an even greater obligation, to stand for the Peace of the World.

F. T. Piggott.

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Art. 7.—THE 'ENGLISH' POEMS OF MAURICE HEWLETT.

1. *The Song of the Plow.* Being the English Chronicle. Heinemann, 1916.
2. *The Village Wife's Lament.* Secker, 1918.
3. *Flowers in the Grass* (Wiltshire Plainsong). Constable, 1920.

For many years narrative poetry in this country has been neglected for lyrical poetry, the best work of the present generation having taken quite naturally a lyric form for reasons which it would be interesting to ponder and very difficult to determine. One reason may be postulated, a reason founded in the movement and psychology of the time—that the burdens which oppress the minds of men have driven them into seeking means of escape; and hence there have been sudden aspirations and upleapings in which temporal bonds are broken or forgotten, and the imagination moves entranced in a world of its unique creation, knowing no music but that of its own voice and wings, and no constraint but that of loyalty to its own severe though uncodified law. The narrative tradition of English poetry died a lingering, certain death in the immense collection of Tennyson's verse, for Swinburne's narratives were but extravagant lyrics; and, when English poetry revived and spoke once more of obstinate questionings or questionings put by, the lyric form triumphed and narrative was reserved for the inferiorities of prose minds that hankered after verse. The sombre imaginations of Mr Thomas Hardy had for many many years found expression in prose narrative, but when the custom of prose gave place at length to the instinct of verse, it was not narrative but lyrical verse that became his best medium; for even the too-sardonic meditations and tart gibes—such as seem, in 'Satires of Circumstance,' to have little of the maturity and nothing of the serenity of art—do not fall into a patient discovery of incident and character, but are set forth nakedly as unrelated incidents. It is true that we have been asked to admire certain other brisk recitals of incident by other authors, but they are palpably inferior efforts and meant merely to please a

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reader quickly tired by serious things. They hardly affect the suggestion now put forward which, in terms of scientific cacophony, may be stated as the neglect of the objective for the subjective, in the poetry of the present generation.

It is because the chief recent attempt at a narrative in verse has been overlooked that the reader is now asked to consider certain poems by Mr Maurice Hewlett; and it may seem strange to speak of any of Mr Hewlett's work as having been overlooked when it is remembered that he is one of the most widely welcomed of modern novelists, an essayist of a singular quality, and a poet whose verse on classical themes has commanded respect without winning a very prompt affection. But the very variety of interest is itself a possible hindrance to the appreciation of the rarest aspect of Mr Hewlett's genius. Other men have written admirable romances, others have achieved at least an equal intimacy in essays, and others again have recast ancient myths in modern shape; but it is Mr Hewlett's praise that he has done something better than his best in these forms. Nor is it a question of form alone, for the poems we are now to look at have another distinction; a distinction inherent in their subject and in the manner of presenting that subject to readers ready to welcome it, if only the true character and scope of the poems be recognised.

They are poems, then, of a completely English character, presenting their theme with the frankness and urgency of a gospel or a political tract, yet never wholly denying their imaginative origin. There is a great deal of poetry, from Chaucer's to Meredith's, in which the English landscape is rendered with imaginative fondness and fidelity; and no lover of the native country, or of native poetry, can fail to perceive in greater and lesser English poets alike—in Shakespeare and Pope, Keats and Marvell, Milton and Mr Bridges—not simply the affection but also the very features of the land itself, the special quality of hills and hedge-rows and streams and woods, which these poets have mysteriously evoked, renewed and re-inspired. How large a part the English landscape has taken in forming the English spirit, we who are naturally intimate with both cannot easily decide; but the long experience of the war, with its

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memories of painful exile and reverting desire, has helped us to apprehend a little consciously, perhaps, the strength of this most ancient of affinities. Keats, when he wrote 'Endymion,' was unaware of any desire but the desire to approach or create beauty, his own passion turning quite simply to the simplest and subtlest observation of the beauty of woods and meadows; but in his relation of all that he thus discovered he achieved something beyond his own intention, creating an image of the physical and spiritual character of the English landscape as surely as did Constable in another medium, or any water-colourist of the great age. And Keats is but one of a score of instances, which it would be easy and delightful to recount, of the same imaginative loyalty and creativeness.

Hitherto, however, there has been a singular deficiency in all this activity. The image thus reflected, or the landscape thus presented, has been strangely silent or solitary; it has been strangely unhistoried. Birds' voices are heard there but not men's; cattle are seen moving, but not labourers; spiritual visions sweep the hills, but visions of the human past have seldom been recorded. It is as though trees were more enduring than men, thoughts more significant than actions, dreams of the future more potent than continuous memories of the past. The physical character of their native landscape has entered deeply into the English poets, and their apprehension of it has become half mystical; until at length it might be said that their primary power is manifest in a lyrical meditation upon the beauty of the English country, and the imaginative exaltation of that beauty into a pure spiritual aura.

I do not suggest this as a fault but as a special feature of English poetry, and I pass on to another suggestion—that Mr Hewlett is the most eminent if not quite the only one of modern poets by whom this tradition has been broken, in his return to an older tradition. 'The Song of the Plow,' his longest and finest poem, does not lack the sudden lyricism of landscape beautifully rendered, but it is not to this that his powers are most freely given. He calls his poem the English chronicle, and himself suggests that his point of view is novel, showing it succinctly in the briefest of 'arguments':

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'A certain man, being in bondage to a proud Conqueror, maintained his customs, nourisht his virtues, obeyed his tyrants, and at the end of a thousand years found himself worse off than he was in the beginning of his servitude. He then lifted his head, lookt his master in the face, and his chains fell off him.'

Expanding the argument, he points out that this country holds two classes of persons, a governing class and a governed class; and he sees these, indeed, not simply as separate classes but as separate nations. He does not mean this politically, but emphasises the distinction in saying that by race the governed are British, with a strong English mixture of blood, while the governing race is even yet preponderatingly Latin-French with a Scandinavian admixture. All the apparatus and circumstance of government are still Norman.

Now his poem is a passionate historical survey of the subordinate people from the time of the conquest by the Norman race, which has never ceased to be foreign to the governed race; and his own point of view throughout is that of the subordinate multitude. Indeed, he humorously remarks that only a sense of decorum forbade his entitling 'The Song of the Plow' by a more literal title—'The Hodgiad.' But, although his hero is Hodge the conquered, he has shunned the merely pathetic interest which the simple annals of the poor might so easily sustain; and in this he is again distinguished from such another sincere poet as Crabbe, whose eye was all for the individual and not in the least for the general. It is a somewhat odd circumstance that this English chronicle of a subject race should not have been written by an unredeemed member of that race; but a high intelligence and knowledge, as well as instinctive sympathy, were needed for the task, and it is not unfitting that the assertion of the rights of the subject race should come from one who has enjoyed a larger freedom than theirs. Crabbe had not the imaginative view of the past which is essential to this task, and for all his sympathy (sympathy tinctured with satire and always narrowly sombre) he had little but pity for individual griefs and no sense at all of what his own time was beginning to term the rights of man. For us to-day his poetry survives less by its human

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sympathy than by its power of presenting landscape, thus maintaining, if with a sharply individual difference, the tradition at which we have glanced. More precisely it is when his sad and savage landscape is used for the frame of saturnine characters—characters frequently presented with scientific coldness and acuteness—that his poetry makes its strongest appeal.

Mr Hewlett might have become another George Crabbe, another chronicler of village life, but for his nimbler spirit and larger sense of history; for his shorter narrative, 'The Village Wife's Lament,' shows that it is not because his mind is cold that the merely pathetic interest has been avoided in 'The Song of the Plow.' But pathos would have been an infelicity in a chronicle beginning:

> 'I sing the Man, I sing the Plow
> Ten centuries at work, and Thee,
> England——'

a chronicle meant to show the passing years as they might have appeared to Hodge himself, misty and full of dim rumours, with occasional remote flashes of 'things in the doing.' It is not our author's purpose to exclude the greater things in the doing, or to speak as an apostate of the true glories of the English achievement; but all these are seen not through the eyes of king or cardinal or ambassador, but through the eyes of the humblest of subjects.

> 'I sing the grumbled low refrain,
> The broken heartstrings' undertones.'

But you may not forget that it is a poet that speaks, one feeling Hodge's wrongs as his own while still remaining a poet; and hence this chronicle, which might have been unendurably desolate or unendurably dull, has the quality of poetry which alone may sweeten such a story with a touch of immortality.

> 'Yet in the village you might muse
> Under the silver evening star:
> The men, the houses, shrouded yews,
> The long church folding into the night
> Still in the holding of Saint Use
> As in days when his shrine was bright.

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Still on his milestone, feeling the peace
Of the level evening light,
His stick between his gnarly knees,
Gaffer sits in hempen smock
With clear blue eyes for all he sees
'Neath craggy brows like weather'd rock:
Small white houses about a green,
Dust behind from a homing flock;
Ducks on the pond's edge nibble and preen
Their necks; in the great elm's heavy shade
A dim couple, the king and queen
Of life-to-come, young man, young maid.'

Constantly is the strictness of the narrative thus lyrically relieved, but the strictness of history is more closely observed. Readers will not want an assurance that Mr Hewlett knows a great deal of history; and his chronicle, though it is called a song, is quite truly a chronicle, beginning (after an exquisitely-stopped prelude) with the year 1066, stepping on the whole faithfully down to the end of the 19th century, and ending in a magnificent envoy of nearer and darker days. From Senlac to New Domesday the burden is the same, an undersong of oppression, labour, endurance and hope; the great events sweeping by like waves that draw the weedy depths all one way yet are themselves obscurely shapen by the unchanging obstacles beneath the surface. The events flow over—a succession of battles, ambitions, intrigues, laws and law-breakings; but, as they flow on, one giving place to another, the ancient figure of this epic narrative abides, slowly adding dignity to strength, consciousness to unconsciousness, voice to passion, and emerging at length, incompletely but recognisably, into the morning which this poet, if no other, looks upon with eyes teased equally by certitude and impatience.

The great vision unfolds, at first dusky and dubious, clung to with obstinate faith and at last proclaimed with the assurance of old prophecy; and it is this clear visionary quality above all that makes the chronicle a poem, the narrative a song. Whether the vision appears a radiance or a mockery now, the character of the poem is untouched; for that character is based, as every true vision and every true poem must be based, upon the spiritual apprehension of the poet. In 1916 it was easier

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to share in the radiance than it is in 1921, when the mockery seems all that we know of hope; but the charge is to be made against the time, against its sickness and dismay, rather than against the heralds of ultimate strength and brightness. It is to be remembered, too, that this narrative is not dramatic, nor is it concerned with the uprising, in our modern sense, of mass against class. The hero is Hodge and not an indistinguishable multitude, the agricultural labourer and not the industrial serf or industrial dictator. Mr Hewlett's interest is in rural England far more than in the industrial state of which we are all alike suddenly shocked into great fear. He might conceivably join with Dean Inge in deploring the herding of men into cities, and their strangely willing subdual to a social regimen of their own or their masters' making; but questions of this kind are not his anxiety. His affection is given, as regards the distant past and the present equally, to the men he knows—the rural workers whose fight is with the elements on one hand, and a far older foe than industrialism on the other.

Over all kings one king was supreme, 'Immortal hunger,' that drove Hodge forth on Saint Calixtus' day 1066, and every day after.

> 'What's to him this Dance of Death,
> Or this young man that jigs for his lord,
> Young Taillefer, as the tale saith . . .
> What's it to him how the flood veers,
> Spilling on Senlac's bare ledge?
> 'Tis nine by the sun, as it appears,
> Time for nuncheon under the hedge.
> Loose your kerchief of bread and porret,
> Sit you down and cut you a wedge.'

The Norman Dance of Death dies away, and Hodge has but changed his old lord for a new; the saints of Holy Church are unchanged, and 'the chief of saints for work-day stuff' is eternal, the saint whom Mr Hewlett smilingly insists is good Saint Use—Use-and-Wont or Custom, kindly more than unkindly Saint as you are persuaded in the notes to this poem:

> 'Holding to him these days of dread,
> Hodge the bondman may work at ease

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And munch at ease his leek and bread,
Let rime or flower be on the thorn
And English Harold alive or dead.'

It will be admitted that Mr Hewlett's is a cheerful eye; and, little as it may recommend a serious work to say so, he has easily avoided a carefully nourished gloom and would fain see both past and future in the simplest morning light. There is, in truth, in his work a real simplicity and candour of view, an honest disdain of making times and things appear worse than they are, and a steady refusal, in spite of all untowardness, to affect a philosophic despair which is not in his own nature.

Remarkable is the skill with which the plain facts of the text-books are expressed in the brief rhythms of Mr Hewlett's verse. The text-book, for all that it deals with human affairs, can be very dull, but this verse-chronicle never succeeds in being dull. It must be confessed that it is not always perfectly easy reading. Compression of incident, curtness of phrase, oddity of rhythm, archaistic vocabulary, rapidity of allusion, startling modernity of style—these are found sometimes here, sometimes there, and sometimes all together; and thus the reading becomes at times an excitement of the brain as much as an unloosening of the imagination. Mr Hewlett's highly individualised prose style is familiar to all readers—its swiftness, its masterful and whimsical energy, its staccato abruptness and often excessive emphasis—and now and then the worst as well as the best qualities of the prose are audible in the more sensitive medium of his verse. But his faults are casual and not constant. He escapes that most common of narrative defects, languor; and, even apart from the lyrical upsoarings already noted, there is the abundant reward of felicitous and vivid verse.

The precise form of that verse is, I believe, new in English poetry—the *terza rima* of Dante in Italian and of Shelley in English, abridged from a ten to an eight-syllable line, and written paragraphically (as blank verse must be written) rather than in the form of stanzas. It is a bold experiment, for hitherto there has not been a long English poem of high quality in *terza rima;* and,

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though others should fail to make good use of the form, Mr Hewlett has certainly justified the violence with which he has wrenched it to his own admirable purpose, and diminished the elegiac gravity into which the decasyllabic *terza rima* tends to fall in English hands. But of technique this is more than enough, all that might be remarked further being the rather curious fact that for the recital of the plain story of Hodge and his masters our author should have had recourse to a new arrangement of a foreign verse form, instead of relying, as he might so lightly have done, upon traditional English metres. I think his invention was a wise one, since it is a harmony of his own mind and since by its means he escapes the monotony which is apt to beset a long narrative poem.

I spoke a moment ago of the skill with which the plain facts of the text-books had been expressed in this quick and nervous verse; and there are certain facts, indeed, which in that verse assume a higher emotional quality than can well be suggested by the sober pacings of historians' prose. To take a ready instance, the calamity of the Black Death is conveyed in such prose passages as might dutifully attempt to sustain the horror which was felt in 1918 when the Registrar-General's statistics told the story of the influenza epidemic.

'In the years which followed the battle of Crecy, England, in common with Europe in general, was visited by the appalling pestilence known as the Black Death. It appeared in England in 1347 and 1348, and recurred at intervals during the next twenty years. So terrible was the visitation that in the rural districts it may be estimated from the evidence that not less than one-third—perhaps a full half—of the population was swept away. The fields were left untilled, and there was a terrible scarcity of food.'

And the advantage of the poetic method is seen when the full consequence of the Black Death comes to be remarked, for in this chronicle it is the soul's as well as the body's weariness that urges the Peasants' Revolt, and a spiritual as well as a physical ease that follows the revolt.

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'As in the woodland after rain
The birds pipe a more liquid note,
So rising from his fever and pain
Tuneth good Hodge a mellower throat.'

True that the method is inadequate when the story is of Houses and Monarchs, and regrettably inadequate when Elizabeth's whole reign, its immediate splendour and ultimate influence, are dismissed in a few lines with a few names; for Hodge too had his part, though Mr Hewlett believes that

'Hodge knew you not, nor guessed the alarms
That flew about your island hold;
He had his griefs for his own harms,
Left to the penury and cold
Of lessening wages, stinted room.'

It is our author himself who is stinting room here, but it is only fair to remember nevertheless that it is the peasant and not the prince that is his hero. In justification of an equally cursory treatment of the Stuarts and the Protector he is able to plead, in his admirable notes, the obliteration of the peasant during that anarchic time; but the reader may be excused for thinking that there is something too summary in the mere curt recapitulation, for example, of a few facts of Charles the Second's reign, and a characterisation so formal as that of 'the Wastrel' whose heart was 'as fond, untrue and vile as even a Stuart's can be.' The entire period from the death of Elizabeth to the accession of George the Third is compressed within six hundred lines, and no skill in contraction can make the result an adequate relation. The Revolution, for instance, had an inevitable influence upon social conditions, for it was in every sense a revolution and left nothing untouched by its deep-moving wave. What is lost by Mr Hewlett's excessive concision, in fact, is the sense of continuity in change, even the sense of change itself; and, although this may be less a part of history than of what is loosely called the philosophy of history, it is a part which the chronicler cannot fairly ignore. Mr Hewlett contents himself with observing of Dutch William that he died 'and left us where we stood rigid in constitutional bars.' Even less is vouchsafed of Queen Anne, and no word of

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the colonial expansion which was going on all the time, and had a significance, both instant and distant, for Hodge and his lord alike.

It is to be concluded from these ungracious cavils that our author is so completely possessed by a single aspect of his theme that the obliteration of the peasant which he asserts seems almost to involve a brief eclipse of the poet—a misadventure which I am bound to lament. Beautiful, then, is the quick reaction of such a passage as that beginning:

> 'When winds are high and lands adust,
> And day no longer than the night,
> When grass-spears dimple the earth's crust,
> Pricking the glebe with points of light.'

George Fox and Bunyan and Wesley, to whom our author's impulsive homage is given, are become the peasant's priests and prophets in Book IX, of which these are the opening lines; and Mr Hewlett's method is seen approaching its best exercise in the ardour of his contrast of them with 'the high world' of the Walpoles and the Gunnings, and quite at its best in the harmony of historic fact with the liberty of poetry in the tenth Book, 'The Last Theft.' The iniquities of Enclosure Acts may seem dull matter for the Muse, but what is not dull in Cobbett's prose is assuredly not dull in our author's indignant verse; and this Book at least is exempt from the defect of which I have now to speak.

For, as the chronicle draws nearer to modern times, to that great glory or great disaster, the transformation to industrialism, it is inevitable that difficulties should darken the author's path; his problem being always, I take it, to preserve his story as a romance and prevent its degradation into a verse tract, since a narrative poem without the touch of romance would be as a smoky town lacking the winnowing of the winds. It is a serious problem for a poet facing the stark social conditions of the 18th and 19th centuries, and it is easy to note passages where the dangers have pressed irresistibly.

> 'When Arthur Young,
> Concerned with economic ruin,
> Cried up the properties of dung

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Which in hedg'd land your yield quadruples,
He served the gamester and the bung,
And had no lack of ardent pupils.
The Open Lands must go, all said;
This was no age for reverent scruples;
Saint Use-and-Wont was dying or dead.'

The Muse, he says, abridges all that we need not understand, and the abridgment here can hardly be too severe for the ends of poetry, yet easily too severe for the purposes of the political 'case.' The heading of Book XI is Waterloo and Peterloo, and there is far more romance in Waterloo than in Peterloo; but Mr Hewlett's scheme demands that Peterloo shall be predominant. Hence there is a somewhat close and dusty air of defunct politicians and faded issues in this Book. Even when he speaks of the great figures it is with a desire to dismiss them quickly, as in his disdainful phrase of 'the wooden Duke,' the scorner of those who served him; although it is true that adoration speaks when he turns from Wellington to another:

'Happier was Nelson, whose pure flame
Spir'd upwards one short hour supreme,
And flashing left no shade of blame
Upon a life spent like a dream.'

What, in a word, he has failed to do is to convince us that it is possible to treat strictly political issues in any manner of poetry but satirical; for the idealism which is so active in the earlier Books of 'The Song of the Plow' is defeated in the political murkiness of the 18th and 19th centuries. He opens his twelfth Book exquisitely with:

'O quiet land I love so well,
And see so lovely as I roam
By woody holt or grassy swell,
Or where the sun strikes new-turn'd loam
To gleaming bronze, or by the shore
Follow the yellow'd curves of foam,
And see the wrinkl'd sand grow frore.'

But can he lyricise the breaking up of the old Poor Law, or the tyranny of the Trade Unions, or the contentions of Free Trade and Tariff Reform? It is even

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this and much more that he has tried, for his Muse believes nothing to be impossible, and even sings of A.D. 1851:

'Yet trade goes briskly; we grow rich
Tho' land lie lean and peasants dwindle;
Within another hemistich
You'll hear enough your thoughts to kindle.
They raise the Glasshouse on the green
To hymn the triumph of the spindle
Over the plow.'

If our thoughts refuse to kindle it is from no want of good will, but from a mere lugubrious dampness. Seventy years ago our hearts might have burned within us, but 1921 sees us sure of nothing, suspicious of every triumph, and prone to lament the things once praised. But when Mr Hewlett himself, out of mere human hatred, grows satirical, he becomes more and not less a poet, forgetting his text and denouncing what he hates, 'the copulation of original sin and the printing press' that resulted in the modern newspaper.

'Out then, ye Dungflies, buzz and breed;
Cozen 'em, tempt 'em, bleed 'em, flay 'em!
We are the mongers that they need,
Offal and carrion to purvey 'em.
Base is the slave whom doubts deter:
Men whisper rumours—why not bray 'em?
"Pictures in Court—The Ha'p'ny Blur!"'

It is the sign of his profound sincerity that this contemptuous invocation leads him at once and quite naturally to a sadder and fonder appeal.

'The land is sick and full of fears.
And you, O hopeless, heartsick ye,
Sick with your surfeit of salt tears
And heritage of agony.
What have we made of you, O Earth,
Since of your lap you made us free?'

In his earlier pages Mr Hewlett has shown the life of the peasant as wholly divorced from the life of those called great, but in his later Books he shows—perhaps not quite intentionally but I think none the less truly—the gradual intermixture of lower with upper, mass

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with class; turning the many small lights of the story upon the slow emergence of Hodge, and his first participation in the conscious life of the race. That, indeed, is his great theme, developed from the chaos of obscure beginnings into the more assured movement of our own time. If it be a reproach to history when history becomes partisan and historians human, the reproach loses its slight sting when it is turned against a poet; and whatever we have found to regret in the later Books of this chronicle is due rather to the intractable nature of the subject than to the author's failure to keep his own eye and heart engaged. Not a word, however, may be uttered by me except in praise of the Envoy, 'New Domesday.' There he looks upon Hodge and the world from his intimate corner of southern England, and sees him called to take a part in a larger quarrel than his own quarrel of centuries. Hodge, he says, knew little of chancelleries and international wrangles, but knew one certain thing—'The mighty have oppressed the weak.' I wish I had space to quote the passages which have moved my own mind, but it must be enough to say that the song rises with the event, and to add a single passage without comment.

'As up by Kennetside I rode
From Newbury to Savernake,
I thought what sounds had charged her flood
Since Norman William's sword fell slack—
What cheers of triumph and what groans
This funded earth had echoed back,
This soil made deep with English bones,
Made rich with blood of Englishmen,
Whose rede lies graven in the stones
A-litter on the hillside! Then,
Grieving the willow-border'd mead,
Grieving the flower-haunted fen,
The broad-eav'd farms, the nobly-treed,
The eddying river stemm'd with mills,
My eyes sought comfort in their need
And found the everlasting hills
And rested there. . . .
Then, where the forest on the ridge
Thrusts his green shoulder to the plain,
I saw the end of Privilege.'

It would be a half-excusable mistake, though still a

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mistake, if 'The Song of the Plow' were to be visited in time to come for the birds singing thus sweetly in its branches; for the attraction of such music, with its traditional echoes and familiar refrains, is permanent and irresistible.

I have preferred, in this rapid sketch of a sketch, to regard 'The Song of the Plow' in relation to its subject rather than in its purely æsthetic character, but under each aspect it is a fruitful matter for meditation. Under the former, it represents the influence of a great inspiration upon a writer who, among many admirable efforts, has nowhere else found a theme to exercise and exalt his finest powers; and under the purely æsthetic aspect it represents an attempt to widen and invigorate the body of native poetry by means of the intensest of English subjects and the most individual of English verse. French influence, which has been so readily admitted into recent English verse, and classic influences, which have so strongly marked Mr Hewlett's own earlier poetry, are here absent; and whatever success has been achieved in 'The Song of the Plow'—and it is considerable—is a success of English poetry at once in the strictest and the widest sense of the term.

'The Village Wife's Lament' is a poem of another form and a smaller scope, but, like 'The Song of the Plow,' it is written to fulfil a purpose not purely and not at all consciously æsthetic; and so it might share the neglect or the censure of those whose standards are purely æsthetic. It is a dramatic ballad, and the author does not hold himself answerable for all that it expresses concerning aggressive war; but his village wife is made to utter thoughts which he believes to be common to people of her inexpressive kind. 'If I know anything of village people I know this, that they shape their lives according to Nature, and are outraged to the root of their being by the frustration of Nature's laws and the stultification of man's function in the scheme of things.' It is, then, a poet's business to divine the inarticulate, the thoughts which lie too deep for syllabling; and such an attempt is made here.

In a recent 'Prolegomena to the Ballad' our author has stated his own attitude more plainly, saying that

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his thoughts upon the English and Scots ballads have turned to what underlies the lovely poetry in them, to the men who made them and the people for whom they were made.

'If you can happen upon a ballad plainly composed by a peasant, or for a peasant audience, . . . you are taken immediately into the heart of a deeply interesting and most unknown people—deeply interesting because the peasantry in England by birth and birthright is aboriginal; most unknown owing to its consistent ill-treatment or neglect by the ruling races here throughout history.'

Mr Hewlett is not a peasant, but he has boldly attempted to sink his own sophisticated personality (using the phrase as inoffensively as he has used it of Clare) into the simple, dumb personality of the peasant, and give it a tongue; and thus 'The Village Wife's Lament,' although it is not folk-poetry in authorship, is poetry intended for the folk. Some of it the peasant might not care to read, although Mr Hewlett seems to believe that his village wife has a fondness for nature poetry such as only an eager, accomplished lyrist could sing; but the lyrical poet in Mr Hewlett will not be suppressed and needs must pour out pleasure for some who are not peasants. He is not, I believe, of those who still assert an expiring orthodoxy in the theory that folk-ballads grew mysteriously out of the communal mind, and not from the sudden imagination of a poet. But truly does he interpret the natural mind in his deliberate attempt at a narrative which shall be as 'native' as any ballad whose origin is distant and dark.

The village wives watch sons and husbands marching off to the war:

'The lads go by, the colours fly,
Drums rattle, bugles bray;
We only cry, Let mine not die—
No thought for whom he slay.
But woman bares a martyr breast,
And herself points the flame:
Her son, a hero or a beast,
Will never be the same.'

There is the sharpest of poignance in the simple lines of other stanzas:

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'I lookt forth from my bed
To the cold square of the light—
Unto God I said,
"Show me why men must fight."'

And more than all in a single quatrain in which the heart's impeachment is loud:

'They say, let love and light be given
So we keep Liberty:
But I say there is no more Heaven
If men must so be free.'

Is this beyond the village wife's conception? Not so, answers our author, for she is 'as one wise suddenly, who never understood.' It is possible to dispute the term 'dramatic,' but with that one small point conceded I think there is no other dispute.

Mr Hewlett has a religious mind, and in the grave music of his 'Wiltshire Plainsong' he pleads ('Dedication to the Dead'):

'Let there be one found to record
Your deeds who are content to tread
The way of death, a nameless horde,
Unribbon'd and unheralded.'

He knows that he is called to write the holy dues of them that fought the Holy War, for he has gained by everything that the dead have lost:

'Chiefest to love that country more
Which breeds such men for such a use.'

It is a great call, and his response in these three books is to subdue himself to the task and let the breath of common aspiration, challenge, sorrow and despair speak through his lips. The task is hard, for poetry as it has developed in England is the most individual and isolated of all the arts by which the spirit of man is expressed. In other books Mr Hewlett's own style, whether of verse or prose, is bold, restless, assertive, provocative; but in these the theme has mastered him. He has heard the undertones of the dead as well as the humble living, and in his evocation of a voice he has added to the purest and oldest tradition of English poetry.

JOHN FREEMAN.

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Art. 8.—MODERN DEMOCRACIES.

1. *Modern Democracies.* By James Viscount Bryce. Two vols. Macmillan, 1921.

THIS is a marvellous book to have been written by a man of eighty-three, as fresh, clear, and vigorous as anything which the author set down when, more than fifty years ago, he opened a new aspect of mediæval history to most English readers in his famous 'Holy Roman Empire.' And this, his last book, is as useful as his first, because it helps in just the same way to define and clarify phrases, words, and ideas, which most men use as common currency without having thought out accurately their own conceptions expressed in those common terms. 'Republic,' 'monarchy,' 'constitution,' 'equality,' 'justice,' 'religion,' often have different meanings to different men, who fall into dispute because they fail to comprehend that they are not speaking of precisely the same things. Democracy, the catchword of this book's title, is one of the most perilous terms of all, because it has acquired in some countries associations of a social—indeed, almost of a moral—character, which do not accrue to it in others.

'Democracy (Lord Bryce explains) is supposed to be the product and guardian both of Equality and of Liberty, being so consecrated by its relationship to both as to be almost above criticism. Historically, no doubt, the three have been intimately connected—yet they are separable in theory, and have sometimes been separated in practice.'

The object of this great book is to strip democracy of its casual accretions of meaning, to discover its essential connotation, and, when it has been defined, to examine its strength and its weakness. Lord Bryce attacks the problem, as he himself owns, from the standpoint of an old British Liberal, reared in the atmosphere of Victorian party politics; but he is fully conscious that in some degree he is a prejudiced observer for that reason. He warns his readers of the fact, and once and again refrains from comment where the personal element must influence his outlook on British policy. He would have preferred, as he says in his introductory chapter, that

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the deductions as to the working of democracy in the United Kingdom should have been made by a French or an American student of world-history.

We are bound to concede that he has made a strenuous and successful effort to curb his personal and national bias, that no one could call the book a piece of party propaganda, and that there is no attempt whatever to cloke the faults and failings of democracy. Indeed, many readers, British and American, of the more idealistic sort, will complain that they have been 'smitten in the house of a friend,' that the picture of the developments of modern democracy is in many ways depressing. The author seems to slip into the position of one defending an imperilled cause, without that bold and absolute confidence in its inevitable triumph which every Liberal would have felt in the 19th century. The key-notes of his final chapters are not enthusiastic pæans in praise of the virtues of democracy, as might have been expected; but two very sober thoughts—Is there any other form of government which can do better for the world than democracy? And if democracy be ruled a failure, what remains for the future of mankind? (II, 584). 'If the light of democracy be turned into darkness, how great is that darkness!'

The search for the essential meaning of democracy has to be made on a very broad survey. Lord Bryce sweeps his eye round all the states in which the fact or the theory of popular government has prevailed, from ancient Athens to 20th-century Chile and New Zealand. And when his enormous topic has been dealt with in chronological and regional divisions, there emerges a full logical analysis of the conceptions which contribute to, or issue from, the democratic ideal. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the old republican watch-words, are treated in a few chapters of close thinking, which fill the reader with unbounded gratitude to the author who has dared to compress so much theory into so small a compass.

Lord Acton, as all men know, started out to write a history of the conception of Liberty, and failed to complete his task, because he tried to read every book bearing on human political thought which had ever been written. After fifty years he had not even formulated on paper a general outline of his conclusions.

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The mere sight of the library which that great scholar accumulated to assist his researches explained sufficiently why those researches ended in nothing real. Hence the gratitude of the student to Lord Bryce, who has had the vigour and self-restraint to attempt the possible and the definite, and to produce chapters of moderate length, packed from end to end with historical deductions and illustrations. They can be mastered in a few hours, yet may serve as introductions to illimitable fields of inquiry. The twenty-two pages which deal with Liberty and Equality could hardly be bettered.

The system by which Lord Bryce attacks his subject is, of course, the 'Comparative Method,' and, in particular, what John Stuart Mill called, in his Logic, 'the joint method of agreement and difference.' When a general survey has been taken of all the democratic states, and allowance has been made for the varying conditions under which each worked, there will be a residuum of common experiences.

'After the differences between one popular government and another have been accounted for, the points of similarity which remain will be what we may call democratic human nature, viz. the normal or permanent habits and tendencies of citizens living in a democracy, and of a democratic community as a whole. This is what we set out to discover' (I, 21).

It would be an endless task to draw up a mere list of democratic constitutions of all ages, after the fashion of the lost Book of Constitutions which Aristotle once compiled, and of which the section on Athens alone survives. What Lord Bryce has done is to select seven typical modern communities living, or purporting to live, under democratic conditions; he has examined the internal working of each—not merely its legislative or judicial organisation, but its press, its political parties, its attitude to religion and morality, its public opinion, its dealings with education, science, and art. They are then compared with each other, and with the ancient republics of the classical world—of which Athens is, of course, taken as the most convenient example, because we know so much more about it (thanks to Thucydides,

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Aristophanes, and Plato) than about any of its contemporary states. The results of the comparison emerge in the weighty 'third part' of the book, which summarises the evidence and draws the conclusions—conclusions, as we have said above, not too cheerful for the enthusiastic admirer of modern progress. The fine flush of 19th-century idealism has passed; there remains only the reasoned conviction that, all forms of government having defects, those of democracy are less ruinous than those of autocracy, oligarchy, and bureaucracy—not to speak of Bolshevism, which combines all the worst failings of the other three. The general conclusion is not far off that at which Aristotle arrived two thousand two hundred and fifty years ago, when he ruled that a corrupt autocracy was worse than a corrupt oligarchy, and a corrupt oligarchy worse than a corrupt democracy, the last being the least hurtful of the three.*

The seven modern state-groups whose internal conditions Lord Bryce has analysed for us, having personally visited every one of them, are Latin America, France, Switzerland, the Dominion of Canada, the United States, the Australian Commonwealth, and New Zealand.

Latin America can in a large measure be ruled out of the discussion, for, although the states call themselves republics, and pretend to work under elaborate democratic conditions, the majority of them are constitutional shams or impostures. The tropical group from Mexico downwards are really what an ancient Greek would have called 'tyrannies,' governed in fact by presidents and their pretorian guards.

'Military talent, or even fierce and ruthless energy without talent, brought men to the front, and made them, under the title of president, irresponsible dictators. . . . This state of things has lasted down to our own day in most of the twenty republics—though of course in varying degrees. . . . Whether better or worse, however, and by whatever name the governments of these states are called, none of them is a *democracy*' (II, 215).

* 'Politics,' IV, § 2.

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Nor, for the matter of that, is Brazil, where presidents, indeed, bulk less large, but owing to the hopeless ignorance of a parti-coloured proletariate,

'the republic is in fact an oligarchy not of land-owning families, like that of Chile, but of such among the richer citizens, whether landlords, or heads of industrial, financial, and commercial enterprises, as choose to occupy themselves in politics' (I, p. 224).

About the moral of Latin America there is no question, says Lord Bryce. Do not give a people institutions for which it is unripe, in the simple faith that the tool will give skill to the workman's hand. Respect facts; man is in each country not what we wish him to be, but what nature and history have made him. Despite the heart-breaking example of Mexico, which has relapsed into complete anarchy after the fall of that capable despot, Porfirio Diaz, the commentator is not quite hopeless. Some states, like Argentina and Chile, have attained respectability and good internal governance. More may follow. 'Those who understand what South America was under the old Spanish Viceroys, and what she was when she emerged from her long struggle for independence, will not despond of her future.' But one must not go there in search of true democracy.

The bloodstained annals of Latin America may not be edifying; on the other hand, they cannot be called dull. But those of Switzerland, the nearest approach to an ideal republic that the world can show, are edifying in the highest degree, but dull beyond compare. Happy, as the cynic said, is the land that has no history—and, from the point of view of the writer of drum-and-trumpet chronicles, Switzerland has had no history since the Sonderbund War of 1848. Her citizens, intelligent, public-spirited, progressive, yet cautious, have managed her affairs with the minimum of friction. The constitutional specialist knows her mainly as the motherland of those two modern democratic experiments, the Referendum and the so-called 'Initiative,' viz. the right of a prescribed number of the citizens to propose the passing of any enactment by popular vote. In Switzerland herself those devices have been worked with the moderation and good sense that characterise Swiss

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politics. They are used sparingly, they generally deal with questions in which all voters take a genuine and intelligent interest, and are decidedly popular institutions. It may seem strange to learn (I, 448) that they have reduced rather than intensified party feeling. But to realise what they may mean when transplanted to another continent, and worked recklessly by a selfish party machine, or even by an alliance of cranks, we have to turn to the American section, and to read the history of the Referendum and the Initiative in the state of Oregon and certain of its neighbours,

'where political associations, or interests that consider themselves threatened, spend much effort and large sums in hiring persons to go round pressing citizens to sign, after paying them at the rate of five cents (2½*d.*) and upwards for their signatures. It is admitted that many sign, adding that they mean to vote against the proposal when it comes up. A more serious evil has been here and there discovered in the insertion of large numbers of forged and unreal names; and as an illegible signature is not invalid, temptation to resort to this kind of fraud is obvious. "Log-rolling" between the promoters of different unconnected proposals which will be submitted to the vote at the same time is common. . . . A grave abuse is that of trying to mislead the people by hiding away some important change, likely to rouse opposition, among other proposals likely to secure support, describing the contentious amendment as a section of one of the latter. Moreover the bills and amendments submitted are often so unskilfully worded as to be obscure and even self-contradictory. The citizen who goes to the poll is appalled at the number of issues presented to him at once. At the election of 1912 Oregon set no less than thirty before him, in addition to the names of candidates for seats in the legislation. How can any man, however able and earnest, give an intelligent vote on issues so numerous, when some of the bills are on technical subjects outside the range of his knowledge?' (II, 155-7).

Happy are the Swiss, who have no 'bosses,' no wealthy and corrupt party machine, very few cranks, and an admirable tradition of honest politics and of 'playing the game.' With them a political life is not in the pecuniary sense a profession; it is hardly even a career. There is no system of insincere polemics against

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party opponents; representatives do not inveigh against their colleagues, but take it for granted that they are acting according to their lights. There is an atmosphere of reciprocal respect, and the soundness of public life is secured by the existence of a vigilant and patriotic public opinion (I, 479).

How far is this ideal, if prosaic, state of affairs the direct consequence of the fact that Switzerland is a small country, where in cantonal politics every one knows every one else and his worth, and in national politics there is neither any bitter clash between classes—for there are no millionaires and few poor—nor between religions—sectarian bitterness is forgotten—nor even between sections and languages? Could Swiss cantonal methods possibly find a scope in the heterogeneous cosmopolitan population of New York? Or could the non-party Federal Executive, which works so well at Berne, manage the affairs of a great colonial empire, like that of France or Great Britain? It is extremely doubtful; in some respects we must conclude that the small state is the happiest, like the middle-class citizen of Phocylides.

As to France, one may, as Lord Bryce shows, draw as depressing a picture as one pleases, and then find that one has misjudged a great people and its institutions.

'Seven years ago observers thought they saw in France a people torn by internal dissensions, religious and political, a legislature changeful and discredited, a large part of the people indifferent to politics, only a small fraction of the finest intellect of the country taking part in its politics. They remembered the Panama scandals, the *Affaire Dreyfus*, the absurd political adventure of General Boulanger; they naturally concluded that France was a decadent country, in which the flame of national life was flickering low. Then came a war more terrible than any known before. Political dissensions continued, political intrigues were as rife as ever: ministry followed ministry in quick succession. But the Nation rose to confront the peril that threatened its existence, and showed that the old spirit of France had lost nothing of its fervour, and her soldiers nothing of their valour' (I, 366).

One may find as many detestable details in French political life as one pleases. The group-system in the

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legislature, with its constant atmosphere of intrigue and its ever-shifting ministers; the atmosphere of petty jobbing in prefectures and committee-rooms; the rancorous intolerance in religious matters with the petty spying and secret *dossiers* that it involved down to the outbreak of the war of 1914; the inequalties of the *droit administratif*—these are things on which Lord Bryce has had to expatiate, as in duty bound. Yet is the Republic responsible?

'Class-hatred, religious and anti-religious intolerance, deficient respect for personal liberty, ministerial jobbery, were not brought into France by democracy. They are maladies of long standing, heritages of the *ancien régime*, for which the Republic is responsible only so far as it has not succeeded in eliminating them. It is the misfortune, not the fault of the Republic that antagonisms are stronger than affinities' (I, 855).

And in the world crisis of 1914–18 public opinion proved sound; the diseases were on the surface of the body; they did not affect the heart.

Turning to the four English-speaking democracies beyond the seas, we find much less similarity than might have been expected, considering that all four in their early years passed through the same mill of the old British colonial system. Allowance must, of course, be made for the fact that all Canadian problems are complicated by the existence of the great French-speaking minority in Quebec, and all the problems of the United States by the fact that they have served for a century as a great melting-pot into which much queer alien metal has been cast. American optimists used to think that their country could absorb and digest any material—even African negroes. But the smelting has produced very doubtful amalgams, especially in the larger cities. Lord Bryce traces much of the more unsatisfactory features of American politics to the existence of vast uneducated blocks of foreign-born proletariate, the natural prey of the 'boss' and the 'machine.' But Australia and New Zealand have none of the problems of mixed blood; and in them also—especially in Australia—all is not well with the state,

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and the commentator finds much that disappoints him. Are the weak points the natural result of democracy, or of certain local conditions in each special case? Summing up in five lines what Lord Bryce has argued out in two volumes, we may conclude that, while many of the faults of modern democracies result from antecedent facts of origin, history, race, climate, geography, economics, for which a constitution cannot be held responsible, there remains a very large residuum of unsatisfactory phenomena for which democracy itself must take the blame. The conclusion is made certain when we find these faults pervading not only modern states but the free republics of antiquity, and noted down long ago by observers, like Plato and Aristotle, as essentially democratic failings.

It is not, of course, the failings only for which Lord Bryce is in search. There are plenty of compensatory benefits on which he enlarges in his second volume. And some evils seem to be curing themselves; e.g. there is a well-marked and successful reaction against administrative corruption in America, which has brought many men of sterling character into politics, who would not or could not have entered them twenty years ago. The splendid services of Australia to mankind during the late war have disproved the charge that her people were growing so interested in sport and strikes that they had no attention to spare for the greater issues of human life. No one will again declare her decadent, though they may still have to regret her want of interest in things intellectual, and the subservience of her administrations to the class-demands of a labour party whose policy some one summed up, as Lord Bryce notes (II, 258), in the simple claims, 'More wages for shorter hours; less work, and more amusement.' Canada's dealings with her race-problem give good evidence that her people by their intelligence and law-abiding habits are well prepared to face whatever problems the future may bring about, finding remedies for such defects as from time to time disclose themselves in her government.

There is always good hope for the future when public opinion—real public opinion, not press opinion or party opinion—is sound. And in practically all of the states

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which Lord Bryce here analyses—putting aside parts of Latin America—it may be said that there is a public opinion and a sound one, though certain happenings of the moment may tempt the observer to doubt its existence or its soundness. Democracies have not lost the power of recognising and admiring virtue. They have shown full power of discovering and respecting civic merit, even when embodied in a rather eccentric personality like that of Abraham Lincoln. They have shown no tendency to overlook moral defects in their leaders; no man scandalous in private life or in money matters can hope to maintain his leadership. The same could not be said in any of the old monarchies or oligarchies of earlier centuries, which could tolerate Walpole and Charles James Fox, Dubois and Talleyrand in power. The establishment of popular freedom has removed, or at least diminished, many sources of fear or suffering which existed under more arbitrary forms of government. It is only in Latin America, which is not really democratic, and in Bolshevik Russia, which is only a horrible and unreal parody of democracy, that administrative cruelty and deliberate personal persecution of the enemies of the ruler of the moment can be discovered.

If we ask what are the special drawbacks of democracy *qua* democracy, failings to be found regularly through all the ages, from the Athens of Plato and Aristophanes to Australia or the United States in the 20th century, there is no difficulty in constructing a formidable list. Lord Bryce has done so in the seventy-second and seventy-eighth chapters of this book.

Yet some of the usual indictments of democracy turn out to be ill-founded when we cast an eye down the annals of history. For example, democracy has been accused of being the parent of class-strife. But class-strife was as bitter in the oligarchic republics of ancient Greece or mediæval Italy as in any democratic state. That monarchies are not immune from it is evident when we recall the *Jacquerie*, Wat Tyler, the Hungarian peasant revolt of 1513, or the German peasant revolt of 1524. It is equally incorrect to accuse democracy of intolerance greater than that to be found in other

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constitutions, though a plausible case may be made out against it on the line that the craving for political uniformity leads to a desire to impose spiritual uniformity. 'The average man wishes to thrust his beliefs and his tastes on the minority which likes to think for itself. There is no tyranny so crushing as the peaceful tyranny of a stolid and self-satisfied multitude, because against it there can be no insurrection' (II, 572).

It is true that certain self-styled devotees of democracy —the Jacobins of 1793, the Bolsheviks of 1920—have argued that a government when installed in power must inculcate its principles, not only by instruction in schools, but by forbidding the teaching of any other doctrines, as likely to seduce the mind of its citizens. This may lead to the persecution of opinion, to the abolition of free speech and free printing. Putting aside the objection that both Jacobins and Bolsheviks really represent not democratic majorities but militant oligarchies wrongly usurping the name of 'the People' or 'the Proletariate,' there is a more general answer to the charge of intolerance. It is simply that not only democracies, but any association of human beings who are absolutely sure that they are morally right and that their opponents are morally wrong, is only a step away from persecution; to make true doctrines prevail becoming a duty, all means must be used to secure their victory. Hence the methods of the Spanish Inquisition —assuredly not a democratic institution. Intolerance is a general human phenomenon, common to fanatics, whether they call themselves kings, priests, philosophers, or commissars.

Nor is it fair to accuse democracy of being the enemy of intellectual and artistic eminence, 'a dull and level plain in which every bush is a tree,' the craze for equality leading to a drab uniformity of culture, since the average man resents eminence of any sort. History would seem to show no justification for this generalisation. Art, letters, and science have flourished in different ages under governments of every sort, from autocratic monarchy downwards, or upwards. It is only necessary to quote the case of the Athenian democracy of the fifth century before Christ, to show the absurdity of this particular accusation.

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But, putting aside unfair charges, Lord Bryce constructs a sufficiently damaging catalogue of proved offences against democracy. One class of them proceeds from the self-confidence of ignorance. Possessed by the notion that one citizen is as good as another, democracies ancient and modern have never duly recognised the necessity for thorough knowledge and trained skill in those to whom they hand over by election the manifold functions of government. The wildest excesses of this kind were perhaps those to be seen in fifth-century Athens, where equalitarianism ran to such a ridiculous extreme that gradually all civil offices * were distributed among the citizens by lot, and were never tenable for more than a year. The Archons who served as the figure-head of the state, the council which was supposed to prepare legislation for the assembly, the committee which presided at that assembly, all the boards which supervised police, finance, public works, the chairmen who presided in the law courts, were all chosen by lot. There was no means of excluding a citizen notoriously deaf, purblind, slack in morals, or indelicate in money matters from positions of responsibility and importance. The obvious evils of such a system were apparently disregarded in order that every man might have his turn of office, and that no man might hold office so long that he might begin to regard himself as indispensable, or claim the prerogative of seniority and long experience.

Modern democracy has never got so far on the road to insanity; but some of its developments are quite on a line with Athenian prejudices. A fine example is the elected judiciary of the United States. In all save eleven of them, the tacitly assumed theory appears to be that the man in the street is perfectly able to decide on the relative merits of lawyers and their fitness for the Bench, though why he should be better able to gauge knowledge and practical ability in such a technical subject as law, more than in surgery or astronomy, it is hard to see. The judges are chosen by popular vote for short periods of office, sometimes running so low as two years, with no certainty of re-election. Candidates have to stand as belonging to one of the two great

* But not military offices; there even Athens drew the line.

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political parties, and are sure to lose their judgeship if their party in the state is defeated at the next elections. But if either the Republicans or the Democrats are in a permanent majority in any state, the judges who belong to them may hope to be continued in place—with the consequent result that no lawyer, however eminent, who belongs to the other party, which is in a permanent minority, need ever hope to obtain judicial office. By another democratic foible, visible in many other countries, e.g. France, the salaries of the judiciary are fixed at a very low figure—perhaps 1200*l.* a year in a state of several millions of inhabitants.

'No one will be surprised,' remarks Lord Bryce, 'at what is in most states the combined effect on the quality of the Bench of these three factors—low salaries, short terms, and election by a popular vote controlled by the party managers.'

The ablest lawyers can seldom be induced to stand, firstly, because candidature implies servitude to the professional politicians who run the party machine, which high-minded men will not endure; secondly, because the judge may be turned adrift at the end of a very few years by some defeat at the polls; and thirdly, because the successful advocate commands four or five times the annual income of the insecurely-seated occupant of the Bench. Hence the result, stated in very mild terms, that,

'taking the states as a whole, we may say that in most of them the judges do not enjoy the respect which ought to be felt for the ministers of justice, and that in some few states enough is known about them to justify distrust.'

But the United States are not the only region, nor is the judicature the only branch of civil administration, in which democratic sentiment has shown an insufficient sense of responsibility when offices are to be filled by public election. When Aristophanes presented on the Athenian stage Cleon and the Sausage-seller bidding against each other by shameless self-advertisement and grovelling flattery for the favour of Demos, he was drawing a picture for all the ages. The only difference required in a modern play on the same lines would be that each of the candidates would be displayed as owning

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a cheap newspaper, to set forth his own merits and to libel his opponent.

Another obvious demerit of democracy, mentioned by Lord Bryce, is an inadequate sense of the necessity for keeping the law, while the law exists. It may be seen no less in Australia, France, and the United States, than in those classical republics which were always violating the provisions of their own elaborate constitutions. In America it is specially evident in some states where the executive fails to suppress lynching and other disorders which are backed by local public opinion.

'Strike riots have been frequent in Australia, France, New Zealand, and to a less extent in Canada. Though such breaches of the law exist in all countries, they are doubtless more frequent and more serious when the fear of losing many votes by offending the strikers deters an executive from action' (II, 497).

But faulty administration of justice is often produced rather by the misguided mentality of the democracy itself than by feeble or partial conduct on the part of the executive or the judiciary. An obvious failing in all democratic states in all ages has been a liability to be distracted by emotional, sentimental, or pseudo-humanitarian considerations from the strict administration of justice. It was a common device of the defendants in lawsuits of ancient Greece or Rome to parade before the enormous juries which were trying them for such offences as embezzlement, assault, or forgery, pathetic groups of infants arrayed in black or aged parents in tears, *flentem producere matrem*, as the Roman satirist called the trick. And the allegation that the accused or his ancestors had fought at Marathon or the Metaurus was a safe card to play, though it had no relation to the case on trial. No professional lawyer would allow his attention to be distracted by such irrelevant facts. But democratic juries are made of more impressionable stuff. To-day, in America, as President Taft remarks:

'The lax administration of our criminal law is due in a marked degree to the prevalence of maudlin sentiment among the people, and to the alluring limelight in which the criminal walks, if only he can give a little sentimental colouring to his mean or sordid offence' (II, 96).

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For, as Lord Bryce himself puts it,

'There is in the United States an almost morbid sympathy for some classes of criminals, a sentiment frequently affecting juries, which goes on increasing if a long period has elapsed between crime and punishment. A conviction for murder, especially if there was any emotional motive present, is usually followed by a torrent of appeals for clemency in the press, and the State-Governor is besieged with letters and petitions demanding commutation of the sentence. Hardly a voice is raised on behalf of the enforcement of the law.'

This disregard for justice is influenced by the habits of a gutter-press which revels in giving lurid details of every crime, and, unless it can make a blood-curdling monster out of the criminal, takes the opposite line, and tries to represent him or her as a sympathetic and luckless victim of social rottenness or economic stringency.

This tendency is as well marked in France as in America. Every one knows that a jury of the Seine will acquit any accused person, or at least grant 'extenuating circumstances,' if the ingenious advocate can twist the assault, robbery, or murder into a '*crime passionnel*.' Victor Hugo did an immense disservice to his country when in his poems and romances he popularised the idea that the criminal is a being to be pitied rather than hated, the unfortunate victim of poverty, ignorance, harsh laws, or oppressive administration. That sort of sentimentality—which goes back to Rousseau's dream of the natural virtue of primitive man—may be out of date in 1920. But it is quite as demoralising to the efficient administration of the state if criminals are allowed to exploit their 'arboreal ancestry,' by pleading heredity and uncontrollable instinct; '*c'était plus fort que moi*,' and so forth. The jury that is touched by the appeal to common human frailty, and acquits an embezzling clerk or a jealous woman who has thrown vitriol in a rival's face, is doing its best to encourage crime and disorganise society.

We are not unacquainted with the pleas of maudlin humanitarianism in Great Britain, though fortunately they have hitherto led to fruitless petitions by outsiders rather than to the demoralisation of juries. But those

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who reflect on the ease with which 20,000 signatures may be obtained for the reprieve of a murderer in these days, or the howl which is raised in certain party circles on the execution of an Irish rebel, may doubt whether we are not following in our sedate fashion on the track trodden already by the French and the Americans.

In pursuing this theme we are getting near the border of another democratic failing, that which may be called (though Lord Bryce does not, we think, use the actual word) the danger of 'mob-psychology.' It is generally acknowledged that the impulses and acts of a multitude are something quite different from those which would be displayed by its individual members. When a mob is a political body deciding the fortunes of a state, this fact may have no small importance. We are not alluding to wild explosions of hysterical mass-rage, such as those which made the Athenian assembly decree the atrocity at Mitylene, or commit the judicial murder of the generals who had won the battle of Arginusæ. Nor do we refer to the corybantic proceedings of an American National Convention choosing a presidential candidate by means of flag-wagging, prancing, and systematic bellowing, in which no sane delegate would indulge save in the midst of a mob. Undoubtedly, these are typical phenomena in a democratic state. But they are short and exceptional, and the sufferers next day find themselves in a more sober mood, like the Athenians of B.C. 427 who counter-ordered the massacre at Mitylene within twenty-four hours. A much less transient and more dangerous failing in a mob, whether assembled in one place and swayed by an orator, as of old, or scattered over a continent and absorbing its demagogy through newspapers, as in these days, is that it is liable to be hypnotised, by constant bold and unscrupulous declamation and ruthless propaganda, into accepting unproved and untested party statements as established truths.

'To speak with an air of positive assurance, especially to a half-educated crowd already predisposed to assent, is better than to reason with them. A prominent statesman of our day on being asked by a member of his party what arguments he had better use on behalf of the cause they were

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advocating, replied, "I sometimes think that bold assertion is the best kind of argument"' (II, 608).

No doubt the reiteration of 'terminological inexactitudes' has its nemesis in the end. 'You may,' as Abraham Lincoln observed, 'fool all the people for some of the time, and some of the people for all of the time; but you cannot fool all the people for all the time.' But during the space for which the majority has been 'fooled' there may have been one of those political landslides by which states have been wrecked; a party pledged to a ruinous policy may have been placed in power, or legislation with disastrous consequences put in operation. We cannot get over the fact that a democracy is more liable to be hoodwinked by suppression of the truth, or deafened by loud and blatant self-advertisement than other ruling bodies—more especially because, as Lord Bryce owns, on page 584 of vol. II, democracies do not enlist in the service of the state nearly so many of their most capable or of their most honourable citizens as could be desired. The sordid side of politics frightens away the self-respecting man, who fears to find himself caught in the toils of a party machine. He has no wish to be perpetually rubbing elbows in the lobby with Cleon and Alcibiades, or serving on a financial commission with Æschines and Theramenes.

'Lastly, Democracy has not induced that satisfaction and contentment with itself which was expected. One of the strongest arguments used to recommend Universal Suffrage was that as it gave supreme power to the numerical majority, every section of the people would bow to that majority . . . a resort to violence would be treason against the people and their sovereignty. Nevertheless in some countries governed under democratic constitutions revolutionary methods are now being applied or threatened, just as they were in the old days of tyrannical kings or oligarchies' (II, 584).

'Direct action' by large organised minorities, like the recent Triple Alliance of miners, railwaymen, and transport workers in Great Britain—still more the violent abolition of Universal Suffrage in Russia by the armed minority which calls itself the Proletariate, were things that were never foreseen by 19th-century

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prophets when they hazarded a guess at the practical working of a democratic constitution.

The list of defects is formidable—and we have not got to the end of it; administrative extravagance might, for example, ask for more notice than space allows here. But yet—here comes Lord Bryce's final judgment—mankind must be governed somehow, unless black anarchy is to supervene. And the examination of autocracy, oligarchy, bureaucracy, leads to the conclusion that all are infinitely worse than democracy as practical expedients.

'It has achieved less than idealists of the 18th or 19th centuries expected; but, after all, the experiment has not failed—the world is now a better place than it was under other governments, and the faith that it may be better still survives. Hope, often disappointed but often renewed, is the anchor by which the ship that carries democracy and its fortunes will have to ride out the latest storm, as it has ridden out so many storms before. There is an Eastern story of a king with an uncertain temper, who desired his astrologer to discover from the stars when his death would come. The astrologer, having cast the horoscope, replied that he could not find the date, but had ascertained only this—that the king's death would follow immediately on his own. So may it be said that Democracy will never perish till after Hope has expired.'

C. OMAN.

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Art. 9.—LORD HALDANE AND RELATIVITY.

The Reign of Relativity. By Viscount Haldane. Murray, 1921.

It is unfortunate that some reviews of this work have assumed it to be a treatise on the physical theory of relativity, and have concentrated in their criticisms on those chapters which deal specifically with Einstein's work. The scope of the book is, however, far wider than this. It is in fact that of Knowledge itself. As the author states in the preface, 'the topics of this book are Knowledge itself and the relativity of reality to the character of Knowledge.'

The subjects dealt with range from science, religion, and art to the history of philosophy, political science, and law, in so far as all these fall within the content of Knowledge. The result has been the production of a somewhat bulky volume of over 400 pages. In a recent review a writer has criticised such voluminous works as the production (as Pascal said) of those who have not got time to write less. It is certainly true that but one idea runs through the whole volume, and that this idea could have been expressed abstractly in a fraction of the volume of the actual book; but, where an idea is new and essentially difficult to grasp, it cannot be adequately transmitted by abstract phraseology. The process of transmission which must be adopted is that of suggestion by setting forward the idea as it appears in many different forms, till at last the reader, by a process of generalisation, grasps the concept which the author wishes to transmit. This is the method Lord Haldane has adopted, and he has excellent precedent in the works of Schopenhauer, who has stated that, by his bulky treatise on 'The World as Will and Idea,' he intends to impart a single thought, and can find no shorter way of doing so.

What Lord Haldane's book loses in the way of pure logical form, it far more than makes up for by covering, in one comprehensive survey, a range of subjects, many of which lie outside the knowledge of more academic philosophers. The fundamental thesis is that Knowledge is ultimate. We cannot resolve Knowledge into other

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terms. We cannot ask the explanation of the 'why' of Knowledge; we can only describe the 'what' of Knowledge; and, in answering this question, we find that the distinctions which arise in everyday life are distinctions which fall alike within the content of Knowledge. The distinction between the mind as a thing and the external world confronting this mind is a distinction which exists only for Knowledge. Subjective idealism has failed in so far as the conception of 'thing' was applied indiscriminately to the mind and its object. No wonder the Realists rebelled against the view that the object world of experience exists only for such a mind; and yet the Realists never succeed in drawing a satisfactory line between mind and the external world. The two are inseparably bound together, and, treated as 'things,' neither can be given precedence to the other. The problem can be solved satisfactorily only by passing beyond the conception of 'things,' and viewing mind and externality, or subject and object, as distinctions produced by the activity of the ultimate fact of knowledge. Knowledge, in the sense in which Lord Haldane uses the word, is not a special form of individual activity, but the ultimate fact which must be presupposed in any inquiry into the nature of existence. To quote Lord Haldane:

'How the great fundamental fact of knowledge is to be accounted for, is a question which is constantly being raised. But it is inherently an irrational question, for the fact of knowledge is presupposed as ultimate in whatever shape the question is put. When we raise points about how knowledge is put together, we are raising points about a foundation which our own questions presuppose for their possibility.'

The doctrine of the Relativity of Reality to Knowledge is developed from this view of Knowledge. Every aspect of reality disclosed in Knowledge is relative to Knowledge itself. Our world is not made up of disconnected fragments and relations but as a whole, the parts of which exist as relative to the whole, that is, to Knowledge. This basic fact manifests itself, as Lord Haldane shows, in every branch of Knowledge. Each branch abstracts from the whole only those features

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which are relevant to the purpose of the particular inquiry, ignoring those other features which lie outside its scope. So Physics ignores beauty and emotion in its effort to describe the relations of natural entities in mechanical terms. This is a legitimate and very necessary process, but it inevitably necessitates that the Truth of Science is relative only. The price which Science pays for its precision and exactness is the relativity of the truth at which it arrives.

The chapters in the book which deal with the development of Mathematics and Science, and in particular with the physical theory of relativity, are there simply as showing how the general theory of relativity is illustrated in this particular case. Dr Whitehead's books, 'An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Natural Knowledge' and 'The Concept of Nature,' have clearly influenced Lord Haldane very much in his treatment of this subject; and he pays a warm tribute to the value and originality of Dr Whitehead's investigations. Dr Whitehead has protested against what he calls the bifurcation of nature into nature apprehended in awareness and nature which is the cause of awareness, or into nature as the play of molecules and radiant energy and nature as presented with psychic addition such as colour and smell to mind. To drag in mind in this way is, as he points out, shirking the problem of Science, which is to describe the relations *inter se* of things known abstracted from the bare fact that they are known. The bifurcation theory is acceptable for the simplicity it introduces, but, if accepted, it is a confession of failure on the part of Science. Lord Haldane points out that, if Dr Whitehead pushes his theory a little further, the logical result it that the distinction between mind and nature vanishes, and nature for Dr Whitehead becomes Knowledge in the wide sense in which our author uses the term. Meaning, interpretation, significance—all these things fall within Dr Whitehead's world of Nature. As Lord Haldane says:

'The portal of Nature was to be bolted and barred against mind, but mind has apparently gone round the corner, got in by a back-door and taken possession of the building. "Events," "recognition," "objects"! Here we have Knowledge with all its implications, and Knowledge in which the

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"significance" which for Prof. Whitehead is the reality of our experience of nature consists. I am far from complaining; I am in agreement with the author. But I feel I have been led by him into territory which seems not new but somewhat familiar to me. If we went a little further we might expect, and not without reason, to find that the boundary line between mind and nature and the entire distinction between them fell within Knowledge as having been established only by reflexion.'

An interesting description follows, showing how Dr Whitehead arrives at the Einstein Theory of Relativity, but from more fundamental premises than those from which Einstein starts. The real philosophical value of the physical Theory of Relativity, which Lord Haldane describes at some length, lies in this, that in the theory we have a very exact and definite application of the broader principle which our author is maintaining. Space and time, the very structure of the universe, are shown in themselves not to be absolute, but to be the relative forms in which experience is made manifest. Once the relativity of these apparently absolute characteristics is grasped, the relativity of other branches of Knowledge appears less strange.

But the most important feature of the whole theory of Relativity is that it exhibits our knowledge of Nature as the union of subject and object or of mind and externality. Space and Time for the relativist are but the varying differentiations of the ultimate space-time manifold, which in itself is a pure concept or universal. The objective form of Space and Time which this assumes is relative only and existent for Knowledge alone. Thus, unless we are to bifurcate Nature and say the space-time manifold is the cause of our awareness, and that Space and Time are but psychic additions to the real causal Nature, we must admit that significance and meaning cannot be separated from Nature, whereupon Nature assumes the form of that within which 'mind' and 'object' fall, and is simply an aspect of what Lord Haldane calls Knowledge.

Prof. Eddington,* as Lord Haldane shows, goes much further than this, and takes up the rather extreme

* See his article on Einstein in the 'Q. R.' (No. 462) for January 1920.

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subjective attitude that the external world is comparatively unimportant, and that the importance of mind in producing the so-called laws of Nature is far greater than realised. Prof. Eddington uses the words, 'It is the mind which, by insisting on regarding only the things that are permanent, has actually imposed these laws on an indifferent world. . . . The structure cannot be built up without material; but the nature of the material is of no importance.'

Prof. Eddington's views may lead him to a position not very different from that of Dr Whitehead, but it is unlikely that the latter would accept this position where, by treating mind as a thing, Prof. Eddington is reintroducing the bifurcation doctrine. Finally Lord Haldane says:

'However, therefore, we look at it, the theory of relativity in physical measurement means this, that our measurements are what they are because of concepts through which knowledge effects them. . . . It is through general principles, and not by immediate awareness in its simplicity, that we get our knowledge of physical nature; and the reality we discover is of an order in character the same as that of our knowledge about it.'

This is the basis of the doctrine of degrees of knowledge, truth and reality. What is actual discloses a variety of aspects. The description of each aspect gives knowledge only of that level or degree to which the aspect belongs, and the standard of truth for this level of knowledge is therefore only a relative standard.

It is scarcely possible to do more than refer to the many applications of the complete principle of relativity which Lord Haldane gives in considering other problems in other branches of knowledge. For instance, we find an application in his treatment of individuality. Finite personality is relative. It is not an absolute fact or an ultimate state. My friend, John Smith, is not merely an object of my experience. I have a deeper knowledge of John Smith than that of objective existence. He finds union with my personality in so far as both our personalities are relative to a greater whole. It is this common source or identity in difference in our modes

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of thinking in which we find the link that makes John Smith more than an objective fact; and my friend John Smith appears to me as possessing shape and weight and colour and all the characteristics of a human body, only at a certain stage in knowledge. At a further stage in knowledge which includes and transcends the first, he is there as my friend. But it is impossible to do justice to such a wide theme in a few sentences.

At a later stage in the book Lord Haldane applies this to problems of political science. The question, for instance, of whether or not such a thing as a General Will exists is a question which need trouble us very little if we realise that what is meant by General Will is just the common aim and purpose which evolves itself from the people and which rests on this identity in difference, on the fact that individuals are not mutually exclusive. True individualism is not to be found except where a man lives the social or group life. This identity of purpose is, as Lord Haldane points out, the ultimate basis on which sovereignty rests. Moreover the progress in conception from human beings as mechanisms and then as living organisms and finally as personalities is an example of the different levels at which Knowledge manifests itself.

Lord Haldane's treatment of the New Realism is of great interest. He exhibits it as the reaction against extreme forms of subjective idealism, which reaction takes the shape of the projection of universals into the non-mental world and a strenuous assertion that what is known is strictly non-mental and independent of the act of knowing. He values this reaction as bringing strength and vitality to philosophical research, and believes it to be but an oscillation in the general progress of philosophical thought. 'Progress takes place by oscillation succeeding oscillation and reaction following on reaction.'

But perhaps the most interesting chapters on the history of philosophy are those which trace the development from Berkeley and Hume through Kant after which we reach the parting of the ways, the one way giving the development from Kant through Schopenhauer and Bergson, while the other gives the development through Hegel and the modern school of Hegelian

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thought. The importance of Kant's work can scarcely be over-emphasised; and yet Kant, not being in bitter earnest with the doctrine that Knowledge is foundational, did not push his work to its conclusion. Questions of the nature of the raw material of feeling and of the 'thing in itself' remained open for him. The fact remains, however, that he changed the whole course of philosophical thought. Schopenhauer, looking further afield, concentrated on the will as the 'key to the nature of every phenomenon in Nature,' instead of pushing the doctrine of Knowledge to its conclusion. Will, for Schopenhauer, became a sort of 'thing in itself.' Bergson has followed much the same line, concentrating on Intuition. It remained for Hegel, pursuing the other line, to work out the doctrine of Knowledge in its fulness. No doubt his system suffers from too great rigidity. He attempted to demonstrate the relations of the stages of the real in too cut-and-dry a fashion. But, for all that, the essence of the doctrine of Knowledge is to be seen in Hegel's works in his conception of the Idea realising itself in mind.

'Such, as I understand it, is the Hegelian view of the relation of the cosmos to the completed entirety of Knowledge, the Idea realising itself in mind with the combination of the general and particular moments in its activity. The factors in that activity are the abstractions of universal and particular. The actual is always concrete and is self-developing experience.'

The influence of Aristotle on Hegel was very great, and the essentials of the doctrine of Knowledge are to be found in the works of Aristotle. Whether we accept the conclusions of Hegel or not, he has given us the method; and this is the really important feature of his work.

Without rewriting the book it is impossible to follow Lord Haldane further in his chapters on the relation of the Individual to the State and of Man to God, and all the other principal applications of the degrees of knowledge which he gives. In conclusion we would say that, though the book is far from easy, it will repay any who have the patience and take the trouble to read it diligently. It may be that Lord Haldane is

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not always as explicit as one might wish, but this is not entirely his fault. His subject is essentially a difficult one, and nothing can alter that fact. It is also of no use to pretend that his exposition of the physical theory of relativity is a popular account. But the theory is exhibited in a new and original light, and deserves study from any who are interested in its philosophical aspect. Moreover, Lord Haldane has made a successful attempt to explain in language intelligible to the non-mathematician some of the mathematical processes involved, as for example that involved in 'Tensors.' Those who have read the author's Gifford Lectures will find that the thread of thought which runs through the latter is developed and expanded in the Reign of Relativity, and, as before, emphasis is laid on the necessity of describing existence not from below upwards but from above downwards.

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Art. 10.—IRELAND.

THE problem of Ireland is still unsolved; it may even be said that it presents greater difficulties than at any previous moment since the Union. It is not our intention now to explore the history of Ireland, to recall ancient Irish grievances, or British mistakes, in the hope that a precise understanding of the past may provide material for a constructive policy for the future. History has its uses, without doubt, for the politician, and he is not wise if he neglect its warnings or its lessons. But the present is never exactly like the past. *Tempora mutantur;* and the conditions of Irish life, social, religious, economic, are so dissimilar to those of the 18th or 19th century that a study of history is not by itself a sufficient equipment for the difficult task of promoting peace and order in that sadly distracted country. What is needed by the reformer is knowledge of the facts, of the present aspirations, fears, sympathies, of the Irish people, and of the several sections into which they are divided.

The first fact to be faced is the hostility to British rule which prevails over the larger part of Ireland. It is not generally understood in Britain how widespread this is, and how fierce are the passions which it evokes. To inquire into the causes of this, or to find reasons for its aggravation during the last twenty years, during which so many British statesmen have endeavoured to appease it by measures of social reform and British taxpayers have contributed so generously to the economic needs of Ireland, were a useless task. The plain fact is that, although Irishmen do not, as a rule, hate Englishmen or Scotsmen, they do hate British rule and desire for the future to manage their own affairs. This hatred of Britain we believe to be quite unreasonable; but it is a fact. It has been promoted by many generations of political agitators, and of recent years it has been fostered and encouraged by the Roman Catholic Church. There is nothing surprising in this. The priests of that Church are drawn, for the most part, from the ranks of the farmers and small shopkeepers, and they are inspired by the same political and racial prejudices as the people to whom they minister. In the 18th century, the Irish priest, in many cases, received part of his education on

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the Continent; and the larger outlook on the world which he thus acquired was a check upon provincialism and parochialism in politics. But the establishment of Maynooth (which received a large State grant) put an end to this. For a century aspirants to the priesthood have been educated together at Maynooth, and they go forth to their work knowing nothing of any larger life, with all the political sentiments which they acquired at home intensified. It could not be otherwise. And, thus, it comes to pass that the spiritual guides of the majority of the Irish people are, for the most part, even more hostile to Britain than the least educated of their flock.

It has often been said, indeed, that the Roman Catholic clergy, or at any rate, the bishops, are really not unfavourable to the British connexion, and that, while they have acquiesced in the politics of their people, they have never been Home Rulers at heart. Such a view is unjust to them. Men in a position of responsibility must be taken to mean what they say; and the members of the Irish hierarchy have, repeatedly, in public and in private, collectively and individually, expressed their sympathy with 'national' aspirations. It is not reasonable to suppose that they consistently exert their great influence in a direction which they disapprove; as it is, indeed, psychologically incredible that they should have been able to emancipate themselves from all the traditions of their childhood and their education. We shall return later to a consideration of their political action; but at this point it is necessary to lay emphasis on the fact that the Irish priests have done more than any other class in the community to inspire the people with a distrust of British policy and, of late, to promote antagonism to British rule. Whether this attitude be wise or unwise is beside the point. Clergy and people are united in hostility to Great Britain; this is the first fact that must be borne in mind.

Why has this hostility been so grievously intensified of late? There are several reasons, but one of the most significant must next be mentioned. When the Great War broke out, it became of the first importance to secure the services of Irish soldiers, and at the same time to quash the sedition which was brewing in Ulster. Ulstermen were very ready to enlist in the Armies of the

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King, provided that they were given safeguards to protect them against subjection to an Irish Parliament while their soldiers were serving in France. Mr Redmond, as spokesman of the Irish Nationalist Party, was equally anxious to secure the fighting strength of Irish recruits for the Empire; but he could not have hoped for any success in this honourable endeavour, unless those, whose champion he was, were promised the Home Rule for which they had been striving so long. The British Government had little time to spare for Irish matters in those tremendous days, but they did their best. They passed a measure of Home Rule for all Ireland on Sept. 8, 1914, thus delighting the Nationalist party; while at the same time assurances were given to Ulster that Ulstermen would not be coerced to submit to a form of Government distasteful to them. Here were two inconsistent policies, and it only needed a short time for the exposure of the inconsistency. The pledge to Ulster was kept in the sense that Ulster understood it, namely, that she was not to be subjected to the provisions of the Government of Ireland Act (1914); while the pledge to Mr Redmond, in the sense that his followers understood it, namely, that the Act should apply to all Ireland and be put into operation after the war, was broken. Mr Redmond's people understood that the exclusion of Ulster was only a temporary provision; the Ulstermen had always determined that it should be permanent, and—as it turned out—their view prevailed. It is true that the Act of 1914 pleased nobody, and that no one wished for it in the form in which it had been passed by Parliament; but it is equally true that it purported to be an Act of Home Rule for All Ireland, and that it was on the ground of this apparent recognition of Irish 'Nationality,' that Nationalists like Mr Redmond and Mr Devlin did their utmost to obtain recruits for the Army.

It is not surprising that Irish Nationalists should have been embittered, when they learnt that the only kind of Home Rule which Britain was prepared to offer them after the war was conditioned by the partition of Ireland. And to this day the great bulk of Irish Nationalists believe that Mr Redmond was tricked and their cause betrayed by the British Government which

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refused to give what, apparently, it had promised. There are few in the south and west of Ireland—such is the lamentable fact—who will now trust the word of a British statesman.

And, again. The Irish Nationalist cannot forget that the policy of resistance to the armed forces of the Crown, for which he is—very properly—punished when he is caught, was begun by Ulster. If the gun-running at Larne in April 1914 was not worthy of punishment, why should the gun-running at Howth in July of the same year have been hindered by soldiers and police? This was before the Great War broke upon the world, and before Ulstermen had shown that they were ready to range themselves on the side of the Allies (provided always that they were to be secured against government from Dublin). At this stage, there was no question of the services of Ulster to the Crown; she had shown herself a disloyal province, prepared to fight against Britain, if unwelcome decisions of the British Parliament were forced upon her. And yet—the British Government neither arrested her leaders nor disbanded her volunteers. To be fair to the Irish Sinn Feiner (a hard thing for any loyalist), it is necessary to remember that he is, from one point of view, only resorting to the same policy of force and violence which Ulster adopted in her own interests (or her supposed interests) in 1914. He regards the British Government as a partisan government which does not measure out justice equally to Orangeman and Sinn Feiner, but which reserves its rewards for the former and its jails for the latter. This is not the whole of the case, by any means, nor do we agree with the Sinn Feiner's conclusion; but it is well to try to understand his psychology.

Such hatreds, such want of confidence in British justice, were the main cause of the lamentable and treacherous rebellion of 1916. The Irish Volunteers had repudiated Mr Redmond, and the hotheads among them decided to throw in their lot with Germany, not because they loved Germany, but because they hated Britain. Unpractical enthusiasts who desired to see Ireland once more an Irish-speaking country, bold anarchists who desired the overthrow of the existing social order, foolish boys who were discontented

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because they had nothing useful to do and were secretly ashamed because they were not fighting in the Great Crusade, all conspired to set up an 'Irish Republic.' Many of these young men would, in the natural course of things, have emigrated to America or Australia to seek their fortunes; and the stoppage of emigration at the beginning of the war was the beginning of their discontent. Some one has compared the condition of Ireland in 1918 to the condition of a school in which for four years the Sixth Form has been prevented from leaving, and has remained, insubordinate and unhappy. There is a good deal of truth in that comparison; but it does not provide a complete picture of the situation, inasmuch as the most dangerous party in Ireland in 1916 (and the same is true of 1921) was the party of anarchist ideals, which aimed at the destruction, not of the British Empire only, but of all 'bourgeois' government.

British politicians have been slow to recognise that the struggle between Irish parties during the past ten years has been gradually changing its form. It is not now, mainly or primarily, a struggle between Roman Catholic and Protestant. Nor is it any longer a struggle between Home Ruler and Unionist, for the legislative Union of Pitt, which gave its name to the Unionist Party, is dead; it passed away, so soon as the Irish Act of 1914 was placed on the Statute Book, although pathetic and futile attempts have been made by the 'Diehards' of the Irish Unionist party to keep up the pretence of a Unionist policy. The struggle in Ireland now is between those who demand complete independence for that island, and those who hold that, whatever powers of local self-government may be entrusted to an Irish parliament or Irish parliaments, Ireland must remain an integral part of the British Empire. And the advocates of an Irish Republic, in the means that they have adopted to carry out their purposes, have become responsible for a policy that is, at root, anarchic, and have associated themselves with revolutionaries in more than one quarter.

For instance, Mr de Valera and his friends tried to enter into correspondence with the Russian Soviet Government in June 1920, and pledged themselves to

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support in every way 'the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic.' Their envoy, Dr McCartan, Sinn Fein M.P. for King's County, explained in a letter to de Valera that he would try to arrange with the Russians that if any of the Sinn Fein rebels were 'murdered,' a 'Britisher' should be executed by the Russians as a 'reprisal.'* This precious scheme seems to have miscarried, but it is interesting as showing the kind of alliances which the Irish Republicans desire. It is not likely that either arms or money have reached Ireland from Russia, and there is no evidence that the Russian Soviet Government had any desire to be associated with Dail Eireann; the Irish revolutionary movement is of native origin, and the correspondence in question proves little more than the tendency of the Irish rebels to fraternise with socialism. In them the extremists of the English Labour party have found welcome allies. 'The fight between the Irish people and the British Government is not one between two nations; it is a struggle between two systems of civilisation, between the feudal or industrial system of England and the democratic system on which the old civilisation of Ireland was built.'† This conception of ancient Irish history might readily be criticised; but the passage is instructive as disclosing the inner meaning of the sympathy which the Labour party feel for Sinn Fein; it is due to their conviction that the Irish struggle is a struggle between Communism and Capitalism.

There is, however, a more serious charge to be made against the Sinn Fein policy, as now pursued by the forces of the 'Irish Republican Army,' and that is, that, while declaring themselves to be 'at war' with Britain, they do not submit to the conventions of civilised warfare. Their methods are those of the assassin, not of the soldier. It is sadly easy to find illustrations.

Among the documents captured by Crown Forces in November last, were papers belonging to Richard Mulcahy, the so-called 'Chief of Staff' of the Irish Republican Army. They included a memorandum explaining how horses could be given glanders by doctoring their oats, and how

* White Paper (Cmd. 1326), reproducing documents captured in Dublin.
† 'The Watchword of Labour,' Nov. 20, 1920.

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the bacillus of typhoid fever could be introduced into milk supplied for the troops, so that British soldiers might be infected with that disease.* This method of warfare has not yet been adopted, but the Chief of Staff of the I.R.A. regards it as worthy of consideration. Again, in many instances, expanding or 'dum-dum' bullets have been used by the Irish rebels, who hold it to be quite as legitimate to employ them in what they term 'war,' as it would be to use them for the destruction of a man-eating tiger. The favourite method of killing policemen is to lie in ambush behind a hedge, and shoot as the victims pass; the assailants being in plain clothes, not in uniform, and prepared if caught to swear that they are innocent civilians who would not think of murdering anybody. Bombs are flung at military lorries in the public thoroughfares in Dublin, with the inevitable consequence that harmless women and children who happen to be in the streets are often killed or wounded. The policy of 'frightfulness' has found very ready adherents in the Irish Republican Army, who have introduced a reign of terror into every part of Ireland where there is not a large garrison. Their behests are generally obeyed by the people, for the penalty of disobedience may be death, which is inflicted without scruple when it is deemed necessary by the heads of murder gangs who infest the countryside.

These methods are the methods of assassination and anarchy, no regard being paid to any law of God or man in the endeavour to secure a 'victory' for the Republican forces. It is to be observed that their 'propaganda' policy is directed with great, if unscrupulous, ability. The 'Irish Bulletin' is now published weekly in type script, although many efforts have been made to suppress it. And the 'An t'-óglác,' the newspaper of the extremists, appears regularly, it being generally believed that it is printed secretly in England. These publications disseminate extraordinary stories of the 'faking' of photographs, and the torture and assassination of prisoners by British officers, which are accepted as true by large sections of the peasantry. Lists are published of men

* The document is quoted in full in 'The Administration of Ireland,' by I. O. (P. Allan & Co., 1920), p. 442.

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who have been hanged or imprisoned for serious crime, and it is alleged that these are among the many innocent victims of British savagery. In short, nothing is omitted which can serve to distort the facts of the situation or to inflame passion. It is commonly believed that one of the chief directors of this *propaganda* policy is an Englishman of some literary reputation, who was concerned in the Howth gun-running, and who for some reason best known to the Irish executive has been permitted to live in Dublin, where his house is a centre of treason.

The official figures show that between Jan. 1 and June 11 of the present year, 322 soldiers and policemen have been killed and 450 wounded. It is stated, although not officially, that the civilian casualties, which include not only members of the Irish Republican Army but persons who have been killed or wounded accidentally by stray shots, include 567 deaths for the same period. This is probably not far from the truth, and the figures show that the death roll becomes more terrible every week. In the week ending June 6, no less than 24 soldiers and police were killed in Ireland. The situation has in many respects grown much worse since General Macready and Sir Hamar Greenwood accepted their present positions in April 1920. It is right to add that their policy has succeeded in certain directions. Sinn Fein Courts are no longer held with impunity, nor do hunger strikers now bring the law into contempt; and the railway men have been compelled to do their duty in handling all kinds of material, including munitions of war. This is on the one side. On the other, the murders of soldiers, policemen, and loyalists occur with a more appalling frequency than before; and the terrorism of the countryside is making many parts of Ireland uninhabitable for those who will not avow themselves in sympathy with the Irish Republican Army.

These are the main facts of the present situation. But something must now be said of the principles lying behind the policy of repression which has failed, in the main, to restore order and peace. The Government has generally taken it for granted that Britain is not at war with Southern Ireland, but that all the disorder which prevails

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is due to a comparatively small section of the population, who must be punished, as criminals are punished by every civilised community. The result of this too optimistic idea is that, on the one side, the Sinn Feiners consider themselves as at war with the military and police (although, as has been said, they do not restrict themselves by the conventions of civilised warfare); while the British soldier is told that he is not at war with Irish people, for the King cannot be at war with his own subjects, and that he must be careful not to hurt any unconvicted person. Hence, a 'soldier of the Irish Republic,' dressed in civilian clothes, deems himself as playing an honourable part when he shoots at a street corner an officer who is looking the other way, and then, dropping his revolver, strolls off undetected, save by passers-by too terrified to speak. But a policeman who meets a Sinn Feiner, well known to be a fugitive from justice and guilty of a dozen crimes, must not think of shooting; he must arrest his man, if he can, and only fire in self-defence. The culprit must be tried by due process of law, and not shot or maltreated before trial.

This is, of course, an intolerable condition of affairs. It gives an overwhelming advantage to the criminal. And it was inevitable that it should have been resented by the Auxiliary Police whom we sent to Ireland to preserve order last year. Most of them had seen active service in the Great War. They were accustomed, on the one hand, to hard and stern fighting; and, on the other, to the observance of the conventions of civilised warfare. They found themselves serving in a country where every hedge might conceal an enemy, and where an innocent-looking civilian counted it honourable to shoot them at sight. It proved too much for the discipline of some, and in a few cases—fewer than the skilful Sinn Fein propaganda alleged—they indulged in reprisals in kind, partly with the desire to revenge their murdered comrades, partly because they found such reprisals for the moment a deterrent to crime. Every one must condemn such conduct; but it is easy to understand it. An instructive parallel may be found in the Irish history of the 18th century. In his endeavours to repress the Defenders, Lord Carhampton took the law into his own hands and connived at reprisals and illegal punishments,

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which were justly condemned by right-thinking men. But an apology for him was addressed to the Lord Lieutenant of the day, which is worth recalling. 'If it please your Excellency,' wrote a pamphleteer of 1798, 'to permit them [i.e. the rebels] to go to *war* with us, and will only permit us to go to *law* with them, it will not require the second sight of a Scotchman to foretell the issue.' * That was exactly the situation in Ireland at the end of last year; and that it strained the discipline of the police to breaking point is not surprising.

These unauthorised reprisals had very untoward consequences. In the first case, they confused the minds of many people—and still confuse them—as to the moral issues involved. They were skilfully exaggerated by the Sinn Fein press. They were fully reported in the British press, when the murders of soldiers and police were ignored or treated as mere incidents in an unfortunate campaign. They aroused the sympathy of sentimental but ill-informed ecclesiastics, and provided the opponents of His Majesty's Government with a text upon which they were not slow to enlarge. Certainly, it is true that a man wearing the King's uniform does very wrong if he murders his supposed enemies in cold blood, or if he burns their houses without authority, or if he steals their property. And, unhappily, suspicions prevailed that such crimes on the part of the 'Black and Tans' were not always punished by their officers as swiftly or as severely as they ought to have been punished. Accordingly, the Sinn Fein papers, after their manner, spoke of 'organised' attempts on behalf of the Irish Executive to terrorise the population by unlawful and immoral acts. All this did untold mischief, for it diverted attention from the central fact of the situation that murder was rampant in Ireland, and that those who encouraged murder were primarily responsible for the outrages which murder provoked.

Happily the discipline of the police has been much stricter during the last four months, and their conduct has of late been marked by an honourable restraint becoming British troops. 'Reprisals' of the kind that have been under discussion are now so rare as to be

* Lecky, 'History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century,' III, 421.

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negligible to any serious observer who wishes to appreciate the situation as a whole. But the reprisals from October to February have left a bitter memory, and did much to enlist on the Sinn Fein side many who had formerly kept aloof from violence.

Quite a different criticism must be passed on certain military measures which are sometimes described as 'official reprisals.' It has often happened that an ambush has been laid for British troops in places where it was quite certain that the inhabitants must have connived at its preparation. And, in some cases, large buildings such as creameries—which in times of peace have been so great a benefit to the rural districts in Ireland—have been used as places of rendezvous for rebel forces, or for those who control their operations. The military authorities decided that exemplary punishment must be inflicted on such localities. And they have burned a large number of houses, to teach their inhabitants that to connive at, or acquiesce in, the murder of British soldiers is a grave crime. There is nothing unethical here. No law of God or man forbids the State to punish an offender in his property or in his person. But the selection of this particular form of punishment has been very unwise. It is uneconomic, for it has destroyed property which it will be very difficult to replace. And, moreover, such official burnings have been regularly followed by the burning by the rebels of mansions and country houses of twenty times the value of the poor dwellings destroyed as a punishment. Arson is impossible to prevent, without the presence of a very much larger military force than could ever be sent to Ireland. And 'competition in arson,' as one of the most violent critics of the Government described it, is a foolish and reckless policy. As this article is being written, the newspapers hint that 'official reprisals' of this kind are to be abandoned. We hope that it may be so, for they merely embitter a situation already bad enough.

Reprisals, ethical or unethical, official or unofficial, whether the act of the State or the act of the undisciplined individual, have had this further grave consequence, that they have provided the Roman Catholic priesthood with a welcome text, from which they may preach hatred of Britain, rather than condemnation of

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murder. No Irish bishop or priest, we would hope and believe, would consciously encourage murder; and some members of the hierarchy, to their credit, have proclaimed an unqualified condemnation of it. But the responsibility that rests on these spiritual leaders is very serious; for, again and again, they have seemed in their public utterances to condemn with more emphasis and with less reservation the repressive measures of the Government than the sin and crime which called these measures into existence. A typical instance was the pronouncement of the bishops assembled at Maynooth last October, under the presidency of Cardinal Logue. Here was a very long, considered statement, issued by the highest spiritual authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, devoted exclusively to the alleged misdeeds of British ministers, and issued at a time when all Ireland was aghast at the murders which were being committed by members of their own flocks. The 'reign of frightfulness' established by Crown forces in Ireland 'has a parallel,' according to these ecclesiastics, 'only in the horrors of Turkish atrocities or in the outrages of the Red Army of Bolshevist Russia.' The only hint, in this hysterical appeal, that there was any wrongdoing on the part of the Irish people was contained in the sentence, 'Needless to say, we are opposed to crime from whatever side it comes.' The moral danger that resides in such official pronouncements is appalling, and there have been too many of them.

The plain truth, however distasteful it may be to admit it, is that the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland are losing control of their people; and that they are trying to retain their outward allegiance by refraining from any pronouncement which may irritate or alienate the members of their flock. There are notable exceptions; Dr Cohalan of Cork, e.g., denounced the killing of policemen as mortal sin, although his threat of excommunication has not had much effect. But the policy of the Roman bishops in Ireland has been, for many years, to follow rather than to lead their people. They condoned the Plan of Campaign; they opposed conscription during the Great War; and now, very few of them have had the courage to say, *tout court*, that the killing of a policeman is murder, without accompanying this simple

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moral pronouncement by an attack on the misdeeds of the Government. It is important, however disagreeable, that this should be stated publicly, in order that politicians may be warned that the Roman bishops only keep control of their people in so far as they condone the political crimes to which a vast body of their adherents are committed. That they are pious and amiable men is probably quite true; but they have abdicated the office of moral leadership. And this is not without parallel in the action, or inaction, of the Vatican when moral issues were at stake in the Great War.

It is easy to write pages of criticism upon Governmental policy, or pages of analysis of the Irish character and of Irish aspiration; it is not so easy to suggest what might be done, or what ought to be done, at this tragic moment, to ameliorate the relations between Great Britain and Ireland. Whether it were wise or unwise (and we believe it was unwise and unstatesmanlike) to adopt a policy which involved the partition of Ireland, Ireland is now divided into two parts. 'Ulster' need not be afraid that she will be placed under a Dublin Parliament against her will; and it is a vain dream of the Irish Republicans that Imperial forces will ever be used to compel her to submit her destinies to the arbitration of a Parliament mainly Roman Catholic. The partition of Ireland, temporary at least, is a *fait accompli*, and we heartily regret it. The Government of Ireland Act of 1920 was an unstatesmanlike and opportunist measure, of which the best that can be said is that the tactics of its promoters were better than their strategy. We would prophesy, if prophecy were not so wanton a foolishness, that Ulster will bitterly regret at no distant period the severance from the agricultural life of Ireland, which has been brought about by her own deliberate act. Ulster breeds shrewd, hardheaded men of business, but she does not, as yet, breed statesmen; and she may soon find that economic causes will compel her to reverse her policy of self-centredness, and persuade her to take her place, with due safeguards, in the common life of Ireland. However that may be, she has now a Parliament of her own—and not only a Parliament but a separate Judicature. She wishes to have special

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educational provisions as well, without regard to the wishes of the rest of the country; and she may succeed in all this. That is, a population of a million and a quarter people may be successful in setting up a provincial government, which shall be economically stable and at the same time realise the ideal of 'Sinn Fein,' *Ourselves Alone*, which has been proclaimed *urbi et orbi* as the ideal of its opponents. We do not know.

Meantime, what is to be done for the rest of Ireland? Great Britain would be perfidious indeed, if it were now to break faith with Ulster, whose battalions fought so gallantly in the war, and whose achievements were not less than the achievements of the Irish Guards in France and of the Dublin Fusiliers and Munster Fusiliers in Gallipoli. But what of Southern Ireland, and especially of the 350,000 loyalists who live there?

In Southern Ireland the House of Commons which has recently been elected will not perform its duties. All its members except four—the members for the University of Dublin—are avowed Sinn Feiners and Republicans, who will not take the Oath of Allegiance to the King. It has been evident for a considerable time that this would happen; but in deference to the wishes of Ulster, elections have been held in Southern as well as in Northern Ireland, although it was quite certain that the Southern Parliament would not consent to administer the Act of 1920.

Mr George has said more than once—and in this the world is with him—that Britain can never permit Ireland or any part of it to become an independent State. That is obvious, although it is often forgotten. That Great Britain and Ireland form a strategic unit, is a geographical, not a merely political, truth. Providence has placed these islands in such proximity that they cannot be treated as politically distinct; the larger must, and will, embrace the smaller, in the interests of both. The dream of Irish idealists for an Irish Republic is only a dream. But it is by no means certain that the majority even of Irish Sinn Feiners desire a Republic, although they cry out for it. What they desire is independence of Britain in domestic matters, and particularly in all the departments of executive government. Apart from the division of Ireland into two parts, which can

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now be brought together only if the South can persuade the North that it is in the interests of Ulster to associate herself with the other provinces—a distant and dim prospect—the provisions of the Act of 1920 which have proved most distasteful to Southern Ireland are those which relate to finance. Fiscal autonomy is claimed; and this would involve the consequence that Ireland would pay very much less than her fair share of taxes rendered necessary by the burdens of the Great War. Thus to favour the Irish taxpayer at the expense of the British taxpayer would be unjust.

Nevertheless, it has been widely believed for months past that the Government are willing to offer more favourable financial terms, both to Northern and Southern Ireland, than were granted in the Act of 1920. Lord FitzAlan, the new Lord Lieutenant, said at Belfast, on June 7, that the Act requires amendment. Events move so quickly that, by the time this article is in print, the Government may have announced their intentions about this matter. But no offer of concessions will have any good effect unless it is made in such a manner that it cannot be repudiated or withdrawn. As we have already said, Irishmen do not now trust the mere word of British statesmen; and it is important that the intentions of Government should be publicly announced in Parliament by the Prime Minister, with a definite statement touching the clauses in the Act of 1920 which are to be amended.

So long as Irish politicians believe that the Government have not said their last word, and that they are still open to negotiations, so long will there be disorder and crime in Ireland; for Ireland has been taught by the experience of many years that the path of violence is the shortest path to reform. It was through agrarian crime that the Land Acts came to be passed. And it is by murder and arson that the Irish extremists are now trying to persuade Great Britain that her best policy is to leave Ireland to its own devices. This Great Britain cannot afford to do; the secession of Ireland from the Empire can never be permitted. But, in the hope of bringing about peace and some semblance of order, it may be worth while for Britain to make a final offer forthwith, going as far as she can go with safety to herself, to the Empire, and to the Irish loyalist minority, in

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the direction of autonomy and of fiscal concessions. 'Dominion Home Rule' is an unhappy phrase, and should not be used. For powers—in regard to military and naval forces, for example—may be entrusted to a Parliament sitting two or three thousand miles away, which cannot safely be entrusted to a Parliament sitting in Dublin or Belfast. A new offer of the kind which we have indicated might or might not be accepted by the Sinn Fein party, represented by Mr de Valera; it would probably be rejected with scorn by the dangerous men who form the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and whom Sinn Fein is now unable, even it were willing, to check or control. But we should occupy a much better position in the face of America and of our Colonies, if we were able to demonstrate that Ireland had been offered everything that she can reasonably ask, while remaining within the Empire, than we are now when we can only say that we have offered a measure of Home Rule which, by all parties, loyalist or Republican, in the South of Ireland, has been declared to be unworkable. It is not worth while for Britain to haggle over the amount of the Imperial contribution which Ireland should pay. Ireland will be mean indeed if she refuses to pay her fair share; but it would be better for Britain to secure peace, even at a price, than to continue the policy of the past year which has signally failed to accomplish the end for which it was designed.

The newspapers of June 13 forecast fresh military activities in Ireland, and upon this some comment may be useful. We repudiate altogether the foolish saying, 'Force is no remedy.' Force is often the only remedy, when you are dealing with men of violence. But if force is to be used, you must be prepared to use it to the full. And the military authorities at Dublin Castle have never been given freedom of action. They are like a man fighting with one hand tied behind his back. The Government are afraid of admitting publicly what every one knows, viz. that their half-hearted policy has failed. It is a policy of declaring martial law here and there, while centres of sedition and murderous plotting like Dublin are not subject to it; of arresting the subordinates, while the leaders, de Valera and the rest, are allowed their freedom; of declaring Sinn Fein an illegal

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organisation, while no attempt is made to punish any one merely for being a Sinn Feiner. This policy has failed. Life and property are more insecure in Ireland than they have been for a hundred years at least; and our brave soldiers and the equally brave Irish Constabulary are being murdered, three or four daily, not to speak of innocent and loyal civilians. The loyalist minority who gave all they could to the Empire during the war, who gave as many recruits in proportion to their numbers as any district in England, are living in intolerable fear.

Sir Hamar Greenwood has failed to redeem his promises that he would soon have murder by the throat. He has failed; and his policy should be changed. His policy is that of trying to compel the Southern Irish Nationalist to accept an Act of Parliament which no one in Ireland approves; and to do this, while it is matter of common knowledge that the Government which he represents is willing to amend it. Such a policy can only succeed if it has the sanction of overwhelming military force behind it, and this the British Parliament is unable or unwilling to provide.

Would it not be the wiser course, even now, to make a public offer to Ireland, and particularly to Southern Ireland, of as generous a nature as is possible without danger to Britain? If that fails, it may be a miserable necessity to pour more troops into Ireland and reconquer the country. But, at any rate, such drastic measures would then be understood to be inevitable. There must, in any case, be a further period of unrest in Ireland, during which the criminals who form the Irish Republican Brotherhood are gradually suppressed. To remove the soldiers or the auxiliary police now, as some politicians have suggested, would be a great wrong to the loyal population, who would then be left at the mercy of unscrupulous criminals. But it would be a great gain if the majority of Irish Nationalists, who are not all criminals, could be enlisted on the side of order; and this may perhaps yet be done if Britain can persuade them of her *bona fides* and her genuine goodwill.

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Art. 11.—THE WAR OF THE MINES.

In the voluminous annals of industrial strife, whereby the present stage of civilisation is distinguished from all others, the year 1921 will surpass all previous records —has already done so though it is but half run—not in the number of disputes, but in their magnitude and duration and in the consequent loss involved. For this invidious prominence the coal-mining industry is chiefly responsible. It does not stand alone, but it supplies by far the largest item in the account. Both in itself and by reason of its effects on industry in general the coal dispute of this year stands out as the greatest effort yet made by the forces engaged in the production of wealth to destroy their own function by turning what should be co-operation into conflict. It is the highest peak yet climbed in that particular mountain range of human folly. Other people, who have other ideals and regard the production of wealth rather as a necessary evil than as a good in itself, are free to excuse or justify and even applaud these interruptions of the process, as men find virtue in armed warfare; and those who hold that adversity is good for the soul may view national impoverishment with equanimity. But it is not open to men whose object in life is the production of wealth to defend their own failure by any such argument. Folly has many forms, as we have learnt from the witty satire of Erasmus, and for some of them much may be said; but action which defeats its own object is folly absolute. A man making for some destination who takes a road that leads elsewhere is held to be unwise or ignorant; but one who deliberately proceeds in the opposite direction is justly thought insane.

If it is argued that the object is eventually served and production advanced by these conflicts the answer is a flat denial of the fact. A school-boy tussle, a fisticuff encounter, a duel on a question of honour, may allay ill-feeling and lead to friendship, though it often does not; but in such cases the cause of quarrel is subjective, and the only method of allaying passion is an appeal to force. The object is, in fact, secured by the vindication of self-respect; nor is any material loss incurred. But

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industrial differences are objective and can be settled by other means than a trial of strength, which causes material loss to both sides and almost always leaves a legacy of bitterness on one side or on both, which keeps open a running sore to the detriment of the common interest. The object is not attained but made less attainable. In some important industries and localities there is a standing feud reaching back to old conflicts, and many disputes of to-day have their roots in former ones. A 'victory' for either side leaves the other silently determined to get its own back and watching for a favourable opportunity. The best result follows when no decisive advantage is obtained by either and the conflict ends in a standing arrangement for settling future differences. In that case the trial of strength may be said to 'clear the air,' but at a heavy cost, which might have been avoided, for it is obvious that the same arrangement might have been reached without any cessation of the work by which both parties live.

But there is no need to labour the point. The principle of conciliation, on which so much pains are spent to-day, and all the machinery of joint boards, councils, arbitration courts, public inquiries, and so forth, are a recognition of the folly of industrial strife. So, in another form, are the various theories of an ideal state from which it would be banished by removing the causes.

Yet we are witnessing to-day an unprecedented outbreak of this very folly, at a time when the nation can less afford to indulge in it than at any previous period in its history. It has crushing debts to liquidate and current expenditure to meet; it is in deeper financial waters than ever before. There is only one way out—the way of work. Other nations in a similar position have taken it; they are at work and working hard. Here less work is being done than ever before. Employment had been falling rapidly for six months prior to the coal stoppage; and by March the trade union returns, which have for many years furnished the basis of the official statistics of unemployment, reached 10 per cent., which has never been equalled in the past, since the record began, except during the coal strike of 1912. It was plain enough that

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we were sinking deeper into the hole, not rising out of it. Expenditure was increasing while the only source from which it can be met was drying up. And this was the time chosen to cease coal-getting, which could have no other effect than greatly to aggravate all the conditions of economic decline and to accelerate the process. All the parties concerned—including the Government, whose responsibility for precipitating the crisis cannot be evaded—plunged into it without any regard to the national situation or appreciation of the inevitable consequences of their action. That is clear from the subsequent change of attitude forced upon each of them by the actual circumstances which have compelled recognition.

Nor is that all. Right up to the decision of the Miners' Federation on June 10 to take a ballot, partisan spectators who had nothing to do with the quarrel stood round the ring urging on their own side with loud shouts of encouragement to keep up the fight and in no wise to give way an inch. Further, a desperate attempt was made to bring all economic activity to a standstill by a sympathetic strike of railwaymen and other transport workers, and it failed only by a hair's breadth at the last moment. The object was to compel submission to the miners' will or rather to the will of the strategists directing their policy—for they had not been consulted—by causing a complete economic collapse and making life impossible all round. The effect would have been quite different. A general strike of the 'Triple Alliance' would have bound the rest of the community together in active self-defence to resist with the utmost determination the domination of the irresponsible clique controlling the action of these large organised bodies. It was the climax of pugnacity and would have led to a sort of civil war.

The failure of the proposed Triple Alliance strike is an extremely significant fact; it set a limit to the extension of industrial strife. It was due to no action by the mine-owners or the Government, who simply made preparations to fight, but to the refusal of the other bodies to be dragged into a quarrel not their own and one entered into without consulting them. The official apologia presented to the Transport Workers'

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Federation by their Executive at the annual conference held on June 9 charged the miners quite as freely as any 'capitalist' newspaper with considering their own interests only without regard to any others, and with disunity in their own ranks.

'It was discovered,' said the Report, 'that inside the ranks of the Miners' Federation there was a lack of cohesion and a want of that unanimity which was necessary if the other three sections were not to be jeopardised. . . . The Alliance never acted as one body. The three sections sat in different rooms as three different organisations, taking their own decisions, and yet were expected to keep intact to fight the organised power of the Government and the employers.'

Yet up to the very day of the rupture the 'Labour' Press declared with an air of superior knowledge and certainty that perfect solidarity prevailed and that at 10 o'clock that night over a million workers would strike in support of the miners. We know now that there was no solidarity between the executives or even in the Miners' Federation itself. This is the official reason given by the representatives of the transport workers for abandoning the strike. But, if there was no unanimity in the higher councils, much less was there any in the rank and file, who were not consulted in any way. Mr Ernest Bevin admitted in the discussion on the Report that some of their members would not have come out; and among the railwaymen the probability of refusal was still greater. There was, in short, a revolt against the militant policy strong enough to convince the leaders of both organisations that it must be dropped. Prudence guided them, for nothing is so injurious to trade unionism as a call to strike which is disobeyed by any considerable section of members (as this would have been) or is obeyed only with reluctance. A little inquiry would have taught any one experienced in these matters that a strike order to railwaymen and transport workers would have been obeyed with extreme reluctance by a very large number and would not have been obeyed at all by considerable sections. I came to that conclusion, and was not at all surprised when the strike was called off by the leaders, who include men of great experience. In the circumstances it could not possibly have succeeded;

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and the result would have been not only a more resounding failure of the Triple Alliance than abandonment of the strike, but also disintegration in the railway and transport unions. Withdrawal kept them intact, though temporarily shaken; and the leaders responsible for that policy were wiser and truer guardians of trade unionism than those who would have wound it up too high and broken it. Its enemies, who welcomed the failure with jubilation as a blow to trade unionism, do not understand these matters.

Here, then, was a limit put to industrial strife on the labour side. It had no immediate or visible effect on the coal dispute, which was carried on with apparently unabated determination for two months afterwards; but it had a silent effect and played a part in that gradual curvature from left to right which went on beneath the surface, and led eventually to a chance of settlement through the ballot. And it was not alone. In recent months a remarkable amount of work has been done in the arrangement of differences without a rupture. The public hear nothing about it because general publicity is reserved, to suit their taste, for exciting events only. They hear of large strikes that take place but nothing of those that are averted by reason and goodwill, though they outweigh the others in volume and variety. Consequently the inveterate habit of generalising from a few instances, and even from a single one, creates a false picture of the state of things.

In spite of the great disputes which catch the eye and swell the statistics, a large change for the better has taken place in the relations of employers and employed in these difficult times. The most severe test is imposed by the onset of a trade depression entailing a reduction of wages. It is then that the most prolonged and determined disputes occur, as George Howell pointed out twenty years ago in his book on 'Labour Legislation, Labour Movements, and Labour Leaders'—an admirable record by a life-long but sober-minded and practical agitator, too little known and consulted to-day. The reason for the stubborn character of depression disputes is obvious. Wage-earners resist demands for reductions

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with greater determination than wage-payers resist demands for advances in a period of rising trade, because the latter can recoup themselves out of the market and can afford to make concessions, whereas reductions fall flat on the wage-earners, and men are ever reluctant to relinquish a standard of living attained. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that in the present exceptionally severe depression, following suddenly on a period of abnormal but artificial prosperity, so many arrangements should have been concluded by agreement. Speaking in the House of Commons on May 6, the Minister of Labour said, in reply to a question about reductions of wages:

'In nearly every case of reductions of wages affecting an industry or part of an industry—indeed I know only one to the contrary—the reductions now in force have been agreed after consultations between employers' and work-people's sides of joint industrial councils, or between associations of employers and trade unions in those trades in which no joint industrial council exists. . . . I may add that I am greatly impressed by the way in which joint industrial councils and other similar bodies have with mutual goodwill and respect reached a satisfactory settlement of these difficult and intricate questions.'

I have before me a list of more than 50 recent cases of such agreements concluded in industries of the most varied character, and affecting over two and a half million wage-earners. These facts, and many more that might be cited to the same effect, throw into stronger relief the failures, the great disputes that have not so been settled. What are the causes of the exceptional pugnacity exhibited in these cases, which stand out in such marked contrast to the more general practice and colour the situation black by reason of their prominence in the public eye, particularly in foreign countries, to the great detriment of national credit? The failure to agree cannot be attributed to lack of machinery for discussion. The two great conflicts during the last three months in the coal and cotton trades were preceded by lengthy negotiation and many joint conferences by representative bodies; and this applies also to the engineering dispute which proved very intractable. We must look elsewhere than to lack of conciliation machinery for the cause.

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This needs to be stated with emphasis because so many well-meaning but not clear-sighted persons are continually demanding more or different machinery, in which they have unbounded faith as the sovereign remedy for disagreement. Such machinery has its uses; it facilitates agreement and tends to encourage a habit of agreement; but when it is most needed it breaks down for lack of the necessary antecedent condition, which is the will to agree. No machinery and no intervention can replace this. Popular opinion — which means the newspapers—has from time to time credited some Minister or departmental official with wonderful powers of conciliation and established his reputation as a 'great conciliator.' There is this much in it, that intelligent and tactful intervention may assist opposing parties who are in their hearts prepared for agreement to get out of the difficulty of retreating from a position taken up with much show of finality, without too marked a loss of dignity; but when men are determined to fight the most ingratiating conciliator is as powerless as the best-devised machinery. The present hard cases are of this character and particularly the coal dispute, with which I am here chiefly concerned; and what we need to know in order to understand the situation is why it is so.

The mining industry has for several years been accumulating a bad reputation for industrial strife. In 1912—to go no further back—it provided the world with the greatest strike on record, previous to the present dispute, and one which required the intervention of the Legislature to bring it to an end after it had lasted for four weeks. Even then a majority of the miners voted against a resumption of work under the new Act, though not a majority sufficient to justify continuation of the strike. Yet there were then conciliation boards and an Industrial Council in existence, and negotiations had been carried on for months. That Act was the Minimum Wage Act, and it was passed to meet the demand of the Miners' Federation, formulated in October 1911, for an individual minimum wage, which should not be confused with a minimum standard. It is the first instance of a minimum wage established by

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Parliament in an industry in which the workmen are well organised and able to protect themselves.

I think that in this Act and the conditions that led up to it may be found the key to the peculiar susceptibility of the mining industry to discontent and disturbance. The demand for an individual minimum wage turned on the question of 'abnormal places,' and this gives the clue. Abnormal places are peculiar to mining; they are a particular form of the fundamental difference, imposed by Nature, between mining and other industries. No two mines are quite alike, and the differences are as wide as they are varied. Further, conditions in the same mine are continually varying, as it is worked out; and the changes are often sudden and unexpected. Seams may run thin or exceptionally thick, which require scaffolding; stone, water, or gas occur; the coal itself varies in quality and the roof in character. These variations are infinite, and they affect both owner and miner. They make mining, in which a large amount of capital must be sunk before any return is made, often for several years, highly speculative, and they cause extreme variations in earnings. This uncertainty of the returns, both to capital and labour, seems to me a root cause of the exceptional strife that distinguishes the industry. It makes both parties stand stiffly by their own, because they are never sure of what may happen next.

Of course other industries are subject to changes of fortune, and those that have to do with Nature share in some measure the character of mining. The production of wealth from the soil and from the sea is carried on under varying natural conditions, which are matters of luck, that is, beyond human control. Soil and weather and the habits of fish vary; and uncertainty does in fact tend to make employers hard and tenacious. But these occupations differ essentially from mining. The nature of the soil is a standing condition, for which allowance is made. Small variations are susceptible of modification and large ones entail corresponding differences of work, whereas in mining no modification is possible, and the work is essentially similar in character. It is the return that varies. Seasons, again, can be calculated on and allowed for within limits; what is

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bad for one crop is good for another. Luck in fishing may turn at any moment and evens itself out.

I stress the unique character of mining because I am sure that it is at the bottom of the exceptionally troubled state of the industry, which cannot be understood unless the facts are realised. About that state there is no room for doubt; it is on the record. Other industries stand out pretty frequently as fields of agitation and strife—railways, engineering, building, cotton—but the miners are always in the picture, and generally in the centre of it, while the others come and go. It was the miners who forced a Minimum Wage Act from Parliament and before that an Eight Hours' Act, which has since been superseded by a Seven Hours' Act. Yet they are always in a state of ferment, and there is no other factor to account for it but the peculiar character of the industry just indicated. They are not worse off than others, but far better than most. No class of workmen—or any other class, for the matter of that—enjoy life more. For controversial purposes they have been repeatedly held up these last two years to public commiseration as leading a wretched existence. The only ground for it is the extremely antiquated housing in certain districts, chiefly in Scotland, and the special risks attending the underground workers. Otherwise the picture is false and wholly at variance with the miners' own views of their calling. They are proud of it, very independent, and envy no man; nothing is farther from their minds than whining for pity.

Nor are they more oppressed by employers than other wage-earners, but rather less. Of course they are under orders and subject to rules and regulations, but they escape the hierarchical system of the railway, the factory, the post-office, and other public services. They have had their own representatives to speak for them in Parliament far longer than any other workmen, and they still have far more of them; they are the backbone of the Parliamentary Labour Party. 'Slaves' is a ridiculous misnomer for them. As for revolutionary propaganda, if it has gained a special hold over miners, as it has in certain areas and in a sense over their organisation as a whole, that is not because it has been directed more to their conversion than to that of others, nor because they

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are more open to specious theories or revolutionary ideas, but because of some special disability in the conditions of the industry for which those theories appear to offer a remedy. And this is none other than the wide and capricious variability described.

Its existence has been more and more clearly realised and the psychological effect more acutely felt, as the industry has grown more homogeneous by organisation. It is to be noticed that miners are always demanding legislation which tends towards uniformity of conditions or is expected to have that effect. This tendency has kept pace with the process of welding together local organisations into federations, and finally into a single one, which was consummated in 1912. The strike of that year was the united action of the whole body and the first of its kind. It took place on the question of the minimum wage, which had been brought to a head by the inequalities arising from abnormal places, as already explained. South Wales had previously become the storm centre it has been ever since, through discontent arising over this very question, and extending over several years in consequence of attempts by coal-owners to reduce costs by altering the former system of paying 'consideration' money to men working under abnormally difficult conditions, or otherwise unable to earn a standard wage through no fault of their own.

The movement towards uniform wage conditions had found particular expression at the annual conference of the Miners' Federation in 1910, when it was resolved to make every effort to secure a single conciliation board to deal with wages throughout Great Britain. Here is the policy of a national wages board, which has figured so conspicuously in the recent dispute, formally adopted eleven years ago. There were serious riots that year in the Rhondda and Aberdare Valleys in connexion with a strike on abnormal places, and one outcome of the agitation there was the celebrated Syndicalist pamphlet 'The Miners' Next Step.' The Act of 1912, following the general strike, conceded the principle of an individual district minimum, to be fixed by district boards, but not the national minimum demanded by the Federation. That is to say, the variability of conditions within each district was so far met, but that between

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districts remained; and the aspiration towards uniformity embodied in the Federation was checked at that point.

I have dealt at some length with this past history because it goes far to explain the otherwise unintelligible tenacity of the 1921 demand for a national board and a national pool. These expedients, and particularly the pool, are intended to meet the circumstances of the moment, but they are organically connected with a long-drawn movement; they are expressions of the will towards solidarity among the men engaged in this industry. Its hold on them and its intuitive character seem to me demonstrated by the ballot taken on June 15 after eleven weeks' existence on strike pay and credit. It is what literary fashion now calls an 'urge.' But, before saying anything further about the present issue, it is necessary to review briefly the interval between 1912 and 1921, the effects of the war, and the question of nationalisation.

The war affected the mining industry in many ways. Government control relieved owners of responsibility; the indispensability of coal gave enormous power to the miners, and at the same time converted the industry into a refuge from war service, of which men in other occupations took advantage in large numbers, to fill the places left vacant by the patriotic readiness of miners to join the colours. These facts account for what happened. The number of men increased, but their quality, both physical and mental, deteriorated. Hence a falling output, rising costs, and rising price of coal. Further, the Government taught the miners that they would get nothing unless they struck or threatened to strike, and then they would get anything they asked for. This lesson, which had the effect of encouraging a militant policy and depriving the moderate wing of all authority, was taught in July 1915, before the Government took control, by the strike in South Wales. The agreement of 1910 was coming to an end there and needed renewal; but the owners, doubtless influenced by the uncertain future, dallied with it and put it off until the men, convinced that they were being played with and tricked, became incensed and threatened to strike. The Government, into whose hands the owners had resigned

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negotiations, proclaimed the area under the newly passed Munitions Act, which made striking illegal; whereupon all the men immediately came out in flat defiance. The newspapers clamoured for Mr Lloyd George, the Munitions Minister, to go down in the character of a 'great conciliator' and 'settle the strike.' He did so with some colleagues, and the strike was 'settled' by their begging the miners to go back to work on their own terms.

Settlement of that sort is a simple act which any one can practise, and if it had preceded the strike it would have inspired confidence in the justice of the Government among the miners and other trade unionists, for the men were originally in the right. The mischief was that, in striking after the district had been proclaimed, they were in direct rebellion against the law; and surrender then had fatal effects. It destroyed the authority of the Government, taught the miners that they could defy the law with impunity, and get by force what was refused them in justice, and broke up the industrial truce, already shaken on the Clyde in the previous February. Gradually the lesson was assimilated by other trades, and reinforced by repetition of the process of surrendering to force what had been refused to argument. Hence the incessant trouble—demands, refusals, threats to strike, and strikes—throughout the war and afterwards, particularly in the 'indispensable' industries. Mines, as I have said, were always in the picture. Their record after 1915, expressed in numbers of men engaged in disputes and days lost, was:

	No. engaged.	Days lost.
1916	62,000	811,000
1917	280,000	1,097,000
1918	368,000	1,165,000
1919	906,000	7,441,000
1920	1,414,000	17,424,000

The figures show that the damping down of disputes from motives of patriotism gradually gave place during the war to the opposite movement, which proceeded with increasing velocity after the armistice. Mr Lloyd George had himself encouraged the trade unions to assert themselves. In May 1917 he advised a deputation from the Labour Party to be 'audacious' in demanding

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an after-war settlement. The Miners' Federation have only acted on his advice. Early in January 1919 they came to the Government and demanded an advance of 30 per cent. in wages. It was not granted, and at a special conference of the Federation was expanded into a programme including nationalisation, a six-hours' day, and some other things in addition to the 30 per cent. advance. In February a strike ballot was taken and gave a majority of six to one in favour of striking to secure these demands. Meantime Mr Lloyd George had proposed a Commission of Inquiry, and suggested that strike notices should be postponed until it reported. The Sankey inquiry followed, with results that need not be recalled. The great bone of contention was nationalisation. This is an old demand of Socialist origin, but it had undergone considerable modification. The bulk of the miners are not Socialists; and, if they supported nationalisation, it was not for the sake of the principle, but because it meant unification and lay in line with the general movement explained above. But the old formula of nationalisation, involving State ownership and control, had begun to give way to the Syndicalist idea of the mines for the miners ten years ago; and the war experience of Government control greatly increased the distrust of bureaucracy. So nationalisation assumed a different form. Private ownership was to go and mines and minerals were to be vested in the State, but the industry was to be run by those engaged in it—in brief, the Guild idea. This was embodied in a Bill brought forward in 1919.

The chief effect of the Sankey Commission was to harden antagonism between the miners and mine-owners, or at least between their representative bodies. Beyond securing an immediate advance of wages it was barren of practical results. The Government have been bitterly reproached and charged with breach of faith for not giving effect to the Chairman's scheme of nationalisation; but no promise was given on this head, and if it had been Parliament would not have endorsed it. The conduct of the inquiry, which became a theatre for the display of personalities, animosities, and social theories, had made an extremely unfavourable impression on the general public; and the discordant Reports it produced

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carried no weight. This was reflected in the failure of the campaign subsequently undertaken by the miners' leaders to win popular support for nationalisation, which met with a very chilly reception. Nor were they much more successful with the Trades Union Congress, which decisively rejected the policy of striking for this object. They accepted the verdict, for the time being at least, and fell back on the old policy of demanding more wages, but found their power diminished and the Government less squeezable. Hence the strike of last autumn, which secured only a conditional advance. The agreement then entered into provided for a sliding scale to regulate wages up to the end of last March and bound the parties to prepare by that date a scheme for their permanent adjustment.

This led up to the present crisis, which was precipitated by the sudden decision of the Government to ante-date decontrol, which had not been expected before the end of August, and to substitute the end of March. Owners and miners had been trying to prepare a scheme and had made progress towards agreement, but decontrol necessitated an immediate adjustment in the difficult circumstances caused by the economic position of the industry, which had undergone a complete and unforeseen change. The bottom had fallen out of the market; the export trade was gone and the home trade failing. Consumers had at last revolted against the reckless exploitation to which they had been subjected in the pursuit of profits and high wages, and the industry was being carried on at loss. The owners were therefore faced by the problem of reducing the cost of production, as the Government flatly refused to continue subsidising the trade with public money, and they proposed to do so by drastic cuts in wages. This necessitated the termination of the existing contracts by notices to take effect at the end of March. The Executive Committee of the Miners' Federation responded by issuing general instructions to all members to let the notices take effect, which meant to treat them as dismissals and not accept employment on the new terms which had been offered.

So the stoppage began. It would be tedious and serve no useful purpose to follow the tortuous course

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of the subsequent abortive negotiations in detail. They resulted in certain modifications of the position at first taken up by all the parties. The Government relented about the subsidy so far as to offer 'assistance, either by loan or otherwise, during a short period, in order to mitigate the rapid reduction in wages in the districts most severely affected,' provided that an arrangement was reached between owners and miners as to the rate of wages, 'fixed on an economic basis.' This eventually became the offer of a grant of 10,000,000*l.*, open until June 18. The owners, for their part, modified their terms, until the proposed cut in wages was brought down to a uniform reduction of 2*s.* a shift. The miners, too, yielded ground. They dropped the demand for the prolonged subsidisation of the industry from public funds, admitted the necessity of a reduction of wages, and at one time gave intimations that one of 2*s.* a week would be accepted. The Executive even began to waver about the national pool, which had all along been the great stumbling-block, and had at first prevented even the discussion of wages. These changes justified expectations of peace, when the Executive decided to take a ballot on June 15, because the public had been repeatedly informed from many quarters, including miners and trade union officials, that what the men really cared about was wages, not the pool, which they did not understand.

The result of the ballot completely negatived these hopes and calculations. The issue was so posed on the papers that there was no evading it. The men were asked to vote either for continuing the fight for the national wages board and the national pool with loss of the Government grant, or for returning to work on the terms offered. They cast 435,614 votes for continuing the fight and 180,724 for accepting the terms, which gives a majority of 254,890 for the former course, or 25,000 in excess of the two-thirds majority declared by the Executive as necessary to continue the fight. Moreover, there was a majority in every district for that alternative. No argument for discounting the value of the ballot can get past this result. The wiser course is to accept and try to understand it.

The pool was once more put right in the heart of the

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struggle, and that by the miners themselves, not by their representatives. And the pool stands for exactly the same principle as the national minimum did in 1912. Instead of the individual discrepancies caused by abnormal places, which led to that struggle, we have to-day the district discrepancies caused by the economic position; and they have been universally admitted to be indefensible. The object of the pool is to fill up those discrepancies, so far as may be, and level the status of men doing similar work. The motive is identical, and this ballot shows the extraordinary hold it has on the men. Nor can any one say that it is not a laudable motive. It may be unwise or impracticable from an economic point of view—that is a matter for argument—but its root is a fellow-feeling. Why are the owners, and the Government with them, so immovably opposed to anything of the kind, that rather than even consider it they are willing to enter upon and indefinitely keep up this suicidal conflict which is bleeding the country white?

One motive, probably the most powerful though not the most fundamental, is the conviction that the demand for a pool is merely a cloak for ulterior and revolutionary designs, for nationalisation and the abolition of Capitalism at large. They have grounds for that conviction. The Left Wing have never concealed their revolutionary goal, but have proclaimed it from the house-tops; and the Sankey inquiry left no doubt about the campaign. The owners and the Government believe that to yield on the matter of the pool is to open the door which the revolutionary element has been unsuccessfully trying to force. For otherwise the owners cannot be charged with a dogged conservatism or resistance to change. The scheme they put forward before decontrol is a most remarkable innovation which puts the economic relations of employers and employed on an entirely new footing. It embodied the principles of a standard wage, to be the first charge on the industry and not subject to any automatic reduction; a standard profit bearing a fixed relation to the aggregate wages paid; the division of further profits between owners and men in a fixed proportion; and a joint audit of accounts to ascertain the data for determining these amounts.

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The full bearing of these proposals, which the Miners' Federation accepted in outline, though disagreeing on the precise percentages, has never been appreciated or explained to the men. But no less an authority than Mr. Frank Hodges paid the scheme a striking tribute at the Board of Trade Conference on April 28.

'It is,' he said, 'the most far-reaching proposal that has been made in modern industry, and had it not been for the fact that it is related to districts instead of related to the national trade, that proposal would in itself have removed from our men's minds much of the suspicion, doubt, and irritation that exists now; for whatever happens in the future we should know to a penny how much profits the trade was going to give up and how much wages the workmen were going to receive. Both parties would have concentrated upon reducing the costs of production to the lowest possible point; they would have had something to stimulate them to the greatest possible efficiency, so as to have had the largest possible balance between cost and price for division between the parties. It would have worked automatically; we would have had no strikes and stoppages about it; the revenue and income and expenditure would have been ascertained quarter by quarter, and the national trade would have moved on for many years to come in an atmosphere of complete quietness and, I think, prosperity.'

Employers of labour who propounded a scheme so described by the chief spokesman of the Miners' Federation cannot be called reactionary. Yet they were willing to wreck the fair prospect by insistence on the district basis; for there is little doubt that had they conceded the national basis the miners would have been in a mood to settle the minor details without difficulty. The adamantine refusal even to look at the national basis can be accounted for only by fear that it concealed further designs; for there is nothing in the thing itself to justify such absolute opposition. The economic arguments against the pool, which would be a partial application of the national principle for a specific purpose, are quite inadequate; and the exaggerated terms in which they have been advanced show it. A strong case needs no such support. Any one might suppose that such a thing as a pool had never been heard of before, and that unrestricted competition was

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the order of the day; whereas there has never been unrestricted competition, and the order of the day is the formation of various sorts of pools. The mine-owners themselves are always forming combines, which are complete pools; and the same process is going on in all mature and highly-developed industries, especially in the countries that are beating us. It makes for economy and efficiency and steadies the market. The German coal syndicate is a conspicuous example. Twenty-eight years ago, in 1893, Sir George Elliot, who was quite as good a business man and knew as much about coal as any living mine-owner, proposed to amalgamate all the collieries in the kingdom into one concern, with a scheme of adjusting wages and profits very similar to the present one; and his purpose was to prevent the recurrence of the great disputes of that year. The three independent business men on the Sankey Commission recommended unification of the industry. In the face of all this it is impossible to maintain that there is anything impracticable or economically ruinous in pooling or amalgamation. The immovable opposition to it, endorsed by the Government, rests on other grounds, on fear of the designs behind it; and for this fear the revolutionary element among the miners and their supporters outside are responsible. The miners, on their side, fear corresponding designs to 'smash the Federation' entertained by the Mining Association. And for this fear the militant wing of the mine-owners and their supporters outside are responsible. So it is to these pugnacious spirits on both sides, who provide each with ammunition, that we owe this stupendous piece of folly, which really is the way to 'shatter the entire fabric of British industry,' as some one in an excited moment said of the pool. If the sane and sober men, who know that they must live at peace with their neighbours or all perish together, do not assert themselves, that will be the end.

A. SHADWELL.

[Since these words were passed for press such offices as they advocate have been successfully asserted, and the coal dispute is at an end. May its severe and serious lessons not be forgotten by workmen, or employers, or the nation at large!]

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Art. 12.—THE GERMANS IN BELGIUM.

1. *The German Army in Belgium: The White Book of May* 1915. Translated by E. N. Bennett. With a Foreword on Military Reprisals in Belgium and Ireland. Swarthmore Press, 1921.
2. *Royaume de Belgique. Réponse au Livre Blanc Allemand.* Paris: Berger-Levrault, 1916.
3. *L'Armée Allemande à Louvain. Deux Mémoires publiés par les soins du Gouvernement Belge.* Port-Villez (Seine et Oise), 1917.

WHATEVER may be thought of the value or the desirability of the proceedings against individual 'war criminals,' there can be no doubt that, in regard to the German people, and even the German army, at large, most Englishmen are willing to let bygones be bygones. No good purpose is served by deliberately dragging to the front hideous memories that are receding into the background of our minds. We are willing to hope that, in the school of adversity, Germans are learning to look with critical eyes upon that 'Furor Teutonicus' in which, at the outset of the war, they openly gloried, magnifying and inflaming it both in prose and verse.

But Mr E. N. Bennett, the translator of 'The German Army in Belgium,' is not content to let bygones be bygones. He must needs rake up the ghastly story of August 1914, in order to claim our approval for the German action. His book is a complete translation of the White Book, 'Die völkerrechtswidrige Führung des belgischen Volkskriegs,' published in May 1915. He gives us the text without a word of criticism or comment. His personal contribution to the volume consists of a preface of eight pages, in which he maintains that, barring 'certain instances' in which the Germans exercised their right of reprisal 'with unreasonable severity and without adequate discrimination,' nothing happened in Belgium that was in the least discreditable to 'probably the most sternly disciplined and best educated soldiers in the world.' He complains that the British Government ungenerously suppressed the disculpatory evidence which he here presents to English readers. The complaint is justified, though not precisely

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on the ground he suggests. It is amazing that the British authorities did not publish and annihilate the White Book. The task, though tedious, would not have been difficult, for the German defence is incredibly feeble. It has been pulverised by the Belgian Government in several publications. One of these, 'L'Armée allemande à Louvain,' apparently unknown to Mr Bennett, translates the German evidence in full, and tears it to shreds in an absolutely masterly and conclusive fashion. But the Belgian publications were too voluminous for the general reader. It was difficult, indeed, to display very briefly the abounding inconsistencies, incredibilities, and absurdities of the White Book, especially as a large mass of collateral German evidence had also to be taken into account. Still, it would have been possible, within reasonable compass, to make the White Book look extremely foolish; and, if this had been done at the right time, it would certainly have been worth doing.

Two pages of Mr Bennett's 'Foreword' are devoted to extracts from Belgian (and Dutch ?) papers, supposed to prove the reality of the alleged franc-tireur attacks. These quotations were among the prize exhibits of German propaganda. They prove that, during the first four days of the stupendous calamity which had befallen the nation (the latest extract is dated Aug. 8), some Belgians were willing to believe, and some newspapers to print, the wild rumours which filled the air. It is natural that the Germans should make capital of them as indications of a state of mind; but the specific incidents related are demonstrably lies, and the Germans themselves make no effort to substantiate them. For instance, a paper of Aug. 6 stated that the population of Visé offered a 'vigorous resistance' to the advancing Germans, who 'completely destroyed the town.' Now it is true that, in a drunken frenzy, they completely destroyed the town—but not till ten days later. When they entered Visé they met with practically no resistance and did little or no damage. A paper of Aug. 8 relates a story of a German officer assembling the inhabitants around him and addressing to them a pacific oration, at the close of which 'a shot suddenly fired at him caused him to fall dead to the ground.' This story went the round of the

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German press, generally located, not at Visé, but at some unnamed village, and with the addition that the populace were surrounded by a hollow square of German soldiers. Does it not strike Mr Bennett as remarkable that the White Book should make no allusion to an incident like this, for which, had it ever occurred, a crowd of witnesses could have been cited? The smallest investigation of these extracts from the Belgian press would have shown him that they were merely specimens of the lies which (in the absence of authentic news) filled all the papers of the world during those four days of consternation and bewilderment. If he thought them worth citing, he ought in common fairness to have cited as well the instant and energetic steps taken by the Belgian Government to forbid civilian participation in the fighting, and to secure the surrender of firearms.

Mr Bennett's careful abstention from any critical examination of the German evidence is proved by the fact that he has not even followed it on the map. He says: 'The White Book does not cover more than the incidents which occurred at Dinant, Aerschot, Andenne, Louvain, *and the neighbourhood of Visé.*' This remark he somewhat amends by heading the first section of the book (Appendices 2–66), 'Down the Eastern Frontier.' As a matter of plain fact, these Appendices refer neither to the neighbourhood of Visé in particular nor to the eastern frontier, but to villages and small towns all over the country—for instance, to villages around Namur, to Lessines (thirty miles west of Brussels), and to Deynze, Staden, and Roulers, within a few miles of the North Sea.

In his attempt to discredit the evidence presented to the Bryce Committee, Mr Bennett emphasizes the fact that it was not given upon oath. He seems to imagine that the White Book contains nothing but sworn testimony; but this is far from being the case. In the section relating to the villages, for example, 103 witnesses in all are produced, and of these only 43 are sworn. Something like the same proportion probably obtains throughout the book. A great part of the unsworn evidence consists of mere extracts from regimental reports, in which the writers may occasionally speak as

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eye-witnesses, but are as a rule merely retailing the alleged experiences of others. Not one witness seems to have been subjected to any cross-examination; whereas the witnesses who appeared before the Bryce Committee were cross-examined by experienced lawyers. Even a superficial reader, in fact, must be struck by the constant failure in the White Book to distinguish between first-hand and hearsay evidence, as well as by the way in which the 'Zusammenfassender Bericht' prefixed to each section misquotes and misrepresents the statements it professes to summarise. But Mr Bennett is blind to all shortcomings. In his eyes everything that the (German) soldier says is evidence.

It is manifestly impossible within the limits of a single article to examine minutely even a tithe of the statements put forth in some 300 closely printed pages; but it is possible to make some general observations which seem to have escaped Mr Bennett. The typical picture presented by the German story is that of great bodies of men advancing in column of route, and fiercely assailed, in every second village they passed through, by sharpshooters concealed in the houses that lined the roadway. If these accounts were true, the expression 'Belgian Folk-War' employed on the cover of the White Book would not be at all exaggerated. But the first thing that strikes the attentive reader is that this is an almost bloodless war on the German side; it is the savage Belgians, not the 'defenceless' and 'unsuspecting' Germans, who are massacred. The first section of the White Book deals with events in 51 villages. We are constantly told that the advancing columns are received with 'lively fire,' 'violent fire,' 'particularly violent fire,' 'fire from all sides,' 'a general fusillade,' 'murderous fire,' 'a raging rifle-fire,' and so forth; but it is by the rarest exception that any one is injured. The total casualty-list for these 51 villages is 14 killed, 29 wounded, and three missing. To these must be added three cases of indeterminate loss: 'we had killed and wounded,' 'we lost several men, including officers,' 'a considerable number were wounded.' The disparity between cause and effect sometimes strikes the Germans themselves, who explain that the Belgians were fortunately poor

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marksmen, or that they were so cowardly that, instead of exposing themselves at the windows, they fired from the middle of their rooms and, consequently, could not take aim. We are constantly assured, indeed, that these misguided patriots who, in the face of the most ghastly warnings, insisted on uselessly sacrificing not only their own lives, but the lives of their families and neighbours, habitually took up positions from which it was almost impossible to make good shooting and equally difficult for them to escape. The post usually assigned them is a 'Dachluke,' which Mr Bennett translates 'roof-window,' but which seems in some cases to mean a hole in the roof made by the removal of tiles. Could a more disadvantageous position be selected for firing into a village street? And why should men who knew they were throwing away their lives do their best to make their heroism vain?

Before attempting any solution of this mystery, let us look at a still more surprising feature of the German story. When the cry of 'Man hat geschossen!' was raised, the almost invariable procedure was to set about the 'Säuberung' (clearing out) of the houses whence shots were supposed to have proceeded. Soldiers rushed in, breaking open the doors, and, with the butt-ends of their rifles, drove all the hapless inmates into the street. Now this would appear to be a service of the extremest danger. The houses were, by hypothesis, held by armed and desperate men, who, knowing that massacre awaited them, would be sure to sell their lives dearly. However poor shots they might be, they could not fail to account for one or two of a gang of soldiers breaking into a cottage room. Will it be believed that in all the 300 pages of German evidence scarcely a case is recorded of effective resistance to the 'Säuberung' process—in the whole village section, not a single case? What can we possibly conclude from this except that the desperados were not armed? In some cases it is stated that arms were found upon them; but this is often the mere assumption of some one reporting from hearsay. In a good many cases it is said that ammunition was found, but not firearms—as though a rifle could easily be spirited away, but tell-tale cartridges were stubborn things. Can any one conjecture why the lion-hearted

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patriots of Belgium should lose all their courage the moment their houses were entered, and should let themselves be led like lambs to the slaughter?

Another curious point must be noted in this connexion. Not infrequently, it is alleged that the francs-tireurs used machine-guns, placed either in their houses or in church towers; but these machine-guns do no execution, and in no single case is it even alleged that they are discovered and seized in the course of the 'Säuberung.' Here is an instance: Lieutenant von Lindeiner relates that at a time when the street of the village of Tintigny was 'blocked' by German troops, fire was opened upon them from 'all the windows' of a side street, and adds, 'I am also convinced that I noticed a machine-gun served by civilians at the first-floor of a house some twenty paces from myself.' We shudder to think of the carnage which must have been caused by a machine-gun pumping lead at twenty paces into a dense and stationary mass of soldiers; but the lieutenant's next sentence relieves us: 'I observed with my own eyes that a considerable number of our soldiers were wounded by this fire.' Was there ever such an anti-climax? Yet this is the sort of evidence which impresses Mr Bennett.

'But, after all,' it may be said, 'whatever the exaggerations and inaccuracies of the German stories, they cannot all be without foundation. We cannot but believe that, in most of the cases recorded, there was at any rate a certain amount of shooting.' Yes, there was; but the question is, Who fired the shots? It is sometimes maintained from the Belgian side that not a single franc-tireur existed; but this is to go too far. It is very probable that here and there an isolated sportsman or gamekeeper may have yielded to the temptation to have a shot from behind a hedge, or from the margin of a wood, at a passing swarm of invaders. But very few of the incidents alleged in the White Book are of this type. The great majority imply concerted action by a considerable number of men in situations whence escape was obviously difficult, and where, even if the actual aggressors escaped, their action would call down summary vengeance on their families and neighbours. The antecedent improbability of such madness is

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enormous.* There is, however, a certain amount of independent evidence to show that some stragglers or deserters from the Belgian army put on civilian clothes, but retained their arms, and fired, or might be reasonably suspected of firing, upon the Germans. This was, of course, an indefensible stupidity; and the action of such fools may account for the origin of some of the incidents recorded. But in no case is guilt clearly brought home to such a malefactor; and in most cases any theory based upon the action of isolated individuals is ruled out by the nature of the circumstances described.

If, then, we deny that Belgian action is responsible for more than a small percentage of the incidents related, to what do we ascribe the origin of the great majority of these terrible occurrences?† Partly to deliberate German villainy (even Mr Bennett admits 'the existence in all conscript armies of brutal and criminal types, not confined to the rank and file'), but mainly to the uncontrollable nervousness of swarms of wholly unseasoned soldiers, brought up on the franc-tireur legends of 1870, and fed by the German press,

* The effective franc-tireur wars of history—the Peninsular War, the Tyrolese War, *and the German Befreiungskrieg of* 1813—have all consisted of operations against comparatively small invading forces in practically unlimited, thinly peopled, and generally mountainous territory. In Belgium the conditions were exactly reversed—the invading armies enormous, the country very small, densely peopled, and comparatively poor in natural cover and places of refuge. To attempt a franc-tireur war in such a country would have been madness. It is not suggested, of course, that the Belgian populace were alive to these historic and strategic considerations; but they were not devoid of plain common sense. And the strategic considerations must at any rate have been present to the Belgian Government, whom the Germans, in spite of conclusive evidence, persistently accused of arming and inciting the 'francs-tireurs.'

† The following pages, and this argument as a whole, are founded on a minute study of those sections of the White Book which relate to the villages, to Aerschot, to Andenne, and to Louvain. The section relating to Dinant has not been studied with similar intensity, and remarks relating to other places may not be equally applicable to events in that town. The German evidence regarding it is very confused and full of incredible details; but it seems, on the whole, not entirely incredible that some of the inhabitants took a hand in the fighting. Whether their doing so went any way towards justifying the hideous barbarities of the German action is a totally different matter. German apologists have been allowed to assume too easily that any Belgian civilians who took up arms were rightly treated as outlaws and bandits. Even if the facts of the German case could be established, the majority of the German reprisals might easily be shown to be entirely disallowed by the Hague Conventions.

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from the very first days of the war, with the most monstrous lies as to Belgian brutalities and barbarities. Of the extreme jumpiness of these young men, and the way in which they marched with the finger on the trigger, we have ample German and neutral evidence. The moment one or two shots were heard of which the origin was not instantly apparent, the cry of 'Man hat geschossen!' was raised, and the German soldiers began shooting at random—often from the windows of houses in which they had taken up their quarters. The reason why the casualties of the 'Folk-War' were so trifling was that almost all the 'Schiesserei' of which we hear so much was the mere blazing-away of uncontrollable panic. In the overwhelming majority of cases, few Germans were hit because no German was aimed at. One reason, among others, why little or nothing of the same sort of thing occurred in France was that, by the time they reached the French frontier, the raw conscripts were becoming seasoned soldiers.

Let us briefly substantiate this account of the matter, relying, except where otherwise stated, on German evidence alone. That the franc-tireur legend of 1870 had a strong hold on the German mind is evident from the fact that the lies—the officially-admitted lies—which burgeoned in the German press in the early days of the war almost all took the classical forms of forty years earlier. For instance, it was one of the accepted features of the legend that the village curés were foremost in organising sharpshooters; and in the fictions of 1914 that part was duly assigned to the Belgian priests. But this did not at all suit the German Catholics; and an association of priests in Cologne set themselves to investigate the stories in which their brethren of the cloth were concerned. The results of their inquiry were collected in a little book edited by Father Duhr, S.J., under the title of 'Der Lügengeist im Völkerkrieg.' Story after story these clerics submitted to the Ministry of War, asking if it could be confirmed; on story after story the official comment was, 'The inquiry has not furnished proof in support of the facts mentioned,' or words to that effect. Not one of the stories submitted could be substantiated. The press swarmed, too, with tales of 'harpies of the battle-field' cutting off ring

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fingers and gouging out eyes. A boy was reported to have been found carrying a pail filled entirely with human eyes; and there were said to be several hospitals in Germany with rooms specially devoted to unhappy wretches who had been maliciously blinded. On inquiry, the boy vanished into thin air; and the doctors of the hospitals in question wrote denying that any cases of gouged-out eyes had come to their knowledge. All these stories, which proceeded either from soldiers' letters or from the talk of wounded men returned to Germany, afford convincing evidence of the frame of mind in which the army crossed the frontier.

How the harpy-legend haunted the German mind in the years immediately preceding the war may be seen from two novels by a certain Walter Bloem, published in 1912, which were said to have been the favourite family reading of the Emperor. This may have been a publisher's puff; but the first of them, 'The Iron Year,' attained a sale of 160,000 copies, while the second, 'People against People,' ran it hard with a sale of 130,000. 'The Iron Year' is of course 1870. Herr Bloem shows us his hero lying wounded, one moonlight night, on a battlefield in Alsace, while close to him lies a dying man with a gold ring on his finger. Presently 'three shadowy figures, just dimly visible, come gliding over the field. . . . Who are they? Ambulance men?'

'Then the recumbent man saw, plainly saw, one of the bent figures clutch some silvery, glittering thing, a knife-blade, and dig it into the hand close to the golden glint. Ah! it was a ring, and those beasts were after the finger with the ring. "Hyenas of the battle-field." The phrase shot mechanically through his mind. Then they really did exist!'

The hero gives a wild yell of horror and the hyenas take flight, leaving behind them a sack half filled with miscellaneous plunder, including 'fingers without number, rigid fingers with poor little rings on them.' Such a passage as this gives us the key to the mentality which could invent and believe the following paragraph from an article describing the prisoners' camp at Münster, which went the round of the Berlin papers:

'A large number of Belgian civilians are also detained here. . . . These are the beasts that shot from the houses

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on our unsuspicious troops, and, before the arrival of the German armies, had already committed all sorts of atrocities on German citizens. *Even on their arrival in Münster, hacked-off fingers with rings were found upon these monsters.*' (Quoted by Father Duhr.)

We cannot actually cite a pre-war precedent for the pailful of eyes, but it is only a trifling variation upon the 'harpy' or 'hyena' motif. Herr Walter Bloem, it may be added, gave full instructions in 'People against People' (sale, 130,000) as to how francs-tireurs were to be treated. In two different scenes he drew gloating pictures of hussars with men and women roped together behind them, trotting along at such a pace that their victims' 'tongues hung out of their throats,' and of course shooting or hanging them at the end of the merry ride. These novels, be it noted, were not satires upon militarism, but high-spirited, jovial pictures of a 'frischer, fröhlicher Krieg.'

Of the ungovernable nervousness of the German troops we have masses of evidence. They were on the jump even before they left the soil of the Fatherland. A lady named Nanny Lambrecht contributed to the 'Kölnische Zeitung' of Aug. 10 a lyrical description of the army marching through Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) in which there occurs this significant passage:

'Shots in the evening air! A raging tumult springs up. French aviators? The noise rumbles away into the shadowy distance. Alarm! Alarm!'

The suggestion of French aviators is of course absurd, and the writer herself does not pretend to believe it. Her words prove that, even marching through their own country, the raw soldiers could not refrain from letting off their rifles, and were thrown into a 'raging tumult' by the sound. If Aachen had happened to be a Belgian town, it would very likely have shared the sanguinary celebrity of Louvain and Aerschot.

Felix Marschner, a writer of ability, in his 'Mit der 23 Reserve-Division durch Belgien und Frankreich,' relates how, on his first night in Belgium, he was placed as sentry on a bridge near Rettigny. 'Suddenly a shot cracked through the night. . . . Then a second, and a third! Franc-tireurs!' There was a great hubbub, with

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orders and counter-orders, and 'the affair seemed to be growing serious.' But presently the hubbub died down, and its cause was ascertained: 'A couple of oxen had been shot at, that were wandering around in the dark, and failed to give the password.' A quite natural, characteristic incident. As it did not actually occur in a village, and as the officers kept their heads, there were no fatal results. But how often must similar incidents have been repeated under conditions which converted the comedy into tragedy! The same author, on the following day, witnessed the punishment of some francs-tireurs, but he knew of their offence only by hearsay. This is a constant characteristic of the evidence to be gathered from independent German witnesses; it proves the obsession under which the army laboured, but not the crimes of its victims. Herr Marschner, however, was not devoid of the critical spirit. In describing a bivouac on this second day, he writes:

'The scene on the field was a very lively one, and still livelier the exchange of opinions between comrade and comrade. The most uncanny rumours as to Belgian atrocities made the rounds; conjectures hardened into facts; trifling incidents swelled, at the touch of personal fantasy, into horrible occurrences.'

Here is a no less illuminating episode from 'Als Adjutant durch Frankreich und Belgien' by one Otto von Gottberg. The narrator is passing through a Belgian village with a company of cyclists:

'Sullen faces regarded us from a few of the windows, with the expression of people looking on at an execution. "Our friends are on the look-out for us," says a cyclist. "Shall I have a shot at the fat one?" asks a second, and points to a particularly disagreeable-looking fellow who is staring at us. Our company had come to realise that the burghers of Belgium were not to be trusted.'

It does not appear that in this instance the German warrior was encouraged to murder 'den Dicken' whose countenance misliked him; but what was to be expected of an army animated by such a spirit?

The franc-tireur obsession took the quaintest and craziest forms. A Landwehr captain named Höcker, in his book, 'An der Spitze meiner Compagnie,' relates how

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he found the inhabitants of certain villages around Liège busied in the manufacture of parts of rifles and revolvers. Any guide-book could have told him that Liège was famous for its small-arms factories, and that the preparation of parts had long been a source of prosperity for the surrounding communes; but of course he concluded that the village industry was established solely for the arming of francs-tireurs. This, however, was only to be expected; it is in a corollary to his theorem that Captain Höcker outsoars his fellow-monomaniacs. He observed in these villages a number of carrier-pigeons, and having ordered the capture of one of these sinister fowls, he noted that it bore a stamp upon its left wing. 'There is not the least doubt,' he says solemnly, 'that these pigeons were intended to convey information to the franc-tireur bands, in and around Liège, as to the progress of the rifle-making.' It does not need the Belgian assurance that pigeon-racing is a popular sport in these regions to enable us to estimate the sheer idiocy of the gallant captain's inference.

The White Book itself contains some almost as absurd instances of the obsession. At Gouvy, a station close to the Luxemburg frontier, cases are found in the goods-shed containing 300 Browning pistols. What makes the matter more alarming is that the station-master has denied the possession of arms. Any one knowing the staple manufacture of Liège would naturally assume that the pistols were consigned to some place in Central Europe, and held up at this frontier station owing to the stoppage of traffic. This is the completely satisfactory Belgian account of the incident. The pistols were in transit to Switzerland; and it is added that the stationmaster, having nothing to do with the storage of merchandise, might quite well be unaware of their existence.

Again, at the town-hall of Acoz are found 'some hundreds of guns and cartridges in packets. Each packet bore a label with the name of the townsman to whom they were assigned.' Read 'the townsman who had, in obedience to the proclamation, given up his arms and ammunition,' and we have the only sane and tenable account of the matter. Had the authorities been

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distributing ammunition, who can conceive them labelling each package, like a Christmas present, with the name of the recipient? The case of Acoz is one of scores which seem to show that Mr Bennett must have chloroformed his critical faculty in order not to perceive the hopeless insufficiency of the German evidence. Here his partisanship even betrays him into a positive mistranslation. Among the reasons alleged for the shooting of the parish priest, Mr Bennett gives the following: 'There was found on the priest an invoice for the receipt of an English revolver,' whatever that may mean. The German, on the other hand, is perfectly plain: 'Eine Quittung über einen abgegebenen englischen Revolver'—'a receipt for an English revolver which had been given up.' It seems to have been as criminal in German eyes to give up weapons as to retain them.

Let us now state briefly the conclusions to which careful study has led us. In a good many cases the shots attributed to francs-tireurs came in reality from Belgian or French soldiers engaged in the immediate neighbourhood of the incriminated village. In some cases (there is reason to think) the back-firing of an engine, the bursting of a tyre, or some similar incident of mechanical traction, occasioned a panic and random shooting. But in the great majority of instances the mischief arose from the simple fact that thousands of the invading hordes were really unfit to be entrusted with firearms. One or two would let off their rifles inadvertently or in sheer wantonness; others would follow suit; and instantly every house or thicket in the neighbourhood would be peopled with ghostly sharpshooters, conjured up out of the child-like credulity with which the whole army accepted the franc-tireur legend, and the monstrous fables which (as we have seen) it engendered in the very first hours of the war. Drunkenness and the lust of pillage also played a very large part. Even Mr Bennett cannot quite blind himself to the enormous mass of evidence (much of it in German handwriting) for the gross inebriety prevailing among 'the most sternly disciplined and best educated soldiers in the world.' Now this prevailing alcoholism would have four main effects: (1) It would tend to multiply

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mistakes, confusions, and inadvertent or panicky discharges of firearms. (2) It would inhibit the critical sense, and enhance the dominion of the franc-tireur superstition over credulous and agitated minds. (3) It would render the half-drunken soldiers peculiarly incompetent witnesses as to the nature and order of events. (4) It would supply a motive for deliberate lying, in order to cloak the fact that, on this or that occasion, a witness and his comrades had not been responsible.

Mr Bennett cannot but have noticed that the White Book contains not a single admission of mistake or misconduct on the part of a single German soldier. It records, with almost pathetic naïveté, some six or eight cases in which Germans acted with common humanity, and for the rest it assumes as a matter of course the perfect sobriety and chivalry of every German soldier. In other words, it presents a deliberately cooked case, designed for the consumption, not only of neutral countries, but of the home-grown idealists, the pastors and professors, the wives and mothers, to whom life would not be worth living if they doubted the immaculate virtue and honour of the German hosts. It may be said, of course, that no one is obliged to incriminate himself; but, when a litigant voluntarily enters the witness-box, he must tell some approach to the whole truth, or submit to being called a liar. Quite possibly the authorities in Berlin did not fully realise how false the evidence was. Like Mr Bennett, they may, by dint of keeping their critical faculty in strict abeyance, have persuaded themselves that it was in the main true. But in their heart of hearts they must have suspected the tragi-comic difference between the German soldier of patriotic fancy and the actual German soldier as he went carousing and murdering, pillaging and burning, through Belgium. It was only in human nature that they should seek to disguise this difference; and Mr Bennett's book unfortunately proves that it is in English human nature to do its best to be deceived by the disguise.

One can understand his being taken in by some of the stories relating to the villages; but that he should accept as even superficially plausible the sections devoted to Aerschot, Andenne, and Louvain, passes all comprehension. The White Book alone, without the smallest

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reference to Belgian evidence, is sufficient to assure a careful reader that the Burgomaster of Aerschot, his son, his brother, and 152 other citizens were foully murdered. The case of Andenne is equally atrocious. As for Louvain, it is inconceivable that an Englishman can translate without comment, and as if he believed it, such evidence as that of Captain Karl Friedrich von Esmarch and several other heroes of the night of massacre. The masterly Belgian Grey Book 'L'Armée allemande à Louvain' merely completes the destruction of the manifestly tottering fabric of delusion and mendacity presented in the White Book. Only on one point is the Belgian story inacceptable. The writers are determined to believe that the German outbreak was a planned and purposeful piece of terrorism; but of that there is no adequate evidence. In all probability it arose from a fortuitous panic. Here, as at Aerschot and elsewhere, the moment the Germans saw shots proceeding from the houses, they assumed that 'Belgian beasts' were attacking them. They forgot that, in Louvain at any rate, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of German soldiers were quartered upon the population.

A word must be said as to the alleged 'Belgian Atrocities' for which the White Book produced 16 witnesses. Three are officers, who speak (two of them from hearsay) of comparatively unimportant outrages. The remaining thirteen are non-commissioned officers or privates who report ghastly and abominable mutilations of the eye-gouging type, crimes of the class with which rumour was busy in the early days of the war, and which always melted away on investigation. Now as to the evidence of these thirteen soldiers, it must surely strike even Mr Bennett as strange that not one of them called an officer's attention to his hideous discovery, and that not one of the mutilated men was brought, alive or dead, to a hospital or dressing-station, where his injuries could be medically examined, described, and attested. Here is one of the more quotable cases. Musketeer Paul Blankenburg declares:

'I myself saw girls of some 8 or 10 years of age busying themselves with severely wounded men in the Belgian village [unnamed]. The girls had steel instruments in their hands—

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but they were not knives or scissors—and with these instruments, which were sharp on one side, they busied themselves among the wounded. We took the instruments from them. The wounded had fresh wounds on their ears, from which the lobes and upper portions had evidently been just cut off. One of the wounded told me that he had been mutilated by the girls in the way here described.'

The mysterious instrument is not produced; not one of the earless victims is summoned to speak for himself; not one of them came within the cognisance of a surgeon. The whole incident, which, if it occurred, must have been known to a large number of people, rests upon the evidence of one musketeer. Who can doubt that the man has simply been retailing, as a personal experience, one of the old 'hyenas of the battle-field' stories, and, being brought to book about it, has gallantly sworn to a statement which he doubtless believed to be true, except for the trifling detail that he had converted an *on dit* into a *chose vue*. When we come to such cases as that of a German hussar nailed to a tree by 'two large, long nails driven through his eyes and his head,' is it possible to conceive that the man who discovered him—Reservist Ernst Baldeweg—should not have called a single officer's attention to the ghastly spectacle, or, if no officer was to be found, should not have got a number of his comrades to give, there and then, their signed attestation to the horror?

It remains to be said that Mr Bennett's motive for the resurrection at the present moment of the German apologia is to point the following question: 'The civilised world was invited to condemn the German reprisals of 1914 in Belgium. What verdict will it record with reference to British reprisals in Ireland six years later?' The present writer is bound to confess—speaking for himself alone—that the self-righteous spirit in which he studied the White Book in 1917 has been considerably dashed by recent events. But there is this difference between the two cases. Reprisals in Ireland are undeniably reprisals for *something;* in Belgium they were, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, reprisals for nothing at all.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

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Art. 13.—PLEBISCITES.

1. *A Monograph on Plebiscites, with a Collection of Official Documents.* By Sarah Wambaugh. Oxford Univ. Press.
2. *Plebiscites—Peace Handbooks, Volume XXV. Issued by the Historical Section of the Foreign Office.* H.M. Stationery Office, 1920.
3. *The Treaty of Versailles.* H.M. Stationery Office, 1919. And other documents.

OF all the functions which fell to the Paris Conference, none was more important than that of settling the territorial status of Europe, for nothing is more essential to the preservation of peace than the determination of frontiers which, because they are just and can thereby be commended to the universal common sense of mankind, will be permanent. In the past the struggle for territory has been the chief cause of war, and the history of Europe since 1815 has turned upon the boundaries of the National States which were in process of creation. It is difficult for us in England to understand how deeply this struggle has eaten into the whole political life of the Continent. Whatever wars we have waged, there has never hung over us the apprehension that defeat in war would imply the alienation and seizure by a foreign country of English territory. England is England; every part of the country, land, and people go together, and no Englishman is in danger of losing his birthright.

There are other countries which approximate geographically to insular conditions. The mountains which separate Spain from France, Norway from Sweden, are natural barriers. But where there is no such physical barrier the only thing to do is to build up a moral barrier. The artificial frontier, which is the work of man, must be made one which is maintained by every political sanction known, until it becomes so interwoven with the life of the peoples that any violation of it will be repudiated by the common sense of mankind, and until among civilised peoples the very conception of the right of conquest will disappear. In such frontiers the wishes of the people must be an important, though, as we shall see, they cannot be the sole, element, and the

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obvious way of finding out their wishes is to consult them directly—to take a plebiscite. This was one of the methods used by the Conference, and during the period which has elapsed since the ratification of the Treaty we have been enabled to watch in different parts of the Continent the working of this procedure. It is an important chapter, which affords many points of interest for the historical and political student; it is one which, but for the Upper Silesian plebiscite, is now closed, and the opportunity seems suitable for some general observations upon it.

The method was not novel. We have before us two valuable works on its earlier history, the one a brief and compendious account in the valuable series of Handbooks prepared by the Historical Section of the Foreign Office for the use of the British Delegates at Paris; the other, a very full study issued by the Carnegie Trustees, which contains an admirable general historical narrative by the Editor, Miss Sarah Wambaugh, and in addition provides an extremely full collection of all the relevant documents, which run to some 800 pages and afford a mine of information which will be invaluable to all students.

The plebiscite originated with the French Revolution. It was an inevitable outcome of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and in the springtide of the Revolution it was first used to define the boundaries of States. As Miss Wambaugh says, to the theorists of the Revolution —and for a few months theory and practice coincided—

'it was evident that the old principles of territorial cession which confounded the State with the Prince were wholly unsuited to the new doctrine of popular sovereignty, which, when established within the State, implied as a corollary that no change of sovereignty was legal without the consent of the people concerned. To the leaders of the Revolution, devoted to abstract principles as guides for action, this admitted of no argument.'

They entirely repudiated the right of conquest as a means of adding to the territories of the State. The first demand for annexation to revolutionary France was from Avignon. Strong as the reasons were for immediate annexation,

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'so devoted was the majority of the Constituent Assembly to the principle of popular sovereignty and the recent pledge against conquest, that for two years no measures looking to union could get a majority.'

The union was not achieved until there had been a formal vote of the people. It is interesting to record the methods by which it was taken. The doctrine of the Revolution refused to accept any verdict except that of the people met in the Primary Assemblies of each individual commune. The Communal Assemblies met during July 1791, and there each of them elected their representative to 'the National Assembly.' This Assembly proclaimed the independent State of 'Vaucluse,' and having done so, voted that this State should be incorporated with France. A similar procedure was adopted in the case of Savoy and Nice. Everywhere we have, first of all, the Primary Assemblies, 'which are the only ones where the people can exercise sovereignty'; then, the Delegates from these Primary Assemblies to the National Convention; and, finally, the National Convention voting for union. This is the classical illustration of pure revolutionary procedure. It is probable that few of those who at Paris took part in arranging the plebiscites of 1920 had in their minds the models of 1791.

This pristine purity was not long maintained. In the next year Belgium, Mayence, the Saar Valley, and other districts on the left bank of the Rhine, were asked to vote on incorporation with France. But the vote was no longer free. It was conducted under procedure imposed by decree of Nov. 17, 1791, of which M. Cambon was the author. The voting had to take place in districts occupied by French troops and under the supervision of the Commissioners of the Republic. But the Commissioners of the Republic were the agents of the Terror, and the vote was one extorted by force and fear. Moreover, already the doctrine of what by anticipation we may term 'self-determination' was met by another doctrine, that of the natural frontiers of France, to which Danton gave the authority of his name. And from this time it was by the armies of France and unvarnished conquest that the territories of France were

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extended. The Congress of Vienna notoriously and on principle carved out the map of Europe with frank disregard of the wishes of the inhabitants. It is not until the time of Napoleon III, who in this matter made himself the heir, not of his uncle but of the earlier revolutionaries, that the method was once more used. It was through his influence that it was applied; first to Moldavia and Walachia; then, at the time of the creation of the Kingdom of Italy, he brought about by it the incorporation of Nice and Savoy in France, and also wished by it to settle the disputed frontier between Germany and Denmark. The war of 1870 was again followed by reaction. The growth of the Kingdom of Prussia had always been carried through with disregard of the wishes of the annexed territories; and, while the foundation of the German Empire achieved the popular desires of the German people, it meant the forcible suppression of the similar aspirations of other nations. Alsace and Lorraine were annexed by a frank and brutal appeal to the power of the sword; a few years later the treaty by which Prussia had agreed to allow the inhabitants of North Slesvig to vote, whether they would be Danish or German, was repealed. Supported by the power of the Prussian army, Poles, Roumanians, Italians, and Croats were held in unwilling submission to an alien Government. This was the system which was to be overthrown by the Great War, and the rebound was summed up in the words of President Wilson:

'Self-determination is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril. . . . Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interests and for the benefit of the population concerned and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival States.'

If the Conference was to be guided by the wishes of the peoples, it might have been anticipated that in settling all boundaries the population concerned should be directly consulted. This anticipation was not realised. The treaties of peace, in fact, seldom adopt the method of a plebiscite. In the German Treaty we have Slesvig, Allenstein, Marienwerder, Upper Silesia, and to these may be added the negative plebiscite in Eupen and

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Malmedy, and the deferred plebiscite in the Saar Valley. The Austrian Treaty has only one, that of Klagenfurt; but we may add to this the plebiscite which was ordained, but never carried out, in Teschen. In other places where it was asked for, as by the Austrians themselves in West Hungary, the request was not granted, and the fate of Eastern Galicia is still undetermined. Not only were the plebiscites few, but, with the one exception of Upper Silesia, they were unimportant. The greater territorial changes and decisions, Alsace-Lorraine, West Prussia, Posen, Danzig, the whole reorganisation of the Austrian Empire, the assignation of Tyrol to Italy, of Slovakia to the new Czech State, of Transylvania to Hungary, were carried through by other methods. This has been the cause of much criticism. Why, it has been asked, should the people of Allenstein and Slesvig be consulted as to their future destination, while the fate of millions of peoples elsewhere was determined without such consultation?

No brief or single answer can be given to this question. Each case had to be dealt with on its merits. In some cases the Fourteen Points themselves exclude a plebiscite. Germany by agreeing to them as a condition of the peace undertook to give Poland free access to the sea. The Allies in interpreting this went to the very extreme of what was possible when they decided that Danzig should not be annexed to Poland but established as a free city. It was not part of the agreement that the inhabitants of the district themselves should determine how this free access was to be secured. This is true also of Alsace-Lorraine. Here the question was one entirely for France and the French Government. Under the agreed terms France had acquired an absolute right to recover the lost provinces. The wrong done to France in 1870 was to be made good. What was the wrong? It was that the provinces had been taken away from France contrary to the unanimous wishes of the people constitutionally expressed through their representatives at Bordeaux. This act of violence was to be reversed. By the reversal the provinces automatically once more became French. To these conditions the Germans had agreed; they knew perfectly well what they were about, they were under no delusion. All that

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the Conference had to do was to endorse and ratify this decision. It was not for them to attach conditions or to impose upon France obligations under which she was not bound to the enemy. There were, of course, some who suggested that it would be wise for France to add to her other and undoubted titles that of giving the people a fresh opportunity of expressing their wishes. As a well-informed American writer says: 'Perhaps the French would have been wise to call a large representative assembly by which some formal expression of opinion might have been made and later objections thus forestalled.' * Whether she would do so or not was entirely a question for her. It is easy to understand why she did not. It would have been extraordinarily difficult to arrange for the vote so that every one would accept the verdict. Let us recollect that over 300,000 of the inhabitants had during the last fifty years emigrated and their places had been taken by immigrants from Germany. Moreover, a vote taken under French control would not have been accepted by the Germans. It would clearly have been impossible for the French to evacuate the country, to leave it, as would have been necessary, for some months in a state of political instability and detached from commercial relations with both France and Germany. The result would have been that the people would have starved.

In general, there were urgent practical reasons against a plebiscite wherever it could possibly be avoided. The method was costly; it meant much delay and involved very grave dangers. In almost every case it would have been necessary to set up external control which would have to be supported by large military forces, for there was no established administration to which the task of supervising the vote could be entrusted; and in the disturbed state of Europe, it would have been impossible to set up a provisional government the duty of which would have been to supervise the partition of the area over which it exercised control. Let us take, for instance, the frontiers between Germany and Poland. The line to be fixed was many hundreds of miles in length. It ran from the upper waters of the Oder to the

* 'What Really Happened at Paris,' by American Delegates, p. 47.

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Baltic and the mouth of the Memel; here there was no local unity, and who was going to supply the troops to preserve order in this great area for many months? Moreover, a plebiscite would inevitably have intensified to the highest degree national animosities just at a time when the future of Europe seemed to depend on appeasing them. As recent events in Upper Silesia have shown, a plebiscite on the Polish frontier would have been an invitation to civil war.

It will help us to understand this problem if we make a comparison between the Italian plebiscites in the middle of the 19th century and those under recent treaties. There is between them a fundamental difference, a difference which, as it arose from a completely different conception of the object to be attained, affected every detail of the procedure. In the earlier plebiscites the population of a defined area, which had for long existed as a unit of government, were asked as an existing community to decide in their corporate capacity what their future allegiance should be. In the more modern instances, the object was not to preserve but to divide existing units of government. When the Kingdom of Italy was formed, the question addressed to the people of Tuscany and Parma, of Sicily and of Naples, was whether the State to which they belonged should henceforward be incorporated in the new kingdom. The same principle was followed as regards Nice and Savoy. The case of Savoy is particularly instructive. After all, it was quite conceivable that the inhabitants of different parts of this ancient Duchy might have voted differently. The valleys on the south and east of the Alps might have preferred to continue the connexion with Piedmont; those on the north and west union with France. And in some parts there was a third alternative; there were districts of Savoy which geographically were closely connected with, and since 1815 had been commercially—even to some extent politically—attached to Switzerland. Had, then, the object been simply to ascertain the wishes of the population, it would have been necessary to arrange the voting in such a way as to make possible a division of the Duchy; each village or town would have had separately to vote whether it wished to belong to Italy, to France, or to

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Switzerland. This course was not adopted. All had to vote as Savoyards, and as members of a political community to take their part in determining the future of the whole.

In no case under the recent treaties was this principle adopted. It might well have been applied to the Duchy of Teschen, a community which has had a continued existence for some 700 or 800 years, and with frontiers unchanged for at least 400 years. Owing to the collapse of the Austrian Empire, its political associations had to be revised. Should it continue, as it so long had been, attached to the contiguous and cognate territories of Bohemia and Moravia? There was, however, a large population of Polish speech inhabiting the eastern part, which was actually on the borders of the reconstituted Poland. What, then, was done was not to ask the people of Teschen, as the people of Savoy were asked, whether, retaining their own unity, they would join Czecho-Slovakia or Poland. It was assumed from the beginning that there should be a division in accordance with nationality; and the only question which was seriously considered was the method by which the new line of frontier should be determined. The possibility of maintaining the historic union was only put forward to be at once rejected. Had the principle of self-determination been thoroughly applied, the population themselves would first have been consulted as to the previous questions, and, before the line of partition was debated, would have considered whether there should be a partition, there is reason for believing that, at any rate, a large number of them would have preferred to keep their own individuality.

We have, indeed, had plebiscites of this kind, though not under the Treaty. In the autumn of 1919 the people of Luxemburg were asked to vote whether they would maintain the existing dynasty or have a Republic, and in addition, whether they would prefer economic attachment to Belgium or to France; and it might well have been, though events were ruled differently, that they had to give their decision as to whether they should continue to enjoy full independence or accept a political union with Belgium. Of this nature was the plebiscite taken in Vorarlberg in 1919 on the question of union with

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Switzerland, and the irregular and unofficial plebiscites which during recent weeks have been taken in Tyrol, Salzburg, and other territories of Austria, in favour of union with Germany.

In a plebiscite of this kind, though the method is new, the principle is really very old. In earlier days, the decision of the people was given not by a direct vote, but through an elected and representative assembly. The difference of method is, however, of comparatively small importance; the principle is the same—the people decide on their own allegiance. When the American colonies revolted from the mother-country, the final step was taken by assemblies, which owed their authority to the popular election from whence they had issued. There are, indeed, great advantages in the older system by which a comparatively small deliberating body is interposed before or after the popular vote has been taken, for it is only such a body that can conveniently deal with all the possible alternatives; not only can it vote for adhesion to some other State, but it can ask for conditions. The popular plebiscite may easily become a crude and wooden instrument. It has no flexibility, it does not allow scope for modalities. This is illustrated by Alsace-Lorraine. Had the war ended with an agreed peace, had the Germans never accepted the Fourteen Points, there would have been many possible alternatives which could have been submitted to an assembly of local estates. Should the provinces be established as a separate state in the German Confederation? Should they be reattached to France? Or again, should they be established as an independent and neutralised European State like Switzerland? Or, perhaps, should there be a partition, Alsace to go to Germany, Lorraine to France, some parts even passing to Switzerland? The direct consultation of the people, if it had ever taken place, would have had to be one short, clear, and definite issue; but the issue on which the vote was taken would have been prepared and put before them by the representative assembly.

This, then, is one of the reasons why plebiscites were not more frequently used. There was no existing administration or government to which the control could be handed over, and the Allies were not in a position

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themselves to undertake the very arduous task of occupation and management. In other cases there were additional reasons, as, for instance, in Bohemia. Vigorous protests have been made not merely in Germany, but in this country, against what has been described as the injustice of assigning to Bohemia the German-speaking fringe on the northern frontiers. Here, again, there was no use in having a plebiscite if the object was only to discover the wishes of the population. Roughly speaking, this could easily have been determined. Every one knew that there were considerable districts which were German in speech and sympathy. The real question was quite a different one. Was it possible to take their wishes into consideration in determining the frontier? The reasons against doing so were overwhelming. The Allies were bound by their pledges to re-establish the independent state of Bohemia. To do this, however, they must give it territory and frontiers of such a kind as would justify the hope of a prosperous and independent existence. If the whole of the German-speaking fringe had been taken away and incorporated with Germany, this condition could not have been fulfilled. A glance at a map will be sufficient to show that a Czecho-Slovakia of this kind might as well not have been created at all. And there was another reason.

As has already been pointed out, the permanent peace of Europe requires above all that its frontiers should be stable. But the chief elements in the stability of frontiers are, first, use and custom; secondly, the natural lines of mountains and rivers. If the historic frontier between two great nations coincides with the natural features of the country and has existed unchanged for many generations, surely it would be great unwisdom to tamper with it, except for some overwhelming reason. Such a frontier is that between Bohemia on the one side and Saxony and Bavaria on the other. For most of its length—the whole line from the extreme south to where it crosses the Elbe—this frontier has remained unchanged for over 500 years. It has survived the Reformation and the wars of religion; it existed before Bohemia became a part of the Hapsburg Monarchy; it was unaffected by the Revolution and passed untouched through the Napoleonic Wars. It is, moreover, a

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natural frontier. The mountain range of the Boehmerwald and the Erzgebirge is a barrier to intercourse. The traveller who, coming from the German side, reaches the summit of the ridge, looks down on a new country, the whole political and economic connexions of which gravitate to a different centre. To change this frontier, and by doing so to draw a new and highly artificial line between the villages and towns on the eastern and southern slope, would have been not to give permanence, but to introduce among the population a new element of discord. For who supposes that a line drawn to-day would have satisfied either side to-morrow?

We have recently had an interesting analogy of the treatment of the Bohemian question. The League of Nations has refused the request that there should be a plebiscite to decide whether the inhabitants of the Aaland Islands should remain Finnish or should become Swedish. Informal plebiscites which had already been held showed that there would have been an overwhelming vote for Sweden. One justification for this decision seems to be that a large part of the population of Finland is Swedish in race and speech; the fact, therefore, that the Aalanders are Swedish is no reason why they should cease politically to belong to Finland; they are Swedes indeed, but Swedes of Finland. The conception of Finnish nationality does not necessarily mean Finnish race or Finnish language. The State has always been composite and bi-lingual. Is not the same thing true of Bohemia? As far back as history goes, Germans and Czechs have here been intermingled. If the old Bohemian state was to be re-established, it must then be one which would include among its citizens a large German population. And this leads us to recognise that these composite nationalities are a valuable and essential part in the European system—Celts and Teutons in Scotland, Welsh and English in Wales, Walloons and Flemings in Belgium, Germans, French, and Italians in Switzerland, warn us that Europe would be poor if in every case the political frontiers were conterminous with those of language. There is another bond, that of common institutions which have been built up by the co-operation of the different elements among the people.

If for these and other reasons the Conference did not

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often have recourse to a plebiscite, in most of the few occasions when the method was used, the result seems to have been highly satisfactory—satisfactory, that is, if we regard it not from the limited view of the strengthening or weakening of Germany, but as providing a final solution of a vexed territorial problem. This surely is the important thing. We want to get stable and permanent frontiers. The only method of doing so is that they shall be determined in such a way that the justice of the decision must be accepted by both sides.

The Slesvig question was the first to be decided. It was peculiar and delicate, in that it did not arise directly out of the war and involved a neutral State. It clearly would be impossible for the Allies to enforce on Germany a cession of territory for the benefit of Denmark unless the Danish Government itself desired it. The Danish Government throughout showed a moderation for which they were severely criticised by some parties in their own country. They had no wish to reopen ancient controversies; they did not desire again to incorporate in their country districts which would bring with them any large number of alien population. All that they wanted was the execution of the long-deferred promise of 1864—permission, that is, for the people of Northern Slesvig to vote whether they would prefer to be Danish or German. There were, of course, some among the Allies who were disappointed at this moderation; they would have wished to see the old Slesvig-Holstein question reopened, and were intent only on the separation from Germany of so large a district as possible. Others there were who would have merged the North Slesvig problem and that of the Kiel Canal, and brought the new frontier down to the actual banks of the canal, so that it would have ceased to be a purely German thoroughfare. To such suggestions the Conference turned deaf ears; there is no evidence that they were even considered. All that had to be done was simply to draw up the detailed arrangements for the long-deferred plebiscite, which would naturally be confined to those districts in which there was evidence of some considerable Danish admixture.

The question was one on which the fullest possible information was available. Danish writers had worked out the problem and could say with the greatest

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precision what were the number of Danish and German families respectively in every village of the disputed area. The result of these investigations was what is known as the 'Klassen line,' the line running from Tondern on the west to a point just north of Flensborg on the eastern coast. The district lying between this and the Danish frontier represented the Danish claim. Any vote here would be a foregone conclusion. The whole matter was really of purely formal importance. It was decided therefore that a vote should be held within this district as a single unit. South of this, however, there were a number of villages and small towns, including the important town of Flensborg, which in former days had been predominantly Danish and where there undoubtedly still was a considerable Danish element. If the matter was to be finally settled, it seemed right that here also a vote should take place; but if it did, it must be on different principles from that in the first section. The problem was, should any of these villages and towns be added to the district to be given to Denmark? Each village and each town must, therefore, be consulted separately. It is to this fact that we owe the principle of voting by commune, a principle which was unexpectedly to attract so much attention in the far more important case of Upper Silesia. Every commune was to vote separately; and then, when the results were known, the Commissioners were to draw a line which would as nearly as possible conform to the wishes of the people, though, of course, in order to make a convenient frontier, they were empowered to pay attention to geographical and economic considerations.

The actual result was a striking confirmation of the figures which had been arrived at by Danish investigators. In the northern zone there was in almost every commune an overwhelming majority of Danes; and, with few exceptions, there was in the next zone a similar preponderance of Germans. The voting was conducted without any untoward incident. The impartiality of the presiding Commission does not appear to have been challenged; and, though the success of the Germans in Flensborg and the adjoining districts was to many a serious disappointment, it has this compensation, that it allows no doubt to be entertained as to the genuine

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character of the verdict. It may now be hoped that this question, which has been a serious cause of unsettlement for so long, may be finally closed.

On the Polish frontier the method of the plebiscite was in the first draft of the Treaty only adopted in two small areas, Allenstein and Marienwerder. The district of Allenstein was peculiar. First of all, it had not been part of the old Kingdom of Poland at the time of the partitions, but belonged to East Prussia. The Poles, however, claimed it, because the peasantry (it was an entirely rural district) spoke a Polish dialect. As against this, it was represented that the Masurians, as they were called, were Protestants and had never shown Polish proclivities. Were they, therefore, to be considered Polish? Here was a definite problem, the answer to which could only be given by the people themselves; the area was one of manageable size in which it did not appear probable that any serious difficulties would arise, and so it was determined that the Polish claim should be subjected to the decision of those whom alone it directly concerned. There was nothing hidden or mysterious or sinister about this. The district was claimed by the Poles on the ground that it was Polish. The Conference did not, and could not, know whether this claim was justified. There were no indications of any kind available as to what the result of the voting would be.

The case of the Marienwerder area, a comparatively small district on the right bank of the Vistula, was different, and it would probably have been wiser not to have had a plebiscite here. What had happened was that this area, which notoriously was predominantly German, had in the first proposals been assigned to Poland merely on the geographical ground that it controlled communications between Poland and Danzig; an important line of railway, the Mlawa-Warsaw line, ran through it, and it included the right bank of the Vistula. When the proposals of the Polish Committee were subjected to revision on the ground that they assigned too many Germans to Poland, it was argued with force that this decision could not be allowed to stand, and that the district could only be given to Poland with the consent of the inhabitants. They must, therefore, be consulted. The consultation was, however, as the

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event proved, superfluous, for there never was any real doubt as to what the verdict would be. The plebiscite, which resulted in an overwhelming German majority, served the purpose of justifying the refusal of the original Polish claim.

In some ways the Klagenfurt plebiscite, the only one ordained under the Austrian treaty, was the most interesting. The problem was to define the frontier between Yugo-Slavia and the new Austria. There were two lines nearly coinciding with one another, either of which might have been selected, namely, the old boundary between the province of Carinthia and Carniola, or the natural frontier provided by the Karavanken mountains; but, undoubtedly, a very considerable Slovene element resided in the Valley of Klagenfurt, which lies to the north of both these possible lines. While it was generally agreed that, as the boundaries were being made on ethnographic principles, the territory of Yugo-Slavia must be so extended as to include the Slavonic districts, the greatest difficulty was found in agreeing on any precise line. The problem illustrated the inconvenience of creating completely new international frontiers on a purely ethnographic basis; for any such line must cut in half the Klagenfurt basin, the whole of which was mutually interdependent, and separate many villages from the town to which they usually resorted, besides introducing complications on such matters as water supply. As no agreement on a line could be arrived at, it was determined to have a plebiscite; but in this case—and it was the only one—the regulations seem to have been open to criticism on the ground that they were rather heavily weighted against the German element. The Klagenfurt basin was divided into two divisions; the southern, which was predominantly Slav, was to vote first. If they voted for Yugo-Slavia, then the northern section, in which the German element was largest, was to vote later. It will be clear that their vote would be taken under such conditions as to prejudice the result; for by deciding to remain in Austria, the people would be subjecting themselves to serious economic disabilities. In these circumstances, the result was remarkable and interesting. The vote, even in the southern section, showed a very considerable majority for Austria. This seems to have been

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largely due to attachment to old-established local connexions. The general spirit of nationality in country villages may easily be overborne by other motives. Men do not wish to be cut away from old associations of neighbourhood and plunged into the unknown.

The general conclusion seems to be that the plebiscite may be a valuable political instrument when certain conditions are fulfilled, but that it is not a method for universal application. In Allenstein, in Marienwerder, in Klagenfurt, in Slesvig, it was possible to put a clear issue before the electors, and the result was a conclusive answer. In each case, therefore, we may hope that the result will be finally to eliminate what might otherwise have continued a standing issue between two nations. In Allenstein and in Klagenfurt a claim was made by the Poles and the Yugo-Slavs respectively for certain territory. The only ground on which it could be supported was the nationality of the inhabitants; and, the appeal having been made to them, the rejection was definitive. In Slesvig a similar claim was made, and the answer was equally clear. Up to a certain line there was an overwhelming Danish majority, beyond that line an equally overwhelming German majority. It is possible, therefore, now to draw a frontier which it may be hoped both parties will accept, just because it is just. This result could never have been obtained unless every care had been taken that the plebiscite should be conducted with strict impartiality. The conduct of the Commissions appears in these cases to have been above suspicion, and it ought to have the effect of removing a deal of causeless and unwarranted censure of the Allied Powers. They have shown that they were capable of rising to the position of impartial arbitrators.

On the other hand, the method is one which cannot be used with advantage where the issue is not simple but complex, and there is always the danger that it may leave the problem in a worse state than before. For if the result shows that the two parties are very evenly balanced, that the districts which choose one nationality or another are inextricably intertwined, then the task of drawing the frontier is more difficult after the voting than it would have been before; and the whole process

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of agitation, which is an insuperable accompaniment to all popular decisions, necessarily increases, often to a dangerous extent, the passions which it was hoped would be allayed.

It clearly would not be desirable at this moment, when the final decision is still in suspense, to discuss the Upper Silesian problem. It may, however, be justifiable and useful to make observations on certain points connected with it. The decision to have a plebiscite here was part of the revision of the Treaty which took place at a very late stage. The original proposal had been to assign to Poland absolutely the larger part of the German district of Upper Silesia, including as it did the very valuable mining and industrial district which is situated on the Polish frontier. This decision was made on grounds similar to those on which the rest of the Polish frontier was determined. It was based purely on a minute examination of all the available evidence as to the language and race of the inhabitants. German statistics and all German books of reference showed that in this district there was a very large Polish element which in some parts amounted to 80 or even 90 per cent. It is not the case, as has been said, that this is the result of the recent industrial development. As with nearly all Germany east of the Elbe, the original population was purely Slavonic; in many parts it has now become thoroughly Germanised; but here on the Polish frontier, in a district situated between the two Slavonic States of Bohemia and Poland, the process of Germanisation has been very slow. Peasants and landowners alike were of Slavonic origin, and the language spoken, though not identical with the written language of educated Poles, is a Polish dialect; it is not more different from standard Polish than *Plattdeutsch* is different from standard German. It is important to place this on record; for there is no reason to doubt that the original decision was one arrived at by a careful and honest investigation of the problem.*

This decision was challenged by the Germans, partly

* But paper statistics are a dangerous guide. It is said that the German school statistics were too favourable to the Poles, because the school teachers who had charge of Polish-speaking children received a higher salary.

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because the possession of this country was necessary to Germany and the general economic convenience of Europe, but, in particular, because it had not been Polish for 500 years, and there was no reason to believe that, even if a majority of the population were ethnographically Polish, they therefore would desire to be separated from Germany. These considerations clearly could not be ignored. After all, there was an essential difference between Upper Silesia and the other Prussian Provinces of Poland. Germany had, historically at any rate as against Poland, a good title. The country had been Bohemian; it had been merged with Austria only in consequence of the election of the Duke of Austria to the dignity of King of Bohemia; and historically Bohemia, now Czecho-Slovakia, had a stronger claim to it than Poland. It had been acquired by Prussia as the result of the Seven Years' War, and from that time onwards Prussian sovereignty had been universally recognised. The question whether economically the coal mines were of more importance to Poland or to Germany had, strictly speaking, nothing to do with the matter at all. The agreed conditions of the peace did not give the Allies the right to sever from Germany any territory unless it was in accordance with the particular cases specified in the Fourteen Points, or with the general principles put forward by President Wilson. They would only be justified in doing so, that is, if the population was indisputably Polish, or if this was the wish and for the benefit of the population concerned. Was the population indisputably Polish? It is well known that President Wilson considered that the evidence showed that it was. But if the fact was challenged, it would clearly have been a misuse of the power which the Allies possessed to refuse to allow an appeal to the only authority by which the question could be decided—that is, to the people themselves. This was the view taken by the British Government and accepted by the Council of Four.

When once the decision to have the plebiscite had been taken, it was of course incumbent on all concerned to insure that it should be held under such conditions that the result would be a free and unbiassed expression of the genuine wishes of the population. This was not

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easy. In 1919 the whole district was much disturbed; the country was to a large extent terrorised by the Soldiers' and Workman's Councils, which were probably here—as they certainly were in Slesvig—acting to a large extent in co-operation with the more extreme German Nationalists. It would be necessary not only to give the control to a special Plebiscite Commission, but that they should be supported by armed forces. A longer period of time seemed also necessary; the whole matter was on a larger scale and much more complex than with the purely rural populations of Allenstein and Slesvig. Much more power had to be given to the governing commission, and for a period of at least many months, possibly of nearly two years, the control had to be taken out of the hands of the German Government.

The great importance of the district has caused the regulations of the plebiscite here to be subjected to a much more careful scrutiny than in other places. The criticism which has been expressed, the suggestions made that the regulations were deliberately biassed so as to help to obtain a majority for Germany, are quite unfounded. In particular, a word must be said about what are called the 'out-voters.' It has been suggested that the 'out-voters,' some 180,000, were introduced as part of a determined plot by Mr Lloyd George to ensure that Upper Silesia might remain German. This suggestion, which should never have been made, may be absolutely contradicted. The clause was one with which he had nothing to do, one to which his attention was never directed. It was one of the common form clauses which had already been approved and communicated to the Germans in the regulations for the other plebiscites, as for instance those of Slesvig and Allenstein; it was almost without discussion adopted from them and incorporated in the Upper Silesian section of the Treaty, with no special political intention, by an inter-Allied Committee under French chairmanship.

J. W. HEADLAM-MORLEY.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 469

PUBLISHED IN

OCTOBER, 1921

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W. 1.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY

1921

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 469.—OCTOBER, 1921.

Art. 1.—RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN RESEARCH.—I.

1. *A Life of William Shakespeare.* New edition. By Sidney Lee. Murray, 1915.
2. *The Oxford Shakespeare.* By W. J. Craig. Clarendon Press, N.d. [1902].
3. *Shakespear, Himself and His Work.* By W. Carew Hazlitt. Second edition. Quaritch, 1903.
4. *William Shakespeare, His Family and Friends.* By C. I. Elton. Murray, 1904.
5. *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.* By J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. 7th edition. Two vols. Longmans, 1887.
6. *Shakespeare's Life and Work.* By F. J. Furnivall and John Munro. Cassell, 1908.

And other works.

THE first folio had been published fifty years before the advent of any true or adequate criticism of Shakespeare's work, and he had been dead nearly a hundred years when Rowe compiled the first detailed biography of the Poet. It is from the publication of Rowe's edition in 1709 that we must date the gradual accumulation of material illustrating his life and character. Some of the most important of Rowe's new facts were got from the actor, Betterton, who knew Davenant,* Shakespeare's godson, and made an expedition to Stratford on purpose to pick up any traditions he could of its famous citizen. From this source must have come the maiden-name of Shakespeare's wife, which was not verified till long afterwards, and further details which would otherwise

* Betterton was born about 1635, and Davenant lived till 1668. The actor just survived the issue of Rowe's work.

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have been lost. It has been generally assumed that Rowe was mistaken in accrediting John and Mary Shakespeare with ten children, as only seven are known from the Stratford registers. But these only begin in 1558, in which year Joan Shakespeare was baptised. The statement that John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were married in 1557 appears to rest merely on an inference from the date of Joan's baptism. Other children may have been born and died before the records begin.

An advertisement in the 'London Gazette' of March 14, 1709, shows that it was intended to prefix to Rowe's edition as exact an account of Shakespeare's life and writings as could be compiled. Much more which it is impossible now to recover might have been gleaned even then, if any systematic and scientific search for information had been made at that time. It is not generally known even by Americans, quick as they are on the track of everything Shakespearean, that a Stratford man, Francis Aynge, baptised there on Aug. 23, 1629, only thirteen years after Shakespeare's death, left England after King Charles's execution, settled in Maryland, and did not die till 1763, aged 134, thus linking Shakespeare's generation with the Shakespearean revival towards the end of the 18th century.*

Writers who followed Rowe, such as Dennis, Pope, and Johnson, added an anecdote here and a tradition there. In 1747 the Poet's will was first brought to notice and published, apparently from a probate copy found at Stratford by Joseph Greene. As for any light it threw upon the testator's personality, it proved a great disappointment. Like almost everything else connected with Shakespeare, it creates more difficulties than it solves. Full of erasures and interlineations, it is clearly a draft will. Nor does it appear to have been all written at the same time, for the writing of the last part of the first sheet is smaller than that of the second and third. What seem to have been the first three lines of the second sheet have been struck out; and the two lines now above them, which continue the sense from the previous page, appear to have been substituted. But the

* The case is recorded in Bailey's 'Records of Longevity,' and I found the entry of his baptism in the Stratford Registers.

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cancelled lines do not belong in sense to the words that precede either on this or the previous sheet. Possibly a page was discarded when the will came to be executed, and the two lines now at the head of the second page were added to complete a previous sentence. In these added lines occurs the blank left for the Christian name of Shakespeare's nephew, Thomas Hart. So none of his family could have been with Shakespeare when the will was corrected, nor (one would think) when it was executed. Nor is this the only peculiarity: the original draft was written on Jan. 25,* but, before the execution of the will, March was substituted for January. Either, then, it happened to be on both occasions the 25th of the month—and Lady Day, being the beginning of the New Year, was a probable day for concluding such business—or the day of the month was allowed to stand when the month itself was altered. Does not Shakespeare himself prophetically say in 'Troilus and Cressida' (v, 10, 53): 'Some two months hence my will shall be made: it should be now'?

As a lawyer's draft the will is not a creditable performance, for, drawn up as it was in January, the regnal year is wrongly given as 14th James I, which did not begin till March 24, 1616. It therefore became just correct for the altered date. Shakespeare certainly did not write his own will. Sir Sidney Lee says that Collins, the Warwick solicitor who witnesses the will, wrote it; but there is no resemblance between his signature and the writing of the will.† Shakespeare's legal acquirements have been greatly exaggerated; and there is no reason to think he could have drawn up a will so technical and legal, especially in the matter of the entail. It is a strictly business document, in which, apart from some friendly bequests, the human element is not conspicuous. His elder daughter Susannah and her puritan husband, Dr John Hall, came in for a far greater share of his confidence and affection than his daughter Judith and her husband, Thomas Quiney, whom she married between the two dates of the will. Shakespeare had a

* Mrs Stopes is certainly wrong when she takes the erased word to be February.

† Sir Sidney Lee, however, says that a comparison of Collins' undoubted script in the Stratford records establishes the identity.

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soft spot too in his heart for his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall, who survived to be the last of his direct descendants and died, as Lady Bernard, in 1674. He gave his sword—we should like to know more about this unprofessional weapon—to Thomas Combe. The only trace of his London life is found in the interlinear bequest to his 'fellows John Heminges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell' of money for mourning-rings. But it must be remembered that they profited by his shares in the theatres,* which accrued to them at his decease. Their bequest of the First Folio to his memory and to us is one for which we can never be grateful enough.

Pathetic, if futile, efforts have been made to explain the interlinear legacy of the second-best bed to his wife, as really a mark of high honour and affection. Halliwell-Phillipps, in particular, has much irrelevant nonsense † on this head. Not only the bed, but the husband's thought of it, was second-best. The truth, as shown by the wills of persons of Shakespeare's standing at that period, is that the wife, if on good terms with her husband, is always mentioned as 'my loving wife' and named executrix. It is inconceivable that Shakespeare should have so ignored his wife and, even in the case of the mortgage of his Blackfriars house, purposely barred her right to dowry, if he regarded her with affection, unless indeed she was a helpless invalid or mentally afflicted. But this is far from likely as, though eight years older, she survived him seven years.

We do right to be disappointed with Shakespeare's will. Compare it with the will of his friend John Davenant, Vintner, Mayor of Oxford, and see how far more it is of a legal instrument and less of a human document. Davenant certainly composed his own will, which Shakespeare quite obviously did not. Bacon's will is equally instructive in this connexion. Lawyer though he was to the marrow of his bones, his will is far less obtrusively legal than Shakespeare's; and there is more personal interest about it. In the will itself, which is clearly his own composition, Bacon deals lovingly with

* Had Shakespeare considered these as bequeathable, he would certainly have mentioned them.

† But for sloppy sentimentality Mrs Cowden Clarke, in her comments on the bequest, is unapproachable.

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his wife, but in a codicil, alleging great and just causes, he cuts her off with her bare 'right.'

It is a misfortune that the inventory of Shakespeare's goods has not come to light. There is just a possibility that it may still lurk in one of the 28 boxes of unindexed inventories in the Probate Registry at Somerset House. But according to Dr Furnivall, who carefully sampled all the boxes, only two or three per cent. of the whole are outside the dates 1660–1700. The inventory exhibited by the executor Dr Hall might, if found, be expected to tell us something about his father-in-law's books. Hall himself, even in his brief nuncupative will, did not forget his 'Study of Books.' Halliwell-Phillipps gave currency to a monstrous fiction that Stratford was a bookless neighbourhood. Many writers, and more especially Mrs Stopes, have exposed the falsity of this statement. There cannot be the smallest doubt that Shakespeare was possessed of books at his death. One of these, with his undoubted signature, 'W. Sh^{r},' is still extant in the Bodleian Library: ''tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* my mother gave it to me.'* A second, Florio's Version of Montaigne (1603), bears the signature 'Willm̃ Shakspere,' which is with some reason regarded as genuine. A third, like the last, in the British Museum, the 'World of Wonders,' by H. Etienne, imprinted for John Norton, 1607, originally may have had the Poet's signature† on the title page, but, if so, this had been cut out before the Museum acquired it. There are several other books in existence in various libraries, chiefly now in the United States, which bear supposed autographs of Shakespeare.

A Prayer-book of 1596 with three Shakespearean signatures came to light in 1864 at Wellington in Shropshire. It was bought for 300*l.* by a Mr Rothwell of Sharples Hall, Bolton-le-Moors. It decidedly merits further attention, if its whereabouts can be traced, for, judging by a facsimile of the signature, the writing may well be genuine (see below, p. 234).

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* 'Titus Andr.,' IV, i, 42.

† See 'Shakspeareana Genealogica,' by G. R. French, and 'Field Paths,' by L. J. Jennings, 1878, p. 88. It is said that the phraseology of this book shows how well Shakespeare was acquainted with it, but I have failed to see any great resemblance.

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Shakespeare's books must have descended to the Halls, his executors and residuary legatees. At his death in 1635, Dr Hall left his books and manuscripts to his son-in-law, Thomas Nash, but they were still apparently in the house with Mrs Hall when Dr James Cooke in 1664 was allowed to examine them. We know that he took away with him two of Hall's manuscripts, which the latter had prepared for the press. One of these he afterwards published. Further than this we have no trace of the library, except in a tradition recorded in 1742, that Lady Bernard took away 'many of her grandfather's papers' with her into Northamptonshire.

The last quarter of the 18th century was a period of great activity in Shakespearean study, and the researches of Steevens, and still more those of Malone, elicited much valuable information. Unfortunately the work was not done scientifically,* though with plenty of enthusiasm and energy. Important documents, which were in the hands of Malone and others, have disappeared without any copy or record of their *provenance* being kept. This notable period of Shakespearean research may be taken to close with the valuable 'Variorum' edition of Shakespeare in 21 volumes issued in 1821 and usually styled Boswell's Malone.

It was in this era also, unfortunately, that the systematic forgery and falsification of documents began, for the guilt of Oldys (1696–1761) has not been proved. Incalculable harm has thereby been done to Shakespearean study. How widespread was the mischief is seen from the list of the better-known instances given in Sir Sidney Lee's book. The Ireland frauds, though the most notorious, were from their clumsiness and want of *vraisemblance* far less dangerous than the more skilful and insidious forgeries of Collier, who, moreover, though detected, never confessed his iniquities. Stratford falsifiers, such as Jordan, were less easy to convict, in that they wove their inventions round a certain amount of authentic tradition. The so-called will of John Shakespeare, an absurd rigmarole, found like a dead

* See 'The Shakespeare Controversy,' by C. M. Ingleby, p. 133 n.

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mouse behind the wainscot of the birthplace, still meets with ardent champions among Roman Catholics. Even so good a Shakespearean as Steevens did not scruple to palm off upon the public, as a practical joke, a supposed letter from Peele to Marlowe, which is to this day a trap for the unwary amateur.

Collier not only forged new documents and evidences and falsified authentic records, but is also suspected even of destroying genuine papers likely to expose his nefarious doings. He found the chief field for his baneful activities in the Dulwich and Bridgewater manuscripts, but his depredations extended also to the Public Record Office and brought what now appears to have been undeserved suspicion on an official there, his friend Peter Cunningham.* The carelessness with which such priceless records as those at Dulwich were treated in those days smoothed the way for unscrupulous manipulators. Everything that passed through Collier's hands or rests on his evidence is tainted and suspect, even the Dowdall letter of 1693, which must surely be pronounced genuine on internal evidence. The original seems to have been known to Halliwell-Phillipps, but is not now forthcoming.

More imaginative inventions are those of Shakespearean letters. The barefaced one by Collier, who foisted into a genuine but mutilated letter from Mrs Alleyn to Edward Alleyn the words, 'and said he was known unto you and Mr Shakespeare of the Globe who . . . said he knewe hym not, onely he herde of hym that he was a roge,' is well known; but it is not known from what source he got the anecdote. It is quoted by Bagehot in an article on Shakespeare in the 'Prospective Review.'† Then there is the Wilton House letter (now missing), which spoke of 'the man Shakespeare' being there. This was a forgery, no doubt, like the following. A book was sold for 32*l.* in 1905 at Sotheby's entitled John Carion: 'Thre Bokes of Cronicles,' 1550, containing not only signatures of Shakespeare and Southampton, but also a note indicating that it was a gift from the latter, and also two notes by Shakespeare

* See E. Law, 'Some Shakespeare Forgeries.'
† Vol. IX, 446.

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himself, one signed 'W. S.,' and the other 'Wm. Shakespeare.' In the 'Shakespeare Repository' for 1853 is a circumstantial account of a letter of Shakespeare discovered by a W. Neate in an old pocket-book bought by him. It was addressed to his friend the Lord Mayor of 1609 (this would be Sir Thomas Cambell). What the letter contained is not stated, but we are told that it was bought by Sheridan for the Prince Regent.* According to Dr Wallace, the Daniel Nicholas, who appears in the suit Belott *v.* Mountjoy, as a friend of Shakespeare, was son of Ambrose Nicholas, formerly Lord Mayor; but his name is not found in the list of Lord Mayors as given by Townsend in his manual of dates.

The second great epoch of Shakespearean discoveries centres round the personality of J. O. Halliwell, afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps, who was as indefatigable as he was fortunate in his researches. But as scholar and writer he had some capital defects. His voluminous publications are disjointed, clumsily and confusedly put together, badly indexed and deficient in exact references. Some of the works he issued were privately printed and in such limited numbers as to be 'caviare to the general.' He had a jealous habit, difficult to characterise in parliamentary language, of concealing the origin of some of his facts; and subsequent workers have been put to infinite trouble in tracking these down. He collected numerous valuable manuscripts and Shakespearean rarities, some of which have since disappeared, while the bulk of his collections has been sold out of the country, and thus been put beyond the reach of Shakespeare's countrymen.† His judgment also was often greatly at fault, and some of his most confident statements are unfounded. Nor was his accuracy in the transcription of documents always above suspicion. His

* For a supposed letter to Anne Hathaway see the 'Monthly Magazine,' 1882. Ireland claimed to have found two letters of Shakespeare to the Lord Chamberlain at Knowle in 1797. Mrs Hornby, the keeper of the birthplace relics a century ago, used to assert that a letter from Shakespeare to his wife from London was found in the house and exhibited there, but stolen by visitors.

† This has also more recently been the case with the unique collection of early MSS relating to Shakespeare at Warwick Castle, a most deplorable loss. For a catalogue of these, see 'Shakespearean,' Jan. 15, 1896, p. 108 (Mrs Stopes).

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monumental Life of the Poet, however, remained the standard Life till superseded by Sir Sidney Lee's.

The latter is a worthy product of English scholarship. The new edition incorporates all the latest discoveries, such as the extracts from the Plume MSS, and the Belvoir entry of the payment made to Mr Shakespeare and Richard Burbage in connexion with 'my Lord's impresse' for the tournament on March 24, 1613. The theory of Mrs Stopes that the Shakespeare mentioned was the John Shakespeare, who was bit-maker to the King, has first to show that the latter was connected with a Richard Burbage. Though we have no evidence that Shakespeare ever composed an impress or device unless the motto, 'In hac spe vivo,'* which is not found in any emblem writer, is an instance, yet he was certainly familiar with Whitney's 'Choice of Emblems,' as is seen by comparing the dedication of that work in 1586 to the Earl of Leicester with the dedication of 'Venus and Adonis' to the Earl of Southampton. Take these sentences in particular:

'Being abashed that my hability cannot afford them such as are fit to be offered up to so honourable a survey. . . . Yet if it shall like your Honour to allow of any of them, I shall think my pen set to the book in happy hour; and it shall encourage me to assay some matter of more moment, as soon as leisure will further my desire in that behalf.'

Shakespeare in his literary labours utilised all visual† as well as mental impressions, and there are many images in his works drawn from the emblematists. In the same way some of his Bible lore was taken from the frescoes of the Gild Chapel at Stratford, from the mystery and morality plays of his childhood, and from the 'painted cloths' depicting the story of the Prodigal Son or Lazarus and the like, to be found in houses of the period.

The new century has been ushered in with numerous and important discoveries made by Dr Wallace of Nebraska. These include an authentic autograph of Shakespeare; but, with the curious fatality that seems to

* 'Pericles,' Act II, Sc. 2.

† 'Much Ado,' III, 3, 140.

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attend all such records, this signature settles none of the disputed points with reference to the spelling of the name.

The genuine autographs, if the one in the Montaigne be reckoned, and it is difficult to exclude it, now number eight. Besides these two and the shortened one in the Ovid, we have the three to the separate sheets of the will, the signature to the purchase deed of the Blackfriars house, and the fellow one to the mortgage of the same property on the following day. The only signatures in full are those to the will and in the Montaigne. The abbreviation of the signatures in the two deeds was supposed to be due to exigencies of space, but that explanation does not hold good at all events in this new one, where the writer does not even get beyond the second S. The truth is that the Poet was indolent and impatient of unnecessary labour. 'The best of him was' not 'diligence.' He wrote indeed a respectable number of plays, though not a quarter so many as Heywood, with whom and Dekker Webster brackets him as notable for 'right happy and copious industry.' But we find on inspection that he always saved himself as much trouble as possible in their composition, by utilising older plays and stories, wherever practicable, for the plots and framework, sometimes even for the text, of his dramas, himself only with his magic alchemy turning brass into gold and paste into diamonds. He rarely stayed to cancel or to alter, and he wrote with the ease, rapidity, and inevitableness which we associate with the utterance of the most consummate of orators.

In the case of our present signature, he was obviously bored with the 'inter'gat'ries'* to which he was subjected, and glad to scribble his name and be off. It is so hurriedly done that—*pace* Heminge and Condell—there *is* a blot on his paper, obscuring the 'k,' while the first 'a' is so sprawled that it might conceivably be 'ac,' and the last letter written, which must be 's,' is yet treated as if it were 'p,' and capable of carrying the under cross-stroke which signifies an abbreviation for 'er,' or 'ere,' or possibly 'eare.'

* 'Nor time nor place will serve our long inter'gat'ries.' 'Cymbeline,' v, v, 392.

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If we could be quite certain of the Montaigne signature, we should know that, though the official and literary form of the name was Shakespeare, he spelt it at one time of his life at least Shakspere, for the word there is beautifully and clearly written. All the other signatures agree with it in having no 'e' in the middle of the word, but this does not necessarily mean that the first syllable of the name should be pronounced short. That was no doubt the local pronunciation at Stratford, but the spelling, which the owner himself authorised in his 'Venus' and his 'Lucrece,' still further emphasised when written Shake-speare, shows that he meant it to be pronounced Shake. In the first thirty literary allusions to his name, Shakespeare is found more than a score of times, and Shakspeare thrice.* The sublime reading Shakesphere also occurs.

Shakespeare certainly *wrote* his name without an 'e' in the first syllable, but it is impossible to get any agreement as to whether he spelt the second half with or without an 'a.' The crucial instance is the last signature to the will. In the opinion of this 'speaker' the *ayes* have it.

The suit, discovered by Dr Wallace, between Stephen Belott and Christopher Mountjoy, his father-in-law, dated 1612, is one of great interest, for it gives us a precious glimpse into Shakespeare's domestic life during the latter years of his sojourn in London away from his wife. He comes before us in the unexpected, but perhaps not uncongenial, rôle of a match-maker. Belott, Mountjoy's apprentice in his tire-making business, married, as was so often the case, the daughter of his master. This marriage was partly brought about by Shakespeare, who appears to have been for many years an inmate of the Mountjoy household in their home at the corner of Silver and Monkwell Streets. The idea of the marriage originated with the Mountjoys, who asked their lodger to approach Belott on the subject and, if possible, bring about the match. The friendly disposition of our 'gentle' Shakespeare induced him to undertake the mission, which led to the desired result.

* Out of 28 Quartos published in Shakespeare's lifetime, 15 have Shakespeare, 12 Shake-speare, 1 Shakspeare.

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Disputes, however, followed by a bitter estrangement subsequently arose between the father and the married couple on the subject of the dowry promised and a legacy to come to them on their father's death.

When a lawsuit ensued, and Shakespeare was called upon to give evidence against his host of so many years' standing, the poet must have been heartily sorry that his good nature had induced him to meddle at all in the matter. When questioned at the trial, he answers as briefly as he can, and the owner of the 'good sprag memory,'* which he undoubtedly had, professes that he cannot remember this or that point in the marriage negotiations—a forgetfulness which receives little support from other witnesses. Moreover, at an adjourned inquiry a few days later, though scheduled for examination, he did not appear. This is a great disappointment for us, as we should have had at all events another signature, possibly unblotted and written in full, with a few more of his words, though most likely a mere repetition of his former evidence. Possibly he had on the first occasion come up from Stratford on purpose, and retired again as speedily as he could thither.

Those who have not studied the depositions as transcribed by Dr Wallace will be glad to have what Shakespeare said thrown back as far as possible into his own words.

'William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon in the county of Warwick, gentleman, of the age of 48 years or thereabouts, being sworn and examined the 11th May 1612, deposed as follows:

'In answer to the first question. "I know both the Plaintiff, Stephen Belott, and the Defendant, Christopher Mountjoy, and have known them as far as I can remember for the last ten years or so."

'In answer to the second question. "I knew Belott when he was in the defendant's service, and as far as my knowledge goes he behaved himself well and honestly all that time, but I cannot say that I heard his master state that he had ever got 'great profit and commodity' by his service. Still I verily think that Belott was a very good and industrious servant to Mr Mountjoy."

* 'Merry Wives,' IV, 1-84.

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'To the third question. "It was quite evident that Mountjoy both felt and showed great goodwill and affection towards Belott throughout his apprenticeship. Often and on various occasions I have heard the plaintiff and his wife say of their apprentice that he was a very honest fellow. The proposal that he should marry their daughter came from the defendant, who expressed his readiness to forward the marriage, if Belott were willing and liked well of it. Moreover, Madame Mountjoy asked and entreated me to urge and persuade Belott to effect the marriage, and this I accordingly did."

'In answer to the fourth question. "The Defendant promised to give his daughter a marriage portion, but I do not remember the exact sum promised, or when it was to be paid. Nor do I know anything of his promise to give Belott 200*l.* at his decease, if he married his daughter. The Plaintiff lived in his master's house, and they all had many discussions about the proposed marriage, which was afterwards duly consummated and solemnised." *

'In answer to the fifth question. "As to implements and necessaries of household stuff said to have been given to Belott by the Defendant at his marriage with his daughter, I know nothing."'

At the second inquiry, at which Shakespeare *non est inventus*, Nicholas stated further that Mr Shakespeare told him that the Defendant sent him to Belott to break with him the subject of the marriage, and that Mountjoy promised, if Belott would marry his daughter Mary, to give her a sum of money as her portion, but that, if he declined to marry her, she should never cost her father a groat. Being certified through Shakespeare that they would receive the marriage portion from her father, they were 'made sure' by Shakespeare on giving their consent to the marriage, and they agreed to marry, giving each other's hand to the hand of the other; and they subsequently were married. Shakespeare could not call to mind the exact sum promised, but thought it was about 50*l.*, to his best remembrance. Moreover, Shakespeare remembered that the Defendant promised to give them a portion of his goods, but could not call to mind

* On Nov. 19, 1604, at St Olave's, Silver Street. Shakespeare was no doubt present. We now use 'consummate' in this connexion in a different sense.

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what goods or their value. On the same occasion a young apprentice of Belott's, named William Eaton, deposed to what he had heard Mr Shakespeare say, which was much to the same effect as the above. When he was going on to repeat more that Mr Shakespeare had told the Plaintiff, he was cut short, probably by the president of the Court, and the clerk struck out the words 'And Mr Shakespeare told the Plaintiff" . . . a *hiatus valde deflendus*.

From this suit we also learn an interesting by-fact, namely that Belott and his wife, after quitting the Mountjoys, lived in the house of George Wilkins,* the playwright who had the honour of collaborating with Shakespeare in 'Pericles' and possibly in 'Timon' and wrote that powerful play, 'The Yorkshire Tragedy,' in which some have seen traces of Shakespeare's hand.

Even more useful are Dr Wallace's discoveries concerning the 'Blackfriars' and 'Globe' Theatres, and Shakespeare's interest in them. Other documents throw light on the 'aery of children, little eyasses,' at Blackfriars 1597–1603. Especially interesting is the suit between Osteler and Heminge, in which Thomasine, the youthful widow of the actor Will Osteler, sued her father with respect to her husband's shares in the two theatres. We find that Shakespeare, from 1614 till his death, owned 1/14th share in the Globe and 1/7th in the Blackfriars Theatre.

Another suit, unearthed by the same persevering and efficient searcher, is one brought by John Witter, who married the widow of the actor Augustine Phillips,† a partner in the 'Globe,' against Heminge, Condell, and other shareholders. This was to recover possession of the 1/4th share inherited by his wife from Phillips, and forfeited owing to Witter's refusal to share in the expenses of rebuilding the 'Globe' when it was burnt down in 1613. These shares were all held in joint tenancy, and could not legally be alienated, falling back at death into the hands of the surviving shareholders. Shakespeare does not mention his shares in his will, and

* In St Sepulchre's parish.

† By his will in 1605 he left Shakespeare a 30*s.* piece in gold, possibly, says Mr E. Law, his payment for acting as Groom of the Chamber.—See below.

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they no doubt relapsed to Heminge* and others. Dr Wallace has shown that the income received by Shakespeare from these shares was about the same in either case, and at most 300*l.* in all, equivalent in our currency to at least four or five times that sum. But after the rebuilding of the 'Globe' its shares became more remunerative. We find Heminge and Condell spoken of as being of 'great living, wealth and power.'

The conclusions, however, drawn by their discoverer from these new documents have not all found acceptance. With respect to the site of the Globe Theatre there is a distinct and puzzling conflict of evidence. The title deeds of Barclay's Brewery, strongly supported by tradition, place the site upon their property; but Dr Wallace, relying on the boundaries mentioned in his records and the reports of the Sewer Commission of the time, confidently fixes the site as north of Maiden Lane and not south of it, where the Brewery now stands. Some one has blundered, evidently, but the established view still finds the most favour.

Minor successes have been achieved by other searchers. Mrs Stopes has thrown light on many points in connexion with Shakespeare's family and environment. The earliest mention of a Shakespeare, Geoffrey by name and Surrey by county, is her discovery. Her efforts to overthrow the accepted view of the Lucy episode cannot be called successful. Her industry is right happy, but her inference is not always abreast of it. Original work of value has also been done by Mr E. Law, who, by finding the authority for it, has proved authentic the statement of Halliwell-Phillipps that Shakespeare with his fellows acted on one occasion as 'Groom of the Chamber' to the King. In his book on the subject Mr Law gives a graphic account of the circumstances in which Shakespeare's company, with him undoubtedly among them, acted in the capacity of 'Grooms-in-Waiting' on the King when he welcomed the Spanish Ambassador and his suite, for the signing of the Spanish Treaty in August 1604. Incidentally he shows that they did not, as generally supposed, march in the Royal

* There seems to be no evidence that they passed to Dr Hall, as Sir Sidney Lee supposes.

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procession when James I celebrated his accession, though like all the other 'servants' of the King they received the customary livery of red cloth. However, Shakespeare and his eleven fellows, in their red doublets, were in attendance on Juan Fernandez de Velasco from Aug. 9 to 27.* The entry runs :—

'To Augustine Phillips and John Hemynges for the allowance of themselves and ten of their fellows, His Majesty's Grooms of the Chamber and Players, for waiting and attending on His Majesty's Service by commandment upon the Spanish Ambassador at Somerset House for the space of XVIII days, viz. from the IXth day of August 1604 until the XXVIIth day of the same, as appeareth by a bill thereof signed by the Lord Chamberlain—XXII XI.'

Shakespeare must have been present to make up the number of players mentioned. In the matter of the grant of cloth his name, as the best known, comes first. The patent conferring the status of Groom-of-the-Chamber is not extant. It is somewhat strange that the players were not also asked to show their talent before the Spanish grandees. They seem to have been there only to lend colour to the pageant, and to have had no further duties, menial or other, to perform.

Shakespeare's fee for the eighteen days was but 2*s.* a day in money of the period, perhaps 10*l.* in all, not in itself a remunerative payment, even though, as is likely, board and lodging and other perquisites were added.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks that recent discoveries have been of a most valuable and unexpected kind, giving us every reason to hope that there is still much priceless information stored up in public and private archives, waiting only to be unsealed. Taking legal records alone, we know that litigation was almost as much a hobby with Shakespeare and his contemporaries as it was in the times of Aristophanes. Within a year before his death Shakespeare joined other complainants in a successful suit against Mathew Bacon, a former owner of the Blackfriars house, for the restitution of deeds connected with this and other neighbouring

* Audit Office, Declared accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber, Roll 41, Bundle 388; a second copy is in the Pipe Office, Bundle No. 543.

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property.* The Stratford records contain references to an amazing number of suits between prominent citizens, neighbours, and even friends. John Shakespeare has half a hundred to his own share. The townsmen were evidently wont to 'do as adversaries do in law, strive mightily but eat and drink as friends.'† We may expect, therefore, to find some more legal evidences relating to Shakespeare.

There are other lines of search also that are waiting to be followed up. For instance, the inventory of Ben Jonson's goods is said to be in existence; and the late Dr Furnivall thought there was a good chance of the inventory of Lady Bernard's goods being found in one of the 28 boxes mentioned above. Documents of the greatest interest may still be in the possession of the heirs of Edward Bagley, the executor of Lady Bernard's will, or of descendants from her husband's children by his first wife. It has been supposed that some 'Shakespearean letters' were actually in the possession of Colonel Gardiner, one of these descendants.‡

The MS book of Dr Hall's, containing notes of 1000 medical cases, from which Dr Cooke in 1657 published about 180 in his 'Select Observations on English Bodies,' was known to Malone, who borrowed it from a Dr Wright. It has since disappeared, and every effort should be made to trace it. It would seem hopeless to recover the other MS, 'prepared for the press,' which Cooke took away with this one from Mrs Hall's house in 1644 (see above, p. 230).

Such discoveries as those of the Lamport Hall books, of the Plume MSS, which gave us the only glimpse of John Shakespeare at his home cracking jests with his famous son, and the recent find of fresh letters of Gabriel Harvey, Chapman, and Jonson, raise hopes that we may come upon still other caches of the same kind.

In Sir Sidney Lee's revised 'Biography of Shakespeare' we have an adequate presentment of all known

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* Discovered by Dr Wallace.

† 'Taming of the Shrew,' I, 2, 278.

‡ 'Notes and Queries,' V Ser. VII, 287. Mr Belloc, in 1908, condescended to perpetrate a circumstantial hoax, tracing a certain Charlemagne K. Hopper from a daughter of Lady Bernard by her first husband Thomas Nash (but here called Hall).

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facts bearing on his life and work. The editor 'loves the man and honours his memory on this side idolatry as much as any,' but he has the good sense and historic honesty not to burke unpleasant facts or try to archangelise the subject of his book. He is not afraid even to quote the Countess of Southampton's letter to her husband, with its veiled but possible allusion to Shakespeare as Sir John Falstaff. If the ascription is correct, Shakespeare must have had a liaison, while living apart from his wife in London about 1599. There is another but otherwise unsupported, and from the source whence it is derived unlikely, tradition, reported in 1727 by Theobald, that the Poet had a natural daughter, old enough, about 1613, to be presented with a new play of her father's.* The Bohemian life of a player and the somewhat tainted atmosphere that surrounded a playhouse must have made it hard for a man of so passionate a nature, and so genial, not to say jovial, a character as was Shakespeare's, to live in such an environment a wholly moral life. We owe to Mrs Stopes the discovery that an Edward Shakespeare, player, had an illegitimate son baptised at St Giles, Cripplegate, on Aug. 12, 1607. This must refer to Shakespeare's brother Edmund, who was buried at St Saviour's, Southwark, on Dec. 31 of that year. The same authority gives us an entry from the register of St Clement Danes, which records the burial on Aug. 8, 1609, of Jane, daughter of William Shakspeer. But, as a John Shakespeer had a daughter Jane baptised on the 16th of July previous, she is inclined to consider William an error for John, a by no means certain conclusion.

We know, however, that many of the players of Shakespeare's company were communicants at St Mary Overy's, Southwark.† Nat. Field, who was a Bishop's brother, made a vehement defence of himself and his fellows against the outrageous attack of a Mr Sutton, a preacher in Southwark, on their profession in the very year of Shakespeare's death.

With regard to the Davenant scandal, a careful consideration of the whole circumstances of the story

* It is difficult to see how the play, if written for a company, was his to give.

† See Carew Hazlitt, p. 95.

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makes it clear that there is no truth in it. It cannot, however, be denied that, like his patron Southampton and his 'favourer' Pembroke, Shakespeare anticipated the rights of marriage before wedlock; and it is mere special pleading to say, without any evidence, that there must have been a pre-contract in his case. Beyond question he was a man of strong passions and a recognised master in the art of love, as is proved by the curious poem, 'Willobie his Avisa.' Moreover, his portrait, with its full lips, whence his supposed nickname *Labeo*, tells the same tale to the physiognomist, despite his own words, 'There is no art To find the mind's construction in the face.'* This feature has been horribly exaggerated in the disagreeable 'Flower Portrait,' which is unaccountably prefixed to Sir Sidney Lee's new edition of the Life.

But, after going down, like Dante, into Hell, Shakespeare, through the essential nobility of his nature, 'mastered this little mansion of himself,'† and, purged of the stains and errors of his London life,‡ came back to his wife and home in Stratford. There he busied himself with his orchards and his farming, and with furthering local interests through his influence among 'persons of quality' in London. He died a patriotic citizen and a good man, possibly at the last, as Archdeacon Davies seems to have heard, a papist. But his burial in Stratford church—though possibly accounted for by the fact that he was a part-owner of the tithes—is against this supposition, no less than the stereotyped Protestant exordium to his will. In his Stratford bust we see the firm serene face of one who has emerged a triumphant victor over all evil inclinations. Like the mariner of philosophy spoken of by Marcus Aurelius, he has 'turned the headland and finds all at set-fair and a halcyon sea.'§ Such a man, who has passed through the valley of humiliation, is to us more human and more lovable than if he had been as faultless as King Arthur.

C. R. HAINES.

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* 'Macbeth,' I, 4, 12. † 'Edward III,' II, 2, 97.

‡ Dr Wallace says that it is becoming doubtful whether he ever did settle down at Stratford; but is it?

§ Shakespeare almost certainly imitated in his Sonnet 55 a passage of Meres' book, 'Palladis Tamia.'

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Art. 2.—HOW THE 'ADORATION OF THE LAMB' WAS SAVED.

THE great war has left us more than enough of sad memories, so that it may be refreshing to turn from these to read the amusing account which tells how the town of Ghent saved its famous picture by Van Eyck, known to us as 'The Adoration of the Lamb,' from the rapacity of the Germans. Every art-lover has admired this picture in the Cathedral of St Bavon. It was commissioned by the rich Burgomaster, Jodocus Vydt, from Hubert Van Eyck for a small chapel in the church where he and his wife hoped to be buried. Hubert Van Eyck died in 1426, and the work was finished by his brother Jan, perhaps also with the help of the third brother, Lambert Van Eyck. In 1432 it was placed in the chapel, where it has since been the wonder and admiration of the world. But, during the five hundred years since the picture was painted, it has had many vicissitudes; portions of it have been separated from the rest; and it is only since 1920 that the whole can be seen together again.

'The Adoration of the Lamb' was in 1578 very nearly given by the Calvinists to Queen Elizabeth as a bribe for her help; but a Flemish noble fortunately interposed, and it was kept safely in the Town Hall and replaced in its chapel in 1584. Next it was nearly burnt by accident in 1641; and in 1781 the Emperor Joseph II of Austria, when paying a visit to St Bavon, objected to the nudity of Adam and Eve, with the result that the offending figures were put away in a garret and clothed copies took their place, though Albert Dürer had especially singled out the figure of Eve for admiration. In 1794 the central portion was stolen by the French and exhibited in the Louvre; but Wellington, in 1814, insisted on the return of the treasure. A law was then made that the picture should never again be alienated; and yet the same year, in December 1816, De Surre, the Vicar-General and administrator of the Diocese of Ghent, when his Bishop was away, actually sold the folding doors of the priceless polyptych to a Dutch dealer at Brussels, saying that he considered them of small value, 'being very ancient and very ugly.' A thousand francs for each of the six panels were offered by this dealer on the condition that they

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should be delivered within twenty-four hours. He received the shutters within the specified time, and parted with them immediately to Mr Solly, an Englishman living in Germany. Of course there was a great outcry; but it was too late; the traitor in the camp had sold what it has taken more than a hundred years to recover. Mr Solly resold the shutters at a high profit, for 500,000 thalers, to the King of Prussia; and thus Berlin, before the great war, owned these famous paintings.*

This introduction will show why the Germans were so very anxious in the year 1914 not only to retain the shutters of the Van Eyck, but to obtain the rest of the great picture, and it brings us to the story of the hiding. One official of St Bavon long ago had betrayed his trust; but it was left to another to wipe away that disgrace. M. Van der Gheyn is a Canon of the Cathedral, President of the Historical and Archæological Society of Ghent, and a warm lover of his country and of its ancient art. He will go down to posterity as the man who, by his courage and his great resource, saved 'The Adoration of the Lamb' from being carried off by the Germans, or worse—for the burning of the irreplaceable Library of Louvain was at this moment before the eyes of the Belgians, helping Canon Van der Gheyn to draw his own conclusions. It is from a pamphlet by him, published by Van Doosselaere of Ghent, that the following account is drawn.

As soon as the invasion of Belgium began, the Canon realised that the picture was in danger, and that something should be done to save it from being destroyed or carried off to Berlin. He consulted the Dean and Chapter of St Bavon and several of his friends. The question with the Cathedral Chapter was—'If the Germans conquer Belgium, who can prevent them from carrying off our picture?' 'Even if you hide it,' said the Canon's friends, 'the Huns will make you reveal the

* The six Berlin shutters were specially mentioned in the Treaty of Versailles as to be restored to Ghent, the value to be deducted from the total sum due for reparations. The price now set upon them was fixed by the Germans at 75,000,000 francs. In 1916 (see below) they estimated it as from ten to twenty millions. But it was not till November 1920 that the shutters were restored.

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place at the muzzle of a Browning. What would you do then?' 'I should say—fire!' was the Canon's reply. The danger drew nearer and nearer; finally the distracted Canon decided to go to the Burgomaster and ask his advice. If this proved of no avail, then he would apply to Van der Heuvel, one of the Belgian Ministers. The Burgomaster hesitated to answer his appeal; but hearing the Canon mention Van der Heuvel's name, he exclaimed, 'Go to him, let *him* decide; but in any case do not let *me* know where you think of hiding it.'

M. Van der Heuvel was at Antwerp, whither the Belgian Government had already retired, before going on to Le Havre. When the Canon repeated the question, 'Shall I hide the picture or not?' the answer was laconic and to the point—'Hide it.' The Canon's joy was great. Here at last was some one who agreed with him and had the courage to say so; but there was still much to consider and very little time in which to act. The place of hiding must not be damp; it must be easily visited in order to see that the picture ran no danger from fire or water. A friend to whom he confided his difficulties—M. Pierre Nyssens—exclaimed, 'I know the very place for it; come and see it.'

The Canon was now determined that as few persons as possible should be let into the secret; for, besides the risk of being shot, a secret shared by many is seldom a secret for long. He had, however, three friends whom he could absolutely trust, MM. Franz and Henri Coppejans and M. Joseph Cornélis. When he applied to them, all three agreed to help him. They found M. Nyssens' hiding-place excellent, but decided that it was too small to hold all the panels. In one way this was a good thing, as it divided the danger of discovery; and at last M. Coppejans found a second place of concealment which, with a few adaptations, could be made perfectly secure. Now came the question, how was it possible to avoid publicity while packing up the panels in their cases? Again M. Cornélis came to the rescue; he would have the cases made of dry wood, at this time still procurable, and have them sent to his private studio as if for his personal use. But how could the taking down and packing of the polyptych remain a dead secret?

It was now towards the end of August. Liége had

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fallen after its heroic defence; Louvain was half burnt and the ashes of the priceless library were scattered to the winds; Namur was threatened. If the people in Ghent saw that the Cathedral authorities were transporting their treasures elsewhere, a panic would certainly ensue, as was the case later on; and at all costs this must be avoided if the town was not to share the fate of Louvain. Not even the subordinate officials of the Cathedral should know that the picture was to be taken away, and much less whither it was going; yet there was only one hour in the day when the building was closed and deserted—this was between twelve and one, for at one o'clock the body of cleaners trooped in till the place was thrown open at two o'clock to the public. This then was the hour in which they must get everything done. So one day at noon the friends met, bringing two ladders, and they worked with such good will that in thirty-five minutes the work was safely accomplished and the panels taken secretly to the Archbishop's palace close by. Not a soul had noticed them. The curtains were let down as usual over the picture space; and it was only a few days afterwards that the Canon informed the servants of the Cathedral that it was gone.

It was decided that the actual hiding was also to take place at noon, for at that hour the whole of Ghent was at *déjeuner*, and there were few idlers in the street. The cart was ready in the yard, but who should drive it? Another Coppejans brother conducted a business in stoves, and he at once offered to drive the cart. He dressed himself in workman's clothes and, covering up the precious cases with old iron and rubbish, he drove the Van Eyck through Ghent. The other conspirators went to the rendezvous by different streets; and when M. Nyssens saw the arrival of the strange cargo he burst out laughing. Who could imagine that a picture worth millions was hidden under that rubbish heap? The Virgin and St John were deposited in this hiding-place, and, as the cart was able to get into the courtyard, no one saw the actual unpacking. The second hiding-place received in like manner the remaining panels.

The first act of the play was now safely over; would the other be equally successful? Would the enemy or the Canon of St Bavon win the victory? The Canon

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asked himself what proofs he could show the coming enemy that the picture was no longer in the Cathedral or in Ghent; for no one doubted that the attempt to gain possession of it would be made. The brave Canon had thought it all out; and Van der Heuvel was once again interviewed. It was important that those connected with the concealment should tell the same story. 'We shall inform them,' said the Canon, 'that, the Chapter of the Cathedral having once failed in their trust by selling the shutters of the Van Eyck, the present authorities had begged the Belgian Government to undertake the safe-guarding of the picture. Would M. Poullet, the Minister of Justice, write a letter which the Canon might show to the Germans?' At Van der Heuvel's request the Minister gladly acceded and wrote the following letter:

'~~Brussels.~~ 30, 8, 1914. Antwerp.

'M. le Président.

'I have the honour to inform you that it is urgently necessary to take measures for saving the picture of the Mystic Lamb ornamenting the Cathedral of St Bavon from the peril which threatens it. I therefore beg you to facilitate the work of the man charged with transporting the picture to England; he will present himself on Monday, the 31st inst., at the Cathedral.

'Believe me yours, etc.,

'P. POULLET,

'Minister of Science and Art, and Minister of Justice *ad interim*.

'To M. le Président of the Fabric of St Bavon at Ghent.'

From force of habit Poullet had written 'Brussels' and had altered it to 'Antwerp,' where he now was; and, as we shall see, this mistake inspired doubts in the Germans when they saw the letter. The Canon was much surprised at this new idea of the Van Eyck being sent to England; but Van der Heuvel answered that he had himself recommended Poullet to say this, so that it might turn away German suspicions from Ghent.

To return to the second act. The Germans took possession of Ghent and had been only a fortnight in the town when they sent word to the Canon that the

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Baron von Keudell, then calling himself Civil Administrator, was coming to visit the Cathedral. It was the Canon's duty to go round with distinguished visitors, and he held himself ready. This was on Monday, Oct. 26, 1914; and he knew the real object of the visit. When the Baron and his suite had entered the chapel of Judocus Vydt, the Canon drew back the curtain and, opening the shutters, remarked:

'"Here is the place where formerly 'The Adoration of the Lamb' was placed and exhibited."

'"Yes," said Keudell, "and I know that it is no longer here."

'"Yes, it is gone; I can read you this official letter on the subject"—and very solemnly Canon Van der Gheyer read out Poullet's letter. When he reached the sentence about England, the German burst forth—

'"What! you trust England, and you believe they will return your picture! Make the sign of the Cross over your Van Eyck, you will never see it again!"

'"I do not know," answered the Canon, "what arrangements were made by our Government and that of the English. I had only to obey orders. It would certainly be a great misfortune for Ghent if the picture did not return here, but I must own I would rather know it was intact in England than see it burnt here by the Germans. Everybody can admire it there, while the ruin you wrought at the Louvain Library benefits no one."'

In January 1915 the President of the Fabric of the Cathedral received a letter begging him to furnish a certificate to say that the Germans had not taken away the Van Eyck. The Italians had published this report and were spreading it broadcast. Of course the certificate was gladly given, for the enemy had had no chance of stealing it. The Chapter were now beginning to feel quite easy about the safety of their treasure; but they did not measure the persistency of their enemies. On Feb. 7, 1915, the Canon received a police visit to inform him that the Commandant would come and see him. At five o'clock the German appeared. He required, said he, to receive another refutation of the supposed theft of the Van Eyck, adding that the military were the people who should hold it and not the civil rulers of the town. After inquiring the Canon's name, he

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apologised for disturbing him and retired; but now a stream of Germans visited the Cathedral to ask questions as to the disappearance of the picture. This curiosity was usually stopped by saying it had been sent to England after the burning of the Louvain Library.

This spring the Canon and his friends visited the precious cases and to their joy found the pictures in perfect preservation. But in August 1916 they were again alarmed. A message was received by the authorities announcing that two special commissioners would visit them on the subject of the disappearance of the Van Eyck. The Belgian President of the Cathedral Fabric merely showed them Poullet's letter and said that his treasurer, the Canon, had carried out the work of sending off 'The Mystic Lamb.' Three inquisitors immediately visited the Canon; Dr Hensler, Governor-General in Brussels, was the chief of them, but Dr Clemen was the spokesman. He had been specially charged by His Imperial Majesty—a profound bow to this great unseen authority followed—to make an examination of the condition of the pictures in Belgium.

'"Pray tell me what is the actual state of the Van Eyck picture?"

'"That is impossible. We delivered it to the Belgian Government, so that they might send it to England at the end of August. We received a letter . . ."

'"I know that quite well; I have seen the letter," interrupted the President impatiently, "but since then have you received no news of the picture?"

'"How could I receive a letter from England? You know that it would be only through illegal means if I did so, in which case I should certainly now be detained in prison."

'"Do you think," persisted Dr Clemen, "that these panels are in England?"

'"I have no means of knowing. I've only had to execute orders, which we did all the more willingly that then our responsibility ceased. You are already aware that the Canons of Ghent Cathedral were very much blamed for selling the shutters of the polyptych, which are, as you know, at Berlin. The present Chapter were afraid of the responsibility of guarding the picture, and were only too glad when the Government came to our rescue."

'"Certainly," said Dr Clemen, "but it seems to me that

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as an art-lover you would still be interested in the fate of the picture."

'"I trusted my Government."

'"We assure you that we are as anxious about the preservation of this *chef d'œuvre* as you are; and our visit is chiefly to tell you how to keep the picture safely in its hiding-place. We have no intention of taking it from you. Now tell me—to me alone—where you have hidden it. I want to see it simply to help you to safeguard it."

'"Your promises are entirely useless, and even if you offered me enough gold pieces to cover this table I could only tell you what you already know."

'"But tell me, who were the people who saw the picture taken away? It could not possibly go unseen by any one."

'"But this really happened; for a fortnight after it was gone, I was blamed for leaving it in its chapel here."

'"It seems to me impossible. You must have had scaffolding, and all this getting-down is not done in a minute."

'The Canon pointed to some photographs, which Berlin photographers had taken before the war. "I assure you that, to help those photographers, I looked after the taking down of the four panels, and with only the help of two ladders it was all done in thirty-five minutes."

'"I understand; but this last time, what about the cases which were necessary?"

'"I had previously ordered the cases. There was no mystery about it; and in the account-book which the German authority required to see, I put down the expenses. . . ."

'"You must love the English very much," said Dr Clemen sarcastically, "for you are making them a handsome present, worth ten or twenty million francs" (cf. note to p. 245).

'"The picture has no price. As to loving the English, I only love my own country passionately. Till 1914 I was in sympathy with the Germans and often went to visit their works of art, but since then my affection is centred on Belgium alone. . . ."

'"I agree that the place of the picture should certainly be in St Bavon."

'"But that is not, alas! the general idea in Germany. Dr Schäffer said in 'Die Kunst' that not only must the Belgian millions be taken, but also their works of art, and chiefly the Van Eyck of St Bavon."

'"Oh! Schäffer is 'un cerveau brulé.'"'

'"But his advice appeared in a serious magazine."

'"Do you know the workman who carried off the picture?'

'"No; that was not my business."

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'"What! you confide such a treasure to an unknown man?"

'"He could not be unknown, as he represented the Belgian Government."

'"How did you know that?"

'"He brought a letter with him."

'"It might have been false. Handwriting is easily imitated."

'"Really, you are not speaking seriously? I had received all necessary verbal instructions from the Minister Van der Heuvel."

'"Well then, as you can tell me nothing more, I will question the church employés."

'"They saw nothing."

'"You can really tell me of no one who knew the Government functionary?"

'"No one."

'"And, though your picture was universally beloved, you asked no one to its burial!"

Dr Clemen was beaten, but the German efforts were not exhausted. On August 25, 1916, the Canon was warned by a friend that Major Heitz, Chief Police Commissioner, wished to see him on the subject of the Van Eyck. Anxious to be beforehand with him, as he bore no very amiable character, the Canon himself went to Major Heitz's office. The interview lasted an hour, but the Canon soon found he need not fear the official. He had previously warned his friends, the Coppejans and Cornélis, that he might have to disclose their names, and they had agreed to this step. The Canon, who could out-talk a German, began a long tale of all the events connected with the picture's disappearance. He wove a beautiful story round the Minister Van der Heuvel's doings. Heitz was specially anxious to find out who had driven the cart containing the cases and to what station they had gone. No one had thought of the driver; and the Canon fell back on the fact that he had to get the picture down and see it in its cases, but the rest was entirely the affair of Van der Heuvel. Heitz remarked that there were three possibilities—the picture was in England, or hidden near Ghent, or on board a ship in the harbour at Havre. The Canon was glad to hear this. It looked as if the Germans did not altogether believe the picture was at Ghent.

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'"Do you think the picture is in England?" asked Heitz innocently.

'"I have no certain opinion on the subject; but this I will tell you. A Belgian amateur begged for our help with regard to an exhibition of Flemish pictures in England. A certain number of church pictures were asked for; you see the Government had that idea well in their minds."

'"That is not impossible," answered Heitz. "M. Van der Heuvel is then the only person who knows all about the affair."

'The Canon wished to laugh, but only said, "You have judged rightly."

'"Then you could write to Van der Heuvel for precise information, through Cardinal Mercier."

'The Canon looked furious. "The way I am treated makes me doubt whether I could even get speech with Cardinal Mercier. To every previous request of mine for passports I have received the answer '*Nein*'—to see my Bishop, my relations and my wards."

'"I could give you passports."

'"I would not demean myself to ask you for what I ought to have by right."

Then Heitz held out his hand, thanked the Canon for coming and dismissed him. But the storm was not yet over! The German does not easily let go; so the Bishop of Ghent was next attacked with marked rudeness. Politeness was useless, so they would try something else. Where was the picture hidden? Von Unger, the inspector, was now the assailant. He had received Dr Clemen's report and he repeated that Germany had no designs on the Van Eyck, but *must* know where it was hidden. Many answers were considered by the Chapter; should the secret be given up? But no, it was most unsafe; they would keep to the same story till the last moment. On Oct. 23 the Bishop sent his answer to the Inspector, saying he was entirely ignorant where the picture was hidden; which was the truth.

A moment of anxiety followed; and they asked themselves whether a careful search for the Adoration was to be made in Ghent. But nothing followed; and the Bishop and the Chapter breathed more freely. It was only for a time. In August 1917, a new assault was prepared; the Germans were determined to find where the picture was actually hidden. The new attack came

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from Dr Rauch, Professor of the Göttingen University. He and Dr Hanfft appeared at the Cathedral and asked to see the Crypt. Ostensibly they wished to take photographs of the Belgian works of art, in reality to see if the Van Eyck could be discovered down below. It was known there were works of Van der Meere and Rubens deposited there. 'These must be your Van Eyck!' they exclaimed, seeing the cases in the Crypt. The Canon assured them they were mistaken. 'Then where is it?' 'In England, sirs.' 'That is not true,' one said bluntly; whereupon the Canon became wrathful. 'As well tell me I lie!' he exclaimed. As they tried to soften him, the indignant Canon repeated that he had already furnished proof that the picture was claimed by the Government for transport to England, and in an unmistakable temper turned away and walked off to another part of the Crypt. Thus ended this interview; but on Sept. 24, 1917, Professor Rauch sent for the Canon on the subject of the archæological inventory of Belgium. It was really to repeat the same question, Where was the Van Eyck? They did not want to take the picture to Berlin—on the faith of a German; they did not even want it put back in St Bavon; they only wanted to know the place of concealment! There were again further encounters between them when they wished to photograph in St Bavon without his leave.

The new Bishop of Ghent was the next attacked. On May 4, 1918, two Germans appeared before Bishop Seghers to obtain permission to photograph the pictures of St Bavon, especially the 'Mystic Lamb.' The Bishop referred them to the Canon; and he was sent for. He at once recognised Professor Rauch, with another man unknown, who this time was the spokesman, The question was: Where was the Van Eyck, which they wanted to photograph? The picture was certainly at Ghent; every one knew that; indeed its hiding-place was no secret! The Canon answered quickly that they could in that case go and take it away; as the Belgian Government had undertaken the responsibility, it was to them they must apply. They were welcome to photograph all the other Cathedral pictures, though he himself had been stopped while doing similar work. No hindrance had been placed in the way of the German inventory;

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he had indeed pointed out a grave mistake they had made on this very subject. The Professors retired no better satisfied than before.

One cannot help almost admiring the German persistency. The Professor returned on May 14 to the Bishop, repeating that the picture was most certainly at Ghent; might they search his palace? This request was refused; and the Canon once more rejoiced at this proof that they really did not know the true hiding-place. A town notary was next attacked. He knew all the cellars of Ghent; could he not tell them where the Van Eyck was, for they did not believe it had gone to England? The Canon was, however, not without a new anxiety. More and more houses were being requisitioned for German soldiers. What if the house next to the true hiding-place should be seized? What if the wall of partition should be broken through? The friends consulted together and settled that the two principal panels might thus be in danger. They *must* be moved; and the two Coppejans again offered themselves for this perilous undertaking. Once more the hour of twelve o'clock was chosen; and the treasure was safely re-housed elsewhere. For the second time the Van Eyck had traversed Ghent unperceived!

But now all the days were to be days of anxiety. A fortnight before their deliverance, the Belgians were anxiously asking themselves how the Allies would effect their freedom. The Germans had proclaimed that the Allies would treat Ghent as they had treated Valenciennes, Douai, Arras, Lille, etc. The Germans alone could protect the Gantois from the barbarity of the assailants—which they did by immediately blowing-up the station, the viaducts, and bridges, and setting up batteries in the centre of the town, timing the firing from signals on the church towers! To save St Bavon's tower, the Canons interviewed Von Blücher, who sent them to General Von Zydow. They only claimed the promise given them to respect the churches. The General agreed; but next day he mounted guns on the tower of St Jacques in spite of the efforts of its poor Curé.

Night and day the German shells flew over the town. Would the Allies be forced to answer back again? Would their patience hold out? In the midst of this, a

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zealous German offered to take the precious Ghent pictures to Holland for safety. At this critical hour the Canon wavered; should the precious Van Eyck be slipped in among the others? but happily his friends were dead against it. Was not even a bombarded Ghent safer than German protection? Would the Crypt of St Bavon be safer than the present hiding place? But again consultation resulted in a negative; and M. Franz Coppejans declared that, in case Ghent was bombarded, he would go himself to protect the treasure from the danger of catching fire.

These were indeed days of mental anguish; but we can imagine the intense joy of the inhabitants when on Monday, Nov. 10, a cry was heard at midnight, becoming louder and louder: 'The Germans are gone! The Germans are gone!' The tramp, tramp of soldiers was heard on every side; no one slept; and soon the shouting in the streets turned into delirious singing of the Brabançonne and the Marseillaise, as the relieving army approached Ghent from the suburbs. All the long years of oppression were in a moment forgotten. Every one rushed into the streets; every one congratulated every one else. Yet even now the truth could hardly be believed; Ghent was free and the Van Eyck was saved. With great joy the unconquered Canon gave thanks to God, the Deliverer. Once more he could breathe freely! On Nov. 29 again the friends met together. Without any advertising of the fact, the panels were liberated from their hiding-place and replaced in the chapel for which they had originally been painted; and on Nov. 30, 1918, they were opened to the public. The little kingdom of Belgium had played a great part in the great war. It had not loved nor fought in vain for Liberty; and the Germans had not found their picture!

ESMÉ STUART.

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Art. 8.—TCHEHOV AND HIS ART.

1. *Letters of Anton Tchehov to his Family and Friends.* Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Chatto & Windus, 1920.
2. *The Tales of Tchehov.* Vols. I—X (In Progress). Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Chatto & Windus, 1916–21.
3. (a) *The Black Monk and Other Stories.* (b) *The Kiss and Other Stories.* By Anton Tchekhoff. Translated from the Russian by R. E. C. Long. Duckworth, 1903.
4. (a) *Russian Silhouettes.* (b) *Plays.* By Anton Tchekoff. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. Duckworth, 1912, 1915.
5. *The Note-Books of Anton Tchekhov.* Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf. Hogarth Press, 1921.

Of English appreciations of Tchehov Mr Middleton Murry's is alike the most serious and the most illuminating. His eloquent pages in 'Aspects of Literature'* testify that he among the younger school of critics has understood best the quality of Tchehov's genius and the beauty of his character. Moreover, he it is who has directed attention to the modernity of Tchehov's attitude, rightly declaring that he is 'a good many phases in advance of all that is habitually described as modern in literature.' It is therefore in no sense of fault-finding if we try here to enlarge our vistas of the subject and supplement some of Mr Murry's critical remarks by other comments. Mr Murry in his articles has discussed Tchehov's life and Tchehov's art. Let us quote some of his remarks on Tchehov the man:

'He had been saturated in all the disillusions which we regard as peculiarly our own, and every quality which is distinctive of the epoch of consciousness in which we are living now is reflected in him—and yet, miracle of miracles, he was a great artist. He did not rub his cheeks to produce a spurious colour of health; he did not profess beliefs which he could not maintain; he did not seek a reputation for universal wisdom, or indulge himself in self-gratifying dreams of a millennium which he alone had the ability to control. He

* 'Aspects of Literature.' By J. Middleton Murry. Collins, 1920.

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was and wanted to be nothing in particular, and yet, as we read these letters of his, we feel gradually from within ourselves the conviction that he was a hero—more than that, *the* hero of our time. . . .

'In every conjuncture of his life that we can trace in his letters he behaved squarely by himself, and since he is our great exemplar, by us. He refused to march under any political banner—a thing, let it be remembered, of almost inconceivable courage in his country; he submitted to savagely hostile attacks for his political indifference; yet he spent more of his life and energy in doing active good to his neighbours than all the high-souled professors of liberalism and social reform. He undertook an almost superhuman journey to Sahalin in 1890 to investigate the conditions of the prisoners there, in 1892 he spent the best part of a year as a doctor devising preventive measures against the cholera in the country district where he lived, and, although he had no time for the writing on which his living depended, he refused the government pay in order to preserve his own independence of action; in another year he was the leading spirit in organising measures of famine relief about Nizhni-Novgorod. From his childhood to his death, moreover, he was the sole support of his family. Measured by the standards of Christian morality, Tchehov was wholly a saint. His self-devotion was boundless. . . .

'It seems a simple discipline, this moral and intellectual honesty of Tchehov's, yet in these days of conceit and coterie his letters strike us as more than strange. One predominant impression remains; it is that of Tchehov's candour of soul. Somehow he has achieved with open eyes the mystery of pureness of heart; and in that, though we dare not analyse it further, lies the secret of his greatness as a writer and of his present importance to ourselves.'

This is an admirable tribute to Tchehov, for which all his admirers must be grateful, but it presents Tchehov too much as an isolated phenomenon. Tchehov must be seen in relation to Russian culture, if his English readers are not to see him out of focus. Candour of soul is common in Russian literature. It was the spiritual tradition of Tchehov's great predecessors, no less than intellectual sincerity. Of course in Russia, as elsewhere, vanity and stupidity, conceit and pretentiousness are qualities ever springing up in literature like tares in the corn; but for the two generations before

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Tchehov, Russian genius had evolved and responded to the twin ideals of remorseless sincerity and large warm-hearted humanity. From Pushkin (1799–1837) to Tchehov (1860–1904) we find these twin ideals animating Pushkin, Gogol, Byelinsky, Aksakov, Grigorevitch, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Shtchedrin, Ertel, Korolenko, Garschin, and Gorky. These ideals are to be found underlying the conversations and analyses of character in the works of the leading writers. In Turgenev's novels especially the reader will find 'candour of soul' and 'pureness of heart' in constant evidence; no less were 'respect for human personality,' 'dread of lying and of vanity,' 'development of æsthetic feeling,' the 'ennoblement of the sexual instinct' insisted upon as the chief constituents of the 'true culture' which Tchehov emphasises in his letter to his brother Nikolay. And 'the new humanity' which Mr Murry says Tchehov 'set himself to achieve' was nothing new to Russian contemporary thought, though Mr Murry is perfectly right in stressing the 'modernity' of his attitude. In restating and emphasising this creed of humanism Tchehov proved himself a true spiritual descendant of his great literary fore-runners, and their representative successor in the nineties of the last century.

Secondly, Mr Murry has not perhaps quite grasped that among the salt of Tchehov's own generation there were thousands of workers in science, art, and the liberal professions—school-teachers, professors, doctors, students, and land-owners—who also had 'been saturated in all the disillusions,' and who, like him, 'did not march under any political banner' but did their work with 'pureness of heart,' with complete 'moral and intellectual honesty.' It was to them that Tchehov appealed; it was they whom Tchehov represented both in their aspirations and their disillusionment with politics. The eighties and early nineties which left their imprint on Tchehov's youth and early manhood were a time of discouragement and general disbelief in revolutionary activity. The Nihilist movement of the previous years had collapsed; political reaction under Alexander II was in full swing.* Kropotkin, indeed,†

* See Tolstoy's 'Letter to the Liberals.'

† 'Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature,' pp. 313, 314.

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singles out Tchehov as pre-eminently the painter of 'the disillusioned intellectuals' of the eighties and early nineties, and of the 'breakdown of the Intelligentsia.' 'In the fifties,' he says, 'the intellectuals had at least full hope in their forces; now they had lost even these hopes.' Kropotkin, a revolutionary propagandist himself, criticises Tchehov in a partisan spirit; but it is true that in Tchehov's four plays, 'Ivanov,' 'Uncle Vanya,' 'The Three Sisters,' 'The Cherry Orchard,' the moral collapse of the Intelligentsia is threatening, and that this was one of the portents heralding the crash of the régime a generation later. It is true, also, as Mr Murry states, that 'Tchehov submitted to savagely hostile attacks for his political indifference'; but it is an exaggeration to style his action 'an act of almost inconceivable courage' in the Russia of the nineties, where the periodical press had long been saturated with polemical attacks on this writer and on that for his 'reactionary' or 'revolutionary' or 'indifferent' attitude. Tchehov's contemporaries, Ertel and Garschin, were equally indifferent to politics. Turgenev himself, for the last twenty years of his life, had lived in a storm of such attacks. Yet as Mr Murry says, Tchehov was a 'saint' and a 'hero' and an example to his contemporaries, though this does not make him a phenomenon in Russian eyes. His unselfishness and purity of spirit, his radiant character, his devotion to his work, his struggle against human stupidity and contemporary lies, unite with his genius and his modesty to make him the most delightful figure of his 'disillusioned' generation.

Anton Tchehov, born in 1860 at Taganrog, was the son of an emancipated serf. His father was a very talented man, 'active in all the affairs of the town,' devoted to church singing and violin playing. His mother was the daughter of a cloth-merchant of fairly good education, a highly spiritual woman, who instilled into her children a hatred of brutality, and a feeling of regard for all who were in an inferior position, and for birds and animals. As a boy Anton 'was always writing stories.' By the age of twenty he had seen many kinds of life, earning his living from the age of sixteen, at Taganrog, and paying for his education at the high

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school, practising music, fond of the theatre, 'flirting with the high-school girls,' making country excursions and learning to ride and shoot. In 1879 he joined his family at Moscow. 'It was the absolute necessity of earning money to pay for his fees at the University and to help support the household that forced Anton to write,' says his biographer. At Voskresensk, where his brother was master of the parish school, Tchehov gained an insight into the life of teachers, land-owners, peasants, and military society. A little later, after training for a medical career, he took a job as a doctor's assistant, at Zvenigorod, where he was introduced to the society of literary and artistic people.' *

Thus at the age of twenty-five Tchehov had intersected Russian provincial life at many angles, had made many friends by the charm of his lively and sweet nature, and could have had, in fact, 'no better preparation for his delineation of the life of contemporary Russia. His art, naturally, did not reach perfection all at once. Many of his early humorous sketches are superficial and crude; and, when his Tales were collected, those excluded would fill four volumes. Again, he did not learn at once to suppress didactic touches and blend his comments artistically with his characters.' Always modest, he did not take his sketches seriously till Grigorovitch urged him to do so. But by temperament, training, experience, and outlook Tchehov became the literary incarnation of the rich emotional consciousness of the Russian nature, of its fluid responsiveness of feeling. And not only so, but Tchehov is the 'last word' in the modern criticism of life. As Mr Murry says, 'To-day we begin to feel how intimately Tchehov belongs to us; to-morrow we may feel how infinitely he is still in advance of us.' †

Wherein is he so 'modern'? It was the conjunction of his peculiarly independent flexibility of mind with his keen scientific outlook ‡ that equipped him for seizing and judging modern life from fresh angles. While

* See the 'Biographical Sketch' in 'Letters of Tchehov.'

† 'Aspects of Literature,' p. 84.

‡ 'Medicine is my lawful wife and literature is my mistress. When I get tired of one I spend the night at the other's. Though it's disorderly, it's not so dull, and besides *neither of them loses anything from my infidelity*' ('Letters of Tchehov,' p. 99).

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representative of the changing horizons and complexity of the social organism of the new Russia (1885–1904), Tchehov's vision fused the detached, impartial attitude of the modern scientist with the deep humanism, the psychological insight, the caressing tenderness and the gay humour of his sensitive temperament. It would be wrong to exaggerate this 'scientific' strain in Tchehov's art, but it is sublimated in the soft, rich depths of his æsthetic consciousness, and is constantly inspiring or reinforcing his critical attitude. For example, 'The Duel' turns on the antipathy felt by Van Koren the zoologist, a man of unbending character, whose life runs on the straight track of scientific ideas, for Laevsky, the neurasthenic young official, preoccupied with his dissolute amours. The antagonism between the two men ends in a stupid duel. But Van Koren, whose clear, cold reasoning about the moral law, sexual morals, and the extinction of the weak is theoretically sound, is as much blinded by his over-logical convictions as Laevsky is obsessed by his dissolute instincts. The complexity of life is shown by the sequel, when Van Koren's failure to kill Laevsky is the instrument of the latter's regeneration. 'If one is not mistaken in the main, one is mistaken in details,' is Tchehov's moral; 'nobody knows the real truth.' And this sceptical, scientific conscience speaks in 'The Duel' to reinforce Tchehov's typically Russian insistence on human charity. Tchehov indeed is in advance of us by the way in which his scientific knowledge corrects or sharpens ordinary insight and his humanity corrects scientific narrowness.* In England, America, and Europe generally scientific men are apt to be cribbed, cabined, and confined by their work of specialising. Their scientific horizon stops short of the humanities. But with Tchehov science broadens the humanities, and both

* 'I have no doubt that the study of medicine has had an important influence on my literary work; it has considerably enlarged the sphere of my observation, has enriched me with knowledge the true value of which for me as a writer can only be understood by one who is himself a doctor. It has also had a guiding influence; and it is probably due to my close association with medicine that I have succeeded in avoiding many mistakes. Familiarity with the natural sciences and with scientific method has always kept me on my guard; and I have always tried, where it was possible, to be consistent with the facts of science, and where it was impossible I have preferred not to write at all' ('Letters of Tchehov,' p. 369).

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reconcile themselves with art. Speaking of a French story, Tchehov says significantly:

'I thought at the time that an artist's instinct may sometimes be worth the brains of a scientist, that both have the same purpose, the same nature, and that perhaps in time as one their methods become perfect they are destined to become vast prodigious force, which now it is difficult to imagine.' *

Another good example of this fusion of artistic and scientific insight is to be found in that brilliant social picture 'The Party,' a story which for atmospheric truth and subtle inflexions of tone leaves most of contemporary art in the shade.

'The Party' is a study of the agonising strain felt by a smiling hostess, seven months gone with child, during the festivities at a country-house party to celebrate her husband's name-day. The well-bred Olga Mihailovna would give anything to be able to sit down and dream happily about her coming child, but she is forced by her code of perfect manners to study each one of her guests' wants, to make conversation, to invent new amusements, to give fresh orders, to welcome late arrivals; and the agonising gulf between her outer, smiling attentive self, and her inner misery, is at last declared at the end of the day, in an emotional storm with her husband and a tragic miscarriage. Tchehov's own comment on the tale was, 'It really isn't bad to be a doctor and to understand what one is writing about. The ladies say the description of the confinement is true.' Tchehov's attitude to women would need a study to itself, but one may note that, while no one has yet equalled his unsparing dissection of the modern parasitic woman, his power is sharpened by his physiological insight. (See 'A Misfortune,' 'The Grasshopper,' 'Ionitch,' etc.)

Yet another good example of Tchehov's 'modernity' is seen in 'The Doctor's Visit,' an exposition of the modern social muddle, as exemplified by the monotonous, brutal life led by the factory workers, and the stuffy, bored life led by the factory-owner's family, rich bourgeois whose wealth is an impediment to their happiness. While the doctor thinks the whole factory system a

* 'Letters of Tchehov,' p. 76.

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kind of social disease, humanly irrational, he is very guarded in his diagnosis.* The same subject is handled in richer, livelier, freer aspects in that incomparable story 'A Woman's Kingdom,' which in its large, easy, human contacts, gives us foreigners the key to the charm of Russian intercourse. Here the 'modernity' is implicit in the complex web of the involved relations of Capital and Labour, with the large-natured heroine, Anna Akimovna, a girl of the people, paralysed by her false position, between her aristocratic friends who sponge on her, and the exploited work-people who strive to cheat her. It is human nature, but rebellious human nature caught in the wheels of our relentless social machine. But Tchehov draws his picture with such delicacy of touch and subtlety of insight, with such gay warmth of feeling, as to make us sympathise equally with the large-hearted Anna who 'would give half her life and all her fortune only to know there was a man upstairs who was closer to her than any one in the world, that he loved her warmly and was missing her,' and with the frivolous, elderly dilettante Lysevitch who assures her 'It's essential for you; it's your duty to be frivolous and depraved. Ponder that, my dear, ponder it.' Here is the artist triumphant, the pure artist who answered his friend Savorin:

'You abuse me for objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideas and ideals, and so on. You would have me, when I describe horse-stealers,† say: Stealing horses is an evil. But that has been known for ages, without my saying so . . . it's my job simply to show what sort of people they are. . . . I must all the time speak and think in their tone and feel in their spirit.'

'*It's my job simply to show what sort of people they are*'; this is the artist's aim which carries him unerringly into the reckless soul of Sasha Uskov,‡ the dissipated young man who has forged a promissory note, and the

* 'As a doctor accustomed to judging correctly of chronic complaint, the radical cause of which was incomprehensible and incurable, he looked upon factories as something baffling, the cause of which was obscure and not removable' ('The Doctor's Visit').

† See 'The Horse-Stealers.'

‡ See 'A Problem.'

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three scandalised uncles who sit in judgment on him; and into the soul of the young girl Anna,* who, disgusted with her fat, elderly sycophantic husband, plunges into 'a noisy, brilliant, laughing life, with its music, dancers, and train of adorers,' from His Excellency downwards. The artist's sympathy with all these characters, moral or immoral, is equally keen, but he is specially 'modern' when his experience and observation enable him to strike down to the roots of 'modern disillusionment.' It is the remorseless Russian sincerity here, that in such stories as 'Neighbours' enables Tchehov's heroes and heroines to realise what is the flaw in themselves, and why life mocks their efforts at happiness. In general it is the combination of poor, weak human nature with the misfits in environment and human relationships that thwarts our happiness. But life's processes in Tchehov are very intricate, very elusive in pattern; and in 'My Life' we have a wonderfully rich arrangement of the human muddle with all its cares, sorrows, brutalities, and cheats interwined with its compensating hopes, gratifications, and fleeting gains.

We must note here that one of the most vital features of Tchehov's art, as in the case of his great Russian predecessors', is that the background of his pictures nearly always breathes of the vast ocean of humanity, the peasant masses; and that this vision of secret depths lifts the picture out of the petty, restricted class-plane of fiction in Western Europe. It is so in 'My Life,' which is non-European in its social atmosphere. It is so in 'The Coach-house,' 'The Schoolmistress,' 'Misery,' 'Sorrow,' 'The Cattle Dealers,' 'On Official Duty,' to take only one volume of Tchehov's Tales.† It is from the background of this vast, haunting sea of human life, appealing and tragic, that are born the Russian breadth of vision and the Russian scale of emotional apprehensions, of moral valuations so distinct from our own. But Tchehov is undoubtedly nearer to and more intimate with the peasant masses than were Turgenev and Tolstoy, who came of the race of 'seigneurs.' Compare, for instance, 'The Peasants' with Tolstoy's

* See 'Anna on the Neck.'

† Vol. IX (Chatto & Windus' Edition).

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'Polikushka,' a marvellously close study of the peasant types, but done with the subtle critical inflexions of an upper-class mind. It is Tchehov's peasant ancestry, crossed by the familiar experiences of a hard-worked country doctor, that in that wonderful creation 'Peasants' reveals his complete intimacy with the harsh realities, the virtues and the vices of peasant existence.*

Tchehov's attitude to peasant life and Russian provincial life generally is that of the observer and commentator in 'My Life,' 'The New Villa,' 'In the Ravine.' To combat ignorance, inertia, apathy, savagery, as also the disease, drunkenness, and vice of provincial Russia,

'we must study and study and study, and we must wait a bit with our deep social movements; we are not mature enough for them yet, and to tell the truth we don't know anything about them. . . . Genuine social movements arise when there is knowledge; and the happiness of mankind in the future lies only in knowledge.' 'There is the same savagery, the same uniform boorishness, the same triviality as five hundred years ago in the people of the towns.' 'We talked of the fanaticism, the coarseness of feeling, the insignificance of these respectable families. . . . What good had they gained from all that had been said and written hitherto, if they were still possessed by the same spiritual darkness and hatred of liberty, as they were a hundred and three hundred years ago?' †

People in the mass, everywhere, are the same in all grades; at root there is the same stupidity, cruelty, and dishonesty at work in the press and the politicians as in the peasants; and the evils of human life can only be opposed by 'love and work, study and will.' The one thing essential is that we should understand; and 'it is the artist's job to show people what they are.' Sympathy and knowledge, insight and charity—these are the corner-stones of Tchehov's morality and also of his art. 'I thought people already knew that horse-stealing was wrong; but what's essential is to show the motives, the

* 'I have peasant blood in my veins, and you won't astonish me with peasant virtues. From my childhood I have believed in progress, and I could not help believing in it, since the difference between the time when I used to be thrashed and when they gave up thrashing me was tremendous' ('Letters of Tchehov,' p. 324).

† 'My Life,' pp. 96, 157.

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nature, the how and why of people's actions'—that is Tchehov's attitude. So in 'In the Ravine,' the cruel triumph of the hard, sly, unscrupulous Aksinya over her mild, sweet sister-in-law, Lipa, is recorded remorselessly. Aksinya gets all the family power and property into her own hands, and even turns her old father-in-law out of doors. Hers is the success of the harsh, strong, callous world. But what is there left to offset this unceasing triumph of human greed and human stupidity? Only, in Tchehov's view, beauty and truth. 'And however great was wickedness, still the night was calm and beautiful, and everything on earth is only waiting to be made one with truth and justice, even as the moonlight is blended with the night.'

It is this element, the element of tenderness and sweetness of understanding, that forms the spiritual background of so many of Tchehov's Tales, and dominates invisibly the coarse web of the human struggle and the petty net-work of human egoism. It is seen to perfection in that golden tale, steeped in hues of dying sunset, of the death of 'The Bishop.' But, like the colour in the evening sky, soon the good old man's virtues fade out of people's minds, in the stir of the appointment of the new suffragan bishop; 'and no one thought any more of Bishop Pyotr, and afterwards he was completely forgotten.' It is so in the exquisite 'Easter Eve,' with its magical, wistful softness of atmosphere, where the gentle lay-brother Jeronim grieves for his dead friend and brother-priest Nikolay, who wrote the most beautiful canticles, which nobody in the monastery appreciated. This floating atmosphere of charity, of tender humour, and so of compassion for ordinary human nature, which cannot be other than what it is, envelops 'A Nightmare,' a pathetic sketch of a parish priest's miserable poverty. We meet it again in 'Dreams,' the story of a guilty little convict's childish dreams of future happiness in Siberia, before he is crushed by the stern, bitter facts, a story where Tchehov's tender humour blends with irony in the strain peculiar to himself; and again, in 'The Letter,' that exquisite piece of humour, with its caressing allowances made for both the saints and the sinners. All these tales show Tchehov's rich, æsthetic sensibility weaving

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the subtle spell of poetical harmonies; as also does 'The Kiss,' where the tedious round of regimental duties and boring details of the life of Ryabovitch, the shy and insignificant little officer, is steeped for a few days in his dreamy haze of love for the unknown lady who has kissed him in the dark, in mistake for her lover. Again, in 'The Exile' with its immense horizon of suffering and frustrated hopes, Tchehov evokes in the soul of a sick and desolate Tatar these wistful, mournful harmonies.

It is not merely the individual life, however, with its broken, shifting tangle of yearnings and regrets, that calls forth Tchehov's wistful compassionateness, but his recognition disentangles the irony in the very texture of life. Time's revenges or the irony of satisfied desires are treated in 'Ionitch,' 'A Teacher of Literature,' and 'The Lady with the Dog.' Yet one cannot say that Tchehov himself is 'disillusioned.' His sense of spiritual beauty is too strong; and his depth of acceptation of life's pattern forms, as it were, an aura enveloping his subject. This spiritual aura hovers about it and enwraps the gloomiest, greyest, most sardonic facts of life; death itself cannot diminish it. Examine 'Gusev,' a sketch of the death of two worn-out soldiers on board a steamer, when returning from the East, a sketch that is so 'modern' in its all-embracing outlook and bold acceptations as to shame nearly all our writers of to-day. It is so humanly broad, so tender, so infallibly true in its spiritual lightings, and it conveys the mystery of nature and all its transitory processes with sharp precision. In 'Gusev' there is a sharper consciousness of life's pulsating forces, of its inescapable laws and its evasive rhythms, than in any other 'modern.' Compare it with Tolstoy's wonderful 'Three Deaths,' and note how the tinge of 'science' that faintly colours 'Gusev' marks the advance of a new generation. The fluid, emotional receptivity of the Russian nature, which we have noted above, is seen here to gather force, like a wave, in its onward sweep. 'The Cattle-Dealers' is another fine example of Tchehov's sensitive response to every shade of movement and feeling in a scene before his eyes. His sensitive, indulgent observation of the play of human nature exhibits the drovers, the railway men, and even the unhappy cattle penned in their trucks, in a soft, restful

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atmosphere. It is a slice of common life delightful in its spontaneous force, while other men pass by, unseeing, the charm of the human by-play, here revealed to the master's eye.

Tchehov's æsthetic charm culminates in 'The Steppe,' a tale in which his tender, fluid consciousness, infinitely delicate, mirrors in its pellucid depths the whole mirage of nature, variegated, wild and stern, elusive in its changing breath, in the vast bosom of the steppes. This consummate piece of art is not 'modern,' save in a few recurring notes. It is a record, seen through the magic glass of boyish memories, of the passing life of travelling merchants and wayfarers, journeying in old-world conditions. Tchehov is here looking backward, away from the new currents and atmospheres that his vision caught and reflected from the great ocean of contemporary life within Russia's boundaries. But when he looked forwards he caught and reflected with equal subtlety, with equal precision, the new vistas of our modern emotions and apprehensions, the new 'values' moral and intellectual of our modern vision. He has recorded his faith in our progress in his letter to Dagilev,* 'Modern culture is only the first beginning of work for a great future, work which will perhaps go on for tens of thousands of years in order that man may, if only in the remote future, come to know the truth of the real God. That is not, I conjecture, by seeking in Dostoevsky, but by clear knowledge, as one knows twice two are four.' By 'clear knowledge'—that was Tchehov's hope for men, a hope which in this era of Europe's violence and lying, shines afar off like a star.

EDWARD GARNETT.

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* 'Letters of Tchehov,' p. 404.

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Art. 4.—THE AIR RAIDS ON LONDON.

1. 'The Times' and other newspapers, *passim*.
2. *The Times History of the War*. Vols. VII, VIII, X, and XIX. London, 1916–1919.
3. *London County Council. The Council and the War*. Prepared by the Clerk of the Council. 1920.
4. *All Clear: A brief record of the work of the London Special Constabulary*, 1914–1919. By J. E. Preston Muddock. Everett, 1920.
5. *The Specials: How they served London*. By Colonel W. T. Reay. Heinemann, 1920.

ALTHOUGH the air raids made by the Germans on London during the years 1915–18 had not the decisive effect on the war which was anticipated by their authors, they form an important episode in the history of London. The story has not yet been told in a connected narrative. Voluminous details were published at the time, but they lack permanent interest, through the desire of the official Censor of the Press not to give information to the enemy. We were told vaguely, for instance, that bombs were dropped in 'the northern outskirts of London' or in 'a south-western district,' omitting all mention of the buildings or streets affected, and generally concealing the names of the killed. We were not even informed of the number of casualties in the metropolis, the total being given only for the whole area of a raid. Even in 'The Times History of the War' the record is in many cases confined to the original official generalities. Many items of information have, however, from time to time come to light, including some, from German sources, published in 'The Times' in September 1920, and I am able to add some particulars from my own observation.

A German aeroplane dropped a bomb at Dover on Dec. 24, 1914; and on Christmas Day a German airman passed Sheerness under cover of a fog and flew far up the Thames. But it was not until May 17, 1915, that the first Zeppelin (LZ 38) came within sight of the lights of London. The first airship raid on London in force was on May 31, 1915. As we now look back on the work of the raiders, the preparations to combat them appear

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strangely inadequate. Our anti-aircraft defence was a work of gradual development. In October 1914, the R.N.V.R. Anti-Aircraft Corps was raised by the Admiralty as a volunteer body. It was composed of city and university men who gave time and energy to learn gunnery and searchlight work, and to man the stations on the roofs. It began with a searchlight on Hungerford Bridge and a small gun on the Foreign Office, to be followed by gun stations on the Admiralty Arch, Lloyds' Bank in St James's Street, Cannon Street Station, Waterloo, Blackfriars, and Nine Elms, most of them armed with a one-pounder pompom. But this corps laid the foundations for the elaborate system which afterwards grew up.

Late on May 31, 1915, LZ 38—the initials stand for Luftschiff Zeppelin—again found its way to London, accompanied by a sister ship, LZ 37. Whether the latter came actually over the metropolis is not clear. Coming in by way of Colchester in the moonlight, LZ 38, though sailing at a height of 10,000 feet, was able to follow the line of the road from Stoke Newington to Shoreditch, dropping bomb after bomb over the East End of London. Missiles fell in Leytonstone and Stoke Newington, and on the railway goods depôt at Bishopsgate, but the bulk of the bombs were showered on the thickly populated districts of Hoxton, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel. The bombs were mostly of an incendiary type, and there is reason to believe that they were dropped in this congested zone with the idea of raising such a conflagration that the fire brigade would be unable to cope with it. Some 90 bombs were dropped, and 41 fires were caused, but they were all promptly dealt with, and the actual damage was not very serious. An incendiary bomb fell on the Shoreditch Empire during a performance, causing a fire in the dressing-rooms, which was extinguished without a panic. Five or six civilians were killed and 14 injured. It is satisfactory to know that the two airships met with their nemesis within a very short time; LZ 37 was brought down by Lieut Warneford, and LZ 38 was destroyed in her shed at Brussels on June 7.

This bombing of defenceless people achieved no military result. At first the Germans gave out that they

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were attacking the 'fortress' of London; but this pretext was soon dropped, and it became evident that their intention was to carry German frightfulness to the heart of the British Empire, with the object of intimidating the people. This object utterly failed. But London was absolutely powerless against the attacks; and it is remarkable, and at the same time a matter of congratulation, that they achieved so little.

Further assaults were attempted, the details of which are still very obscure, and it is not evident how far London was their objective; but on Aug. 17, 1915, Walthamstow and Leyton were bombed, and at about 11 p.m. on Sept. 7, the firing of the guns announced the close approach of the enemy again. I saw the Zeppelin from my window in Balham, apparently over the very centre of London; yet next day in our official report we were merely told that 'hostile aircraft visited the eastern counties, and bombs were dropped'; and in 'The Times History of the War,' Vol. VII, published in 1916, we read only that 'the outlying districts of London were attacked.' The German account, with more accuracy, stated that 'the docks, as well as other port establishments of London and the vicinity were bombarded with explosive and incendiary bombs. The effect was very satisfactory. Our airships returned undamaged.' From this it would appear that more than one airship was present. Bombs were dropped in Millwall, Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Deptford, Greenwich, and Woolwich. The Arsenal was evidently the objective; but the dropping of a bomb in Millwall Dock, another in a private garden at Blackheath and another on some railway trucks at New Cross Station achieved no military result. Sixteen people were killed and 28 injured in the county area.

A more destructive raid followed on the next night (Sept. 8–9), when 'several Zeppelins' hovered over London. L 13, commanded by Mathy, one of the ablest of the German airmen, who came across by way of the Wash, was at Potters Bar at 10.30 p.m., and ten minutes later dropped his first bomb—probably intended for Hendon aerodrome—on Golders Green. Over Barnet he dropped a scraped ham-bone in a bag attached to a small parachute, with the inscription, 'Zum Andenken an das

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ausgehungerte Deutschland' (A reminder of famished Germany). He came over Primrose Hill and Regent's Park to Euston Station, where he dropped more bombs. Two incendiary bombs were dropped between Woburn Place and Upper Bedford Place, and another in Russell Square. Passing over Gray's Inn he dropped bombs which wrecked a public-house and a penny-bank, and damaged business premises in Farringdon Street and the headquarters of the Sixth Battalion London Regiment. In the City he dropped ten incendiary bombs between Noble Street and Aldermanbury, starting fires which caused the heaviest material damage that this country suffered in any air raid. With the bombs he dropped two tanks of petrol in Wood Street and caused a large fire in a wholesale warehouse, doing damage to the extent of some 500,000*l*. One bomb fell on a motor omnibus at the corner of Liverpool Street, and another on the Great Eastern Railway, north of the station, where some twenty feet of the permanent way were wrecked. Having unloaded his bombs he turned northwards. At Edmonton a shell from Parliament Hill burst very close to the airship, which at once rose to 10,000 feet and disappeared.

Nearly every anti-aircraft gun in London seems to have fired at the raider, but the firing, except for the one shell from Parliament Hill, was quite ineffectual. A bomb that fell in Bartholomew Close smashed the fountain and killed two men standing there. The raiders' intention evidently was to strike at the commercial heart of London, and in this they succeeded; 400 different premises in the City and the West Central district were damaged; serious fires (in addition to that in Wood Street) were caused in Holborn, Silver Street, Little Love Lane, and Bartholomew Close. Sixteen people were killed and 51 injured.

This raid, which seems to have been carried out in a leisurely fashion, proved the inadequacy of our defensive methods; and measures were at once taken for their reorganisation. Admiral Sir Percy M. Scott was placed in charge of the gunnery arrangements, and orders were given for the reduction of lighting in the streets and windows, so as to render it less easy to identify localities from above. More and better anti-aircraft guns were

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gradually provided, and, as their number increased, they were mounted at points selected on a wider perimeter, until a ring of artillery was drawn around the metropolis, while other defences were provided nearer the coast. But, while the urgent demands at the front had to be complied with, this was a work of time, and it was not completed when the raiders were again upon us.

On the evening of Oct. 13, 1915, five Zeppelins came over, but two of them failed to get to London. Commander Breithaupt, in L 15, devoted his attention to the centre of London, dropping 27 high explosive and 11 incendiary bombs. Gray's Inn Hall suffered; and the Law Courts, with the Lyceum, Aldwych, and Strand Theatres, were damaged. A bomb that exploded in New Square broke the stained glass windows of Lincoln's Inn Chapel. An explosive bomb fell in Wellington Street, Strand, close to the Lyceum Theatre, and killed between 20 and 30 persons. The London and South Western Bank in the Minories was destroyed. Meanwhile Mathy, in L 13, and Böcker, in L 14, aimed at Woolwich, and while near Bromley narrowly escaped collision with each other. Bombs were dropped within the Arsenal, Dockyard, and Barrack-yard, but with little effective damage. The fire brigade was on the alert. On learning that a Zeppelin was approaching Woolwich, motor fire-engines were rushed to the spot before the airship began bombing, with the result that though 24 incendiary bombs were dropped, the fires were speedily subdued and no serious outbreak occurred. The total damage was estimated at 50,000*l.*; 33 people were killed and 77 injured. The new mobile anti-aircraft guns were brought into action during this raid; though they hit nothing, they drove the attackers higher and higher, and the lesson was sufficient to prevent them from again approaching at low altitudes.

For six months London had a rest. On March 31 and April 2, 1916, Zeppelins came over, but, although they claimed to have bombed the Tower Bridge and London docks, they do not appear to have reached the London area, and one of them was shot down in the Thames estuary. On April 25 again the German reports that London was seriously damaged were evidently

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imaginary. London received no further Zeppelin visit until Aug. 24, 1916, a moonless night, when the redoubtable Mathy came again in a new ship, L 31. Following a new route from the North Foreland and sailing at a height of 10,000 feet, he again made Woolwich his objective, but got no nearer to it than Plumstead, where a number of projectiles fell harmlessly on the Common. Premises occupied by No. 1 Reserve Depôt, Army Service Corps, at Deptford, were badly damaged; and 11 incendiary and 37 explosive bombs were distributed over Millwall, Deptford, Greenwich, Blackheath, Plumstead, and Eltham. Most of them fell on small properties or on open ground, but an electric power-station was slightly damaged and engineering works were injured by fire. The total damage amounted to 130,000*l.* Eight were killed and 35 injured. Our airmen went up in pursuit, but Mathy eluded them.

The next attempt was made on the night of Sept. 2–3, 1916, when 13 airships crossed the North Sea into the eastern counties. They were a formidable fleet, but most of them were diverted to the Midlands. Only three reached the outskirts of London. L 16 reached St Albans, and a military ship, SL 11, dropped bombs in the Enfield district, and persisted, in spite of a heavy fire, in a southern course as far as Finsbury Park. New methods of defence had been initiated, and were now brought into operation. New lighting restrictions greatly reduced the illumination, so that London lay in almost complete darkness, and the raiders had to grope about. The searchlights explored the sky in every direction, and presently picked up an airship. The guns were concentrated on it; six airmen boldly ascended. Then suddenly the lights were turned off and the gunfire ceased, to give free play to the airmen, who were now provided with explosive and incendiary bullets. It must have been a tense moment as our airmen approached the monster. The new method proved successful; the airship burst into flames and fell in a field at Cuffley, near Enfield, the crew of 16 perishing with it. The hero of this destruction of a German airship, the first brought down on English soil, was Lieut W. L. Robinson, of the Royal Flying Corps, who was awarded the Victoria Cross. As the ship took fire another was

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approaching, but it turned and scurried off, though not, apparently, totally unscathed. The destroyed airship had effected little; 25 houses damaged, two water-mains cut, two people killed, and 13 injured (none in the Metropolitan Police District). Yet the German official account of the raid was: 'The fortress of London, the City and the Northern and North-Western district were repeatedly bombed for four hours. Numerous conflagrations and collapses proved the success of the attack.'

Just three weeks later, again on a Saturday night, Sept. 23, a dozen German airships started for our shores, three of which reached London. Between 12 and 1 a.m. on the 24th, one, L 33, with Böcker in command, bombed the East End. Serious fires were caused at the North London Railway locomotive works and stores department, Bromley, besides other damage at Hackney, etc. Again it was the poorer quarters of London that suffered. But again our defence proved successful. The airship was damaged by shell-fire and was also attacked and struck by Second-Lieut Alfred de Bathe Brandon in an aeroplane. It managed to keep going, but on reaching the coast found it impossible to proceed further, and descended in a field near Little Wigborough, in Essex. The crew (22 in number) set fire to their ship and then walked about in the dark country lanes on that early Sunday morning till they met a special constable, to whom they surrendered.

Meanwhile, Mathy, in command of L 31, and Petersen, in L 32, attacked from the south-east between 1 and 2 a.m. (on the 24th). Mathy, flying high and fast, got through the searchlights by dropping flares which blanketed them. He then followed the tram-line from Streatham to Brixton and Kennington, distributing his bombs liberally on the way. The closeness with which the bombs fell along this route shows that the lights must have given him an indication even at his great height. When I walked along the road—thronged with thousands of sightseers—in the afternoon of that same Sunday, the broken windows and damaged houses along each side testified to his destructive work. The railway stations at Streatham Common and Streatham Hill and the fire-station at Streatham were damaged; shops and

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houses in the main road and some of the adjoining roads were wrecked or damaged; and broken glass was strewn in every direction. But the raiders were not let alone. Fire was opened from the anti-aircraft guns, and airmen went up in pursuit; L 32 was set on fire by Lieut F. Sowrey, and brought to the earth in a field south of Billericay, in Essex, at 1.15 a.m. Mathy, who seemed to be invincible, escaped. The raiders had killed 29 and wounded 99 people in the metropolitan area, and caused 30 fires, mainly small dwelling-houses and shops.

A week later, on the night of Oct. 1–2, Mathy returned to the attack with some ten other airships. Of these two only seem to have got within reach of London. Mathy's efforts, in L 31, to get closer than Cheshunt proved vain, and he hurriedly unloaded his bombs there. No sooner had this process begun than his airship was seen to turn suddenly to starboard. It went west, evidently injured, was followed by Lieut W. J. Tempest, R.F.C., and brought to earth in flames near Potters Bar shortly before midnight. The fall of the burning airship was witnessed, and cheered, by many thousands in the north and south of London. A sister ship which approached from the north-east about an hour later was driven off.

The destruction of Commander Mathy, Germany's most expert airman, brought the German Zeppelin raids on London to an end. The great airship had definitely succumbed to the attacks of the smaller and more agile aeroplane. Its great bags of gas had proved its undoing, and it was defenceless against incendiary bullets. As the early commanders were killed off, no others of the same class took their place. With the exception of another great raid a year later, which proved still more disastrous to the Germans, London received no more visits from Zeppelins. There were Zeppelin raids over the south-east coast in March and May 1917, but, in spite of German claims, they did not reach London.

But we soon had warning that, if the great gas-bags had failed, there were yet possibilities of injury from the hornet-like attacks of the aeroplane. About noon on Nov. 28, 1916, a German aeroplane, which had left Ostend with the intention of taking photographs, and, if

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possible, of bombing the Admiralty, reached south-west London by way of Reigate and Sutton. Owing to its great height and to a slight haze, it was not recognised as an enemy until its bombs began to fall. Six were dropped in Eaton Square, Brompton Road, and Victoria, one striking the Victoria Palace Music Hall. Nine persons were injured, and the material damage was very slight. Although the raider was brought down the same afternoon by the French at Dunkirk, it showed that London was open to the attacks of German aeroplanes.

At the beginning of 1917, the War Office took over the defence of London, and the new Air Board came into being and took up its headquarters in the Hotel Cecil. During the early months of 1917, aeroplanes frequently raided the south-east coast, penetrating farther and farther inland. On May 7, a single aeroplane was over London soon after midnight and dropped bombs between Hackney and Holloway in brilliant moonlight without being seen. On Wednesday, June 13, a squadron of some 14 Gothas, led by Captain Brandenburg, came over the City just before midday, and in about 15 minutes unloaded 110 bombs, nearly three-quarters of which fell within a radius of a mile of Liverpool Street Station. British aeroplanes went up in pursuit, and there were several aerial combats; but our machines, though they could successfully attack Zeppelins, were not good enough to grapple with the swift and powerful German aeroplanes. An explosive bomb fell on Liverpool Street Station between two trains, and caused great destruction, killing 15 and injuring 13 people. Another fell on a Council school in Upper North Street, Poplar, where there were nearly 600 children in their classes, and penetrated the boys' and girls' floors to the infants' class-room, killing 18 little ones and seriously wounding 31. Thanks to the courageous action of the teachers, the children were kept under admirable control. Just before the bomb fell one of the teachers said to her class: 'Now we have a chance to be brave.' And these poor little things were brave! There was no panic, or the tragedy might have been much greater. The late Mr Will Crooks had reason to be proud of the heroism of the East End.

The Mint was struck and four men were killed and 30 injured; fire stations at Whitechapel and Shoreditch

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were damaged; a bomb fell within a few yards of St Paul's Cathedral; and the damage extended to Islington, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, Limehouse, Bethnal Green, Stepney, Southwark, and Peckham. The loss of property was estimated at 126,000*l.*, and coming at the busy midday hour the personal casualties were heavy, 130 killed and 246 injured, besides others outside the London area. This raid was in fact the most destructive in life and limb of any of the raids on London. One of the raiders was brought down near Shoeburyness, and, according to the German account, one English machine fell.

On the morning of July 7, a still larger squadron of machines of the Gotha bombing type, about three times the size of the single-seat machines, carrying about 800 pounds of explosive apiece, came over London. They flew at a height of over 13,000 feet, and at 10.30 a.m., without warning, suddenly began dropping their bombs in large numbers. They approached from the north-east, then, harassed by our defenders, changed their course and proceeded north and west and crossed London from north-west to south-east, dropping their bombs more or less at random, groups of bombs falling in places of little importance. Some fell in districts inhabited by poor people. The Central Telegraph Office, St Martin's-le-Grand, was seriously damaged by explosion and fire; serious fires occurred in Bartholomew Close and Little Britain; damage was done at Cannon Street Station, Guy's Hospital, and the church of St Edmund King and Martyr, Lombard Street; and the effects of the raid were felt in Marylebone, Stoke Newington, Golden Lane, Whitecross Street, the Borough, and Camberwell. The casualties, as given in the L.C.C. report, were 46 killed and 120 injured; in this, as in nearly all raids, there are discrepancies in the numbers, probably due to different areas being taken. The official figures given were for the whole area of the raid. The raiders were attacked by artillery and chased by our airmen to the coast, where four of their machines crashed into the sea. Two of our machines also came to grief.

The resources of the Fire Brigade were severely strained on the occasion of this raid, and, following representations to the Admiralty and War Office, directions were given for the return to the brigade of firemen

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on active service. The outcry against enemy aliens in London, which had caused riots after previous raids, were renewed, and bakers' shops were wrecked in different localities. There was an outcry for reprisals, for a more effective means of defence, and for the giving of warnings of the approach of the raiders. The Home Office accordingly arranged for sky signal rockets, or maroons, to be sent up from the various fire brigade stations, and for cyclist police to go round with the warning notice, 'Take cover.' In August 1917, Major-Gen. E. B. Ashmore was appointed to the command of the London air-defences. Reinforcements of aeroplanes were obtained; and when, on Aug. 12, a squadron of some 20 Gothas came in over Southend and Margate making for London, it was met by a strong detachment of the reorganised and strengthened Home Defence Brigade of the Royal Flying Corps. The invaders fled promptly on seeing this excellently trained force, unloading their bombs at haphazard over Southend.

On Sept. 2, at full moon, the Kentish coast was invaded, and on Sept. 3, Sheerness and Chatham. A bomb dropped at the latter place fell on naval barracks in which several hundred men were sleeping, killing 107 and wounding 86, the most serious military loss suffered during the whole series. On the night of Sept. 4, about 20 machines, some at least of the large Gotha type, crossed the south-east coast shortly before 11 p.m.; some, travelling in groups of two or three, reached London, and, between 11.45 p.m. and 1 a.m., dropped 40 bombs in the neighbourhood of the Strand, Victoria Street, Oxford Street, Regent's Park, Titchfield Street, and Blackheath. Charing Cross Hospital, the Little Theatre, and a Y.M.C.A. hut were struck; and a bomb, which fell on the Victoria Embankment, wrecked a tramcar and scarred the base of the Egyptian obelisk ('Cleopatra's Needle'). Fourteen were killed and 48 injured. British aeroplanes went up in large numbers, but with little success, though one of the enemy machines was brought down in the sea off Sheerness.

As the Harvest Moon strengthened later in the month, the attack was resumed in earnest, and London was raided by Gotha aeroplanes six nights out of the eight from Sept. 24 to Oct. 1. For over a week London was

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beleaguered; thousands (mainly aliens) fled to safer places inland; and scores of thousands, especially of women and children, sought safety in the tubes, cellars, and places of shelter underground. On Sept. 24 the raiders attacked about 8 p.m., but the defensive gunfire was so effective that only one or at most two succeeded in penetrating a gap in the barrage by way of Tottenham, with disastrous results in Finsbury, Islington, King's Cross, Holborn, Soho, and Piccadilly. One of the galleries of the Royal Academy was wrecked; a bomb fell near the Ritz Hotel and killed 12 people in the street; a hotel in Southampton Row was injured; and many West-End houses were damaged. St George's Cathedral had a portion of the roof damaged by an anti-aircraft shell. The casualties in the county were 14 killed, 37 injured.

On the 25th the raiders came in two groups. Of the first group, two penetrated the defences at Dulwich about 7.45 p.m., one wheeled in an inner circle over Peckham and Deptford, and the other in an outer circle over Camberwell, Southwark, and Bermondsey, dropping bombs in this poor residential quarter. The streets had been cleared by the warning, 'Take cover,' and the casualties were not more than 9 killed and 23 injured. The second group of raiders, which came half an hour later, failed to get in. On the 28th repeated attacks were made by about 20 machines, but none penetrated the outer defences, though it was reported that a bomb was dropped on Putney Common. Two of the raiders were shot down, one in the Thames estuary and one off the coast.

On Saturday, the 29th, a determined and simultaneous attack was made by 19 machines, approaching in three groups from different directions; but they were driven off by gunfire, and only two or three got through the defences. Five bombs were dropped in South London without a single casualty; north of the Thames damage was reported in Bethnal Green, Kingsland, Dalston, Islington, Holloway, and Notting Hill. Waterloo Station was hit; some goods trucks and empty passenger carriages were wrecked, and a big building used as offices and stores was severely damaged. Another explosive bomb fell on the main line, south side, wrecked the permanent way, partly demolished a signal-box, and

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shattered the roof over the platform. Bethlem Hospital and fire stations at Waterloo Road and Knightsbridge were damaged. The casualties were 11 killed, 65 injured. The fourth group of raiders, which approached later, was driven off before penetrating the defences. On the night of Sunday, Sept. 30, two groups of enemy machines, followed by others flying singly, 25 in all, came over the Kent and Essex coast; eight penetrated the outer defences and four or five got through and dropped bombs in Highgate, Bow, Poplar, and Woolwich. But the damage was slight, and the casualties were only two killed and 14 injured. One of the raiders was brought down off Dover.

On Oct. 1 the most determined attack of the series lasted about three hours. About 18 machines approached in four groups. The first group attacked from the north-east about 7.45 p.m.; most were driven back, but one or two machines pierced the defences and dropped bombs in the south-west area. The second group, a quarter of an hour later, attempted to enter at various points in the north and north-east, and after 9 p.m. a few crossed London and dropped bombs in the south-west district. The third group failed to penetrate far westward of the Kent coast, and the fourth was stopped on the north-east outskirts. Damage was done at Finsbury Park, Hackney, Belgravia, Pimlico, Kingsland, and Shoreditch. Fire stations at Knightsbridge and Eltham were damaged; one bomb fell into the Serpentine and killed many fish; and an anti-aircraft shell struck the Grosvenor Road bridge of the L.B.S.C. Railway and caused a terrific explosion and fire, one gas main after another blowing up. Although it was not possible to prevent some of the raiders from passing through the barrage, the defence achieved considerable success, splitting up the groups of raiders, and preventing their coming in in force or dropping their bombs where they wished. The casualties of the week's raids were 44 killed, and 146 injured in London, others outside the area bringing the number up to some 300.

Later in the month came the last Zeppelin attack on London, the 'silent raid' of Oct. 19. Of eleven ships that started, five came near London, but four of them failed to penetrate the defences. Our battle-planes

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went up, but the mist prevented an engagement. One airship, L 45, having shut off its engines, drifted across London from north-west to south-east, dropping three bombs near Swan and Edgar's in Piccadilly, at Camberwell, and at Hither Green; 43 people were killed and 49 injured. The bomb that fell at the corner of Albany and Calmington Roads demolished four four-story houses and seriously damaged twelve others. A number of people had taken shelter in the cellars here, and seven were killed and twice that number injured. But the raiders met with disaster on their homeward journey. They apparently lost their way in the fog and drifted over France, where L 45 and three sister ships were brought down, whilst a fifth is believed to have been lost in the Mediterranean. Their failure is attributed, on good authority, to a peculiar condition of the atmosphere which prevented their utilising wireless signals to ascertain their whereabouts, and a gale from the north-west in the higher strata of air (to which they were driven by gunfire) of which they had no warning beforehand. After this disaster there were no more Zeppelin raids on London.

With the moonlight on the night of Oct. 31-Nov. 1, the aeroplanes came in increased numbers—some 30 of them. Determined and repeated attacks were made. The first group approached from Kent, but did not get very far inland. Two more groups steered towards London along the south bank of the Thames, and emitted a smoke-screen which made observation difficult, but they were broken up by the barrage fire about 11.50 p.m. on the south-eastern outskirts, where some bombs were dropped. A fourth group, which came along the Thames estuary, was turned back about halfway to London. A fifth group, which crossed the Essex coast about 12.15 a.m., came along north of the Thames; some were turned back by the outer defences, but one or more got through and dropped bombs in South-East London. The sixth group followed a quarter of an hour later, and some dropped bombs in the north-east outskirts and in Upper Tooting. A seventh group was dispersed by gunfire before reaching the outer defences. A bomb demolished two houses in Romberg Road, Tooting, killing three people and injuring three others. In Crockerton Road, Wandsworth,

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also, three people perished in the destruction of more small villa residences. Damage was reported also in Upper Charlton, Greenwich, Millwall, and Deptford.

In the early hours of Dec. 6, Londoners were awakened by an attack by about 25 aeroplanes, the aim of which seems to have been to deliver five simultaneous attacks, from the north-east, east, and south. One group was turned back by gunfire; of the others five or six machines got through and dropped so many incendiary bombs in various residential districts as to suggest that the new hope of the enemy was to burn the capital rather than smash it. Over 270 bombs were dropped within the Metropolitan Police District, and 52 fires were caused in the county, four of which were serious outbreaks, viz. at Curtain Road, Shoreditch, Whitechapel Road, South Lambeth Road, and Gray's Inn Road. This was the largest number of fires in any one raid. But preparations had been made for such an eventuality. Following the daylight raid of July 7, all the fire brigades in the Metropolitan Police area were co-ordinated for service during raids, and motor engines from as far as Twickenham and Wembley were used in extinguishing the fire at Shoreditch. The damage extended over a wide area, from Chelsea to Whitechapel, and from Battersea to Peckham and Upper Sydenham. Yet the destruction was only valued at 92,000*l.*; and, owing to the fact that nearly everyone was in bed, the casualties were only two killed and six injured. Two of the Gothas were brought down by anti-aircraft guns.

On Dec. 18 came a New Moon raid. From 16 to 20 Gothas approached in small groups, but five machines only, followed an hour later by a single raider, got over the capital and dropped their bombs. Serious fires were caused in Farringdon Road and Pentonville Road. Whilst the firemen were at work, the solitary raider came and dropped bombs on both these fires. Two firemen were injured, but fortunately not seriously. Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, Victoria Station, Southwark Cathedral, and Bethlem Hospital were damaged; and among other districts suffering were Clerkenwell, King's Cross, Kentish Town, Belgravia, Holborn, West Smithfield, Aldersgate Street, and Bermondsey. There were 13 fires; 10 people were killed

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and 49 injured. The damage amounted to 225,000*l.* One Gotha was hit by gunfire while over London and descended in the sea off Kent; another is believed to have come down in the Channel.

These and the September raids were carried out by Gotha aeroplanes, but towards the end of the year 1917 a new, larger, and noisier aeroplane was used. One of these giants was over London on Dec. 18, and in January 1918 they became fairly common. The wing span of these new machines was between 138 and 157 feet, they were painted dark grey or black, their speed was 70 or 80 miles an hour, and the maximum height they attained perhaps 12,000 feet; they carried a crew of five, and had four 200 h.p. Mercedes engines. They made so much noise that at first they were taken for airships, or, heard 20 miles away, for Gothas near at hand. They dropped bombs of 300, 100, and 50 kilograms, often fitted with a fuse which delayed action for two seconds.

Six raids were carried out by these giants between Jan. 28 and March 7, 1918. On Jan. 28 the moon was just past the full; the raiders came in four groups, each composed of two or three machines, or 10 in all. The first two came in over Romford, and, while one dropped bombs on Stepney and Poplar, the other attacked Lambeth and Wandsworth. The second pair of machines reached London along the south bank of the Thames, and one dropped bombs on Hackney and Holborn. Of the next three machines, which came over Walton and Clacton, one was turned back, one bombed the neighbourhood of Camden Town, and the third attacked West Hampstead and then flew back eastwards, pursued from the east of London by two scouting aeroplanes, which brought it down in flames at Wickford in Essex. The fourth group (three machines) only got as far as Thanet and Sheppey. The damage was spread over a wide area, in Stepney, Poplar, Hackney, the City, Holborn, Somers Town, Kilburn, St John's Wood, Lambeth, Kennington, and Wandsworth, Yet the places of amusement in the West End carried on as usual.

Shortly after midnight other raiders attempted to reach London, but only one giant succeeded in entering from Chingford, and dropped bombs in Bethnal Green, in the river near Waterloo Bridge, on the Savoy

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Mansions and in Long Acre. The roof of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, was struck; but the most serious disaster was in Long Acre, where the premises of Odhams, Limited, printers, were struck by an incendiary bomb, which went right through to the basement and then exploded and set fire to the building. The basement was used as a shelter, and a large number of people, mostly women and children, who had gathered there as usual, were buried in the debris, 29 being killed and 91 injured. Among them was the Rev. E. H. Mosse, Rector of St Paul's, Covent Garden, who had been engaged in fetching his parishioners into the shelter. His body was found next morning, under a heap of wreckage, badly burnt.

People had been frequently warned by the authorities that, while such shelters might be of use for those who were in the streets at the time of the raids, those who were at home were as safe in their own houses. Practically no buildings were safe against the direct impact of a bomb. But people were getting accustomed to assemble, on hearing warnings, in these shelters. This was especially the case with aliens. At one shelter in the East End on that same fatal night there was a panic among the foreigners, and 14 children were crushed to death, all of the Jewish race. I remember, when coming home by tube at night during a raid, the difficulty of getting through the mass of humanity with which the staircases and platforms were closely packed. The sanitary condition of these places became horrible.

The following night (Jan. 29–30) another series of attacks was made between 10 p.m. and 12.30 a.m. by about 15 machines, which failed to get in, except one giant, which skirted the north and west of London in vain attempts to get through the barrage. It expended its bombs in Isleworth, Kew, Richmond, Chiswick, Barnes, Wandsworth, and Camberwell. The casualties were few—10 killed and 10 injured. One of the giant aeroplanes, which failed to get through and was chased by four of our machines, incontinently dropped its whole load of 20 bombs all at once on Wanstead Marshes. All fell harmlessly within a distance of 300 yards. A new mode of defence was brought into use in this raid—the balloon aprons—a row of captive kite-balloons joined by

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cross-cables from which wires descended and formed a screen; no machines were caught by them, but one Gotha is supposed to have been damaged by contact with the net.

On the evening of Feb. 16 six raiders crossed the coast, but all were turned back save one, which penetrated the capital along the line of the river and dropped bombs over Woolwich Arsenal. One missile fell on the Royal Military Parade Ground, killed a colonial soldier and a girl, and wrecked the west end of the garrison church. Another fell on the other side of the barracks, destroyed three shops and killed four people. Then, sailing westwards, the raider dropped a 300 kg. bomb which fell on the officers' quarters at Chelsea Hospital, demolished a Wren house and buried an invalid officer, his wife and two children. Turning back, the raider showered eight bombs on some allotments at Beckenham.

On the following night (Sunday, Feb. 17) a single giant raider, coming by way of Tilbury and Dartford to Eltham, travelled in a straight line from that point to Islington, crossing the Thames near Blackfriars Bridge, and dropping bombs at regular intervals of about three-quarters of a mile all the way. Then, looping round towards Hackney, it recrossed the river and went out over Sydenham and Bromley. This was one of the raids in which the anti-aircraft guns are said to have troubled our own airmen more than the enemy. The chief destruction effected was at St Pancras, where bombs dropped on the Midland Grand Hotel, killing 20 people and injuring 12 others; but the line of the damage was marked through Lewisham, Lee, Peckham, Southwark, Euston Road, Holborn, and the City. Five or six other machines which followed were all turned back. Again on the following night the Germans returned to the attack, but none of the raiders penetrated the defences, and no casualties or damage were reported.

On the night of the next raid (March 7-8) the attackers were aided by an unexpected phenomenon. It was a moonless night, but, when we were awakened from an early sleep at 11.30 p.m. by the firing of the guns, the northern sky was illuminated by an Aurora Borealis, which was so bright as to give the impression of distant fires. Some half-dozen or more giant machines joined

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in the attack, and three of them got through the defences. One bombed Hampstead and St John's Wood, doing damage to private houses in the neighbourhood of Belsize Square and Lord's Cricket Ground; another left its marks on Golders Green, Finchley, Mill Hill, and Whetstone; and the third in flying across London dropped a 300 kg. bomb on Warrington Crescent, Paddington, destroying four four-story houses, wrecking two and seriously damaging 12 others. St Paul's Cathedral was struck by an anti-aircraft shell; the south-western bastion and the stone stairs underneath were damaged. The casualties were 19 killed and 34 injured.

On Whitsunday, May 19, 1918, the most determined raid attempted by the Germans was made. The conditions were favourable; the waning moon shone brightly, and the sky did not show a cloud. No less than 28 machines, mostly Gothas, of the Third Bombing Squadron, started for the attack. The first group came up the Thames estuary about 11 p.m., skirting the north Kent coast, and was heavily engaged by the anti-aircraft defences. One raider was attacked by a British airman and fell in flames. Another group, which approached from Essex, also lost a machine, brought down by gunfire. Our anti-aircraft gunnery was excellent. The close and regular formation which the raiders tried to preserve in their flight up the river towards London was broken up by the fire of the outer defences. Some turned tail and went back; others dispersed north and south of the river, and, getting into the barrage, which was exceptionally heavy, were so disconcerted that they appeared for the most part to fly aimlessly, and as aimlessly to be getting rid of their explosives, without any attempt to look for definite objectives. Thirteen of the raiders got in over London, and dropped, according to 'The Times History of the War,' five bombs of 300 kg., 35 of 100 kg., and over 100 of 50 kg. The L.C.C. report, however, gives the number as 34 explosive bombs only. (These discrepancies of figures appear all through the story of the raids.) Except for two outbreaks of fire in larger premises, the damage was confined to the wrecking of house property of the smaller middle-class sort, spread over Poplar, Bromley, Bethnal Green, Hackney,

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Kentish Town, Islington, Harringay, Regent's Park, Kilburn, Great Portland Street, and St James's; and, south of the river, in Old Kent Road, Peckham, Lewisham, Catford, and Lower Sydenham. Willis's Rooms were struck by a bomb, and a tavern at Hither Green was demolished and its inmates were pinned down by the debris for some hours, a child being killed. The total casualties were 49 killed and 177 injured (34 killed and 94 injured in London).

Hotly engaged by the anti-aircraft defences, some of the raiders attempted to make their way down the river, and others proceeded eastwards overland. Besides those brought down earlier, two were brought down before they reached the coast; two or three machines fell in the sea; and it is believed that ten in all of the enemy machines came to grief in this raid, a third of the raiders' force. This result was largely due to a new weapon in the hands of our airmen, a special bullet with regard to which great official secrecy has been observed, but of which the experience was enough to prevent any further raids. At any rate, this was the last German raid on London, and there was only one subsequent raid (Aug. 5) on England; though our enemies continued to give their attention to Paris, which they subsequently raided sixteen times.

This long series of raids must have cost the Germans millions of money and many valiant lives; and what was the result? Was the game worth the candle? The military damage was quite insignificant. Though bombs were twice dropped within Woolwich Arsenal, Dockyard, and Barracks, the damage was quite of a minor character. The damage at the Central Telegraph Office might easily have been more serious. So, too, with the railway stations struck; the only really serious damage was at Liverpool Street and St Pancras. Numerous Government buildings were damaged, but there was nothing to prevent the departments from carrying on. All the London bridges escaped damage.

When we think of the priceless treasures in our historical and architectural buildings, and of the losses inflicted by the Germans on Rheims, Louvain, and other continental cities, it is remarkable, and a cause for

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congratulation, that London suffered so little. From the Tower, which was made a special target in the first daylight raids (but with little effect), the Crown jewels could be removed to a place of safety at Windsor Castle; and from the British Museum the Elgin marbles, Rosetta Stone, etc., could be carried underground to a tube-station on the newly-completed Postal Tube Railway. But what could be done to protect such buildings as Westminster Abbey, St Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, and many others? Yet Westminster Abbey passed through the ordeal unscathed, except for damage to the choir house, and St Paul's suffered but slightly (from an anti-aircraft shell), as did also St George's Cathedral, Southwark Cathedral, and the Chapel Royal, Savoy. In all 51 places of worship were damaged more or less, including St Edmund King and Martyr (Lombard Street), the City Temple, and the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road. Twelve theatres were damaged, several hospitals suffered, and a large number of schools were struck.

But the main losses fell on private buildings and on the dwelling-houses of the people. The L.C.C. in its schedule of statistics gives 174 buildings as destroyed and 619 as seriously damaged; but in addition to these there must have been minor damage to some thousands of houses. The total damage was estimated at 2,042,000*l.* —a large sum, it is true; but we have learnt to think in millions in these days. What is this figure as compared with an assessable value of 48,600,000*l.*? The total damage to London was probably less than the cost of the raids to Germany. The loss of life, too, was serious, 524 killed and 1264 injured (as reported by the London Fire Brigade). These were a third of the total casualties in England—1570 killed, 4041 injured, But there are many more killed and injured in London in a single year in street accidents than in all the German air-raids; and the non-fatal injuries in a year's street accidents are about 15 times as many as the total of the three years' air-raids. And what were these numbers as compared with the casualties of a single day's fighting at the front? London did not suffer so much in proportion to its population as Paris, where 522 were killed and 1223 injured by aerial bombs and bombardment by 'Big

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Bertha,' in spite of the fact that the Germans evidently singled out London as a special victim of their savagery.

As an integral part of German strategy in the war the air-raids on London must be pronounced a failure. The defeat of the Zeppelins by our aeroplanes was complete. But as against their great raiding aeroplanes, although our airmen did well, it is not easy for a non-military man to say whether we could claim a superiority. Our military authorities are very reticent. It would be an interesting story to learn just how, from a few small guns on the roofs of public buildings, the defence was improved with heavier guns and more powerful search-lights in our public parks, until these ultimately formed rings of light and steel for the inner and outer defences of the capital. The work of our gallant young airmen should also be told. How many of them sacrificed their lives? A question on which no light has yet been thrown is the extent to which damage and death were inflicted by the shells and shrapnel of our own guns in the fighting over London. The work of the 30,000 special constables has been recorded in two little books by Col W. T. Reay and Mr J. E. Preston Muddock. Who will tell us of the splendid efforts of the Fire Brigade? The records of the police must contain much information of value, though the police are almost as reticent as the military authorities. And the good offices of the hospitals, the St John Ambulance Association, the British Red Cross Society, the Boy Scouts, and other agencies are worthy of being recorded.

And what of the future? The bombs and airships of the present day, immensely superior as they are to those launched against London at the outset of the war, are mere toys in comparison with those which will be employed if—which God forbid!—a similar conflict should break out twenty or thirty years hence.

FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

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Art. 5.—ROMAN LIFE IN THE TIME OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

In two articles I propose to ask the reader to accompany me in thought to two different scenes in two different ages—to Rome in the time of Pliny the Younger, and to London in the time of Addison. To-day I will attempt to give him some pictures of life at Rome and in Italy drawn chiefly from the letters of Pliny.

These letters exhibit on the whole what was best in contemporary society; for Pliny was a happy and prosperous man, rich in hereditary wealth, rich in friends, amiable, affectionate, generous, always disposed to look on the bright rather than on the gloomy side of things. For the reverse of the medal, for the misery and cruelty, the vice and corruption which were rampant in his time, we must turn to other writers —to the tragic gloom of Tacitus, to the wanton wit of Martial, to the fierce invectives of Juvenal. Not but that the sunny pages of Pliny are here and there chequered by dark memories of the reign of terror under the bad emperors Nero and Domitian, both of whom he had outlived. In one of his letters he asks a correspondent, 'Does it not seem to you only the other day that Nero was on the throne?' Happily he survived to see the reign and to enjoy the friendship of Trajan, one of the best and ablest of the Roman emperors. Most of his letters were written in that fortunate time, at the end of the first and the beginning of the second century of our era, when the Roman Empire was at the very zenith of its power and glory, and when Roman literature was still both splendid and prolific. Who could have imagined in that mellow autumn of the ancient world that the winter was so near at hand? that as the authors of Pliny's time were among the most brilliant, so they were destined to be the last great masters of the Latin tongue, unless we except Claudian, that poet born out of due time as if on purpose to sing the swan-song of expiring Rome?

Pliny was born under Nero in the year 61 or 62 A.D.; for he mentions that he was in his eighteenth year at the time of the great eruption of Vesuvius, which happened in the year 79 A.D. His birthplace was Como,

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on the lake of Como, where he inherited estates both from his father and from his mother. He owned several villas on the shore of the lake, and he has described the situation of two of them.

'They are both situated,' he says, 'like the villas at Baiæ; one of them stands upon a rock and overlooks the lake; the other touches it. Each has its peculiar beauties and recommends itself more to their owner by mere force of contrast. The one follows the gentle curve of a single bay; the lofty ridge on which the other is perched divides two bays. Here you have a straight alley running along the shore; there you have a spacious terrace curving in a gentle sweep. The one does not feel the force of the waves, which break on the other. From the one you can look down on the fisherman at work below; from the other you may fish yourself and cast your hook from your chamber and almost from your bed, as from a boat.'

But Pliny lived mostly at Rome, and visited his native place and his ancestral estates only occasionally in order to see his relations and look after his tenants. He was a practising lawyer, and the court in which he pleaded stood in the very heart of the great city. It was known as the Court of the Hundred Men and occupied the Basilica Julia, a vast structure on the south side of the forum. Its ruins are still among the most conspicuous and the most familiar of all the remains of ancient Rome. How assiduously Pliny prepared for these displays, we know from his letters. He bestowed endless labour on the composition and correction of his speeches, and he looked for an eternity of fame from their publication. His friends recognised his ambition and shared, or politely professed to share, his sanguine hopes. In sending him a book of light verse, the poet Martial addresses his Muse, bidding her to go to Pliny's house on the Esquiline, but warning her not to break in on the orator in his study while he was inditing his speech for the law-court.

Yet his practice at the bar was far from bringing Pliny unmixed happiness. In one of his letters he complains that his pleadings in court, while they engrossed his time, were the source of more weariness than pleasure; that the cases in which he was engaged were for the most part tedious and trivial; and that

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there were very few members of the bar with whom he had any satisfaction in appearing.

'I remember the time,' he says, 'when even gentlemen of the best family durst not plead without an introduction from a man of consular rank; but nowadays all the ancient barriers and safeguards of the profession are broken down, all distinctions are levelled, and anybody may burst into court and harangue the jury without so much as saying, "By your leave."'

To add to Pliny's disgust, a practice had grown up of hiring persons to applaud the speeches of barristers in court. These mercenary admirers ran from court to court as they were paid for it; and led by a sort of fugleman, who gave the signal, they broke at intervals into uproarious applause, without understanding, and often without even hearing, a syllable of what was said. To such an extent was this practice carried, that Pliny observes bitterly that if you happened to be passing the Basilica Julia when the court was sitting, and wished to judge of the comparative merits of the pleaders, you need not take a seat on the bench or attend to the speeches; all you had to do was to listen to the applause, for you might be quite sure that the barrister who got the loudest claps was the worst speaker.

But Pliny sometimes spoke in more important cases before a more dignified assembly. He was a member of the Senate, and more than once addressed that august body in defence of distant provinces which appealed to Rome for justice on governors who had cruelly wronged and oppressed them. It was thus that he pleaded the cause of Africa against Marius Priscus, and the cause of Andalusia (Bætica) against Cæcilius Classicus. The first of these trials lasted three days. The Senate-house was crowded: the Emperor Trajan himself presided; and Pliny was supported in the impeachment by his friend, the illustrious historian Tacitus. He spoke for nearly five hours with great applause; and the emperor testified his friendly interest in the orator by more than once sending word to him to spare his voice and his breath, when he thought, or Pliny fancied that he thought, that the passionate vehemence of the speaker imposed too great a strain on his feeble frame. Perhaps the emperor's

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solicitude was not so purely disinterested as the gratified orator imagined. The sensible Trajan may have been of opinion that a shorter speech would have served the purposes of justice equally well. But apparently there was no stopping the impetuous flow of Pliny's rhetoric when once he got under way. It was this trial which Macaulay had in his mind when, describing the brilliant audience which witnessed the impeachment of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, he wrote that

'there the historian of the Roman empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.'

Pliny lived in a literary age when authors abounded, and when it was the fashion for them to recite their works to a select circle of friends before they gave them to the public. These recitations are often mentioned by Pliny and his contemporaries. To judge by their references, the feelings of the reader and of his hearers on these occasions were often very different. Juvenal tells us that he was goaded into writing poetry in order to have his revenge on the poets whose long-winded epics he had so often been compelled to endure in silence. Among the terrors of Rome he enumerates fires, the collapse of houses, and poets spouting in August.

Being a very good-natured and obliging man, Pliny made a point of attending the recitations of his friends and of applauding their productions, whatever he may have thought of them privately. But many of the listeners were not so polite. In one of his letters he says that the month of April had been very prolific of poets, hardly a day having passed in which one of them had not been reciting; but, though he himself rejoiced at this display of taste and talent, the audiences at the recitations showed an unaccountable reluctance to appear when the fatal moment arrived for entering the lecture-room. Instead of taking the plunge, most of them preferred to dawdle in the lobby, passing the time of day to each other and sending in somebody now and then to report whether the author was come in, whether he had got through his exordium, and whether he seemed to be nearing the end of his manuscript. When that welcome

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news was received, they would stroll in, sit for a little, and then leave before the end, some of them slinking out as if ashamed, but others getting up and stumping out of the room quite unabashed. In another letter Pliny pours out his indignation at two or three gentlemen in the audience who had sat through the whole performance like dummies, without opening their lips or moving a muscle, nay, even without so much as yawning or stretching their limbs to show that they were bored. This attitude of statuesque passivity and stoical resignation, which they maintained to the bitter end, seems to have provoked Pliny more than if they had given vent to their feelings in hisses and boohoos.

Yet fashionable as authorship was among the cultivated classes of Roman society in Pliny's time, there seems to have lingered at the back of many minds an idea that the writing of books, and especially of poetry, was an occupation unworthy of a gentleman. The notion comes out amusingly, if unconsciously, in a comparison which the satirist Juvenal institutes between Orestes and the emperor Nero. Both these erratic gentlemen had murdered their mothers; but after weighing them in the balance, the poet decides that, matricide for matricide, Orestes was the better man of the two, because, after all, he had not, like Nero, degraded himself to the level of Homer by writing an epic on the Trojan war.

Pliny lived in the beautiful quarter of parks and gardens on the summit of the Esquiline Hill, which, with its pure air and far views away to the purple Apennines, must have seemed a different world from the squalid, noisy, crowded streets in the valleys below, where poor poets lived in garrets, and from which they toiled up the hill to attend an early morning levee in one of the great houses, when the stars were paling in the sky and the hoar frost lay thick on the hill-top. Of that life down in the valleys, with all its meanness, squalor, and vice, the aristocratic Pliny would seem to have been serenely unconscious; at least he never alludes to it in his letters. If we would know what it was like, we must turn to the pages of the poets who lived in the shabby quarter of the town. Martial lodged up three pairs of stairs, and complained that in Rome there was no place where a poor man could either think or sleep. In the morning

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he was roused from his slumbers by the drone of voices in the early school hard by: in the night he was wakened by the thump of mallets pounding corn in the bakehouse next door; and all day long he could not enjoy a nap or a siesta for the clink of hammers in the shops of the braziers. The chatter and laughter of the passers-by penetrated with painful distinctness into his bedroom; and when he went out into the street, he could hardly make his way through the traffic for the importunity of Jewish beggars, the sellers of sulphur matches, and seamen with bandaged limbs and doleful tales of shipwreck. The very pavements were so blocked with the stalls and booths of hucksters, with the sign-posts of taverns, and with barbers brandishing their razors and shaving their customers in the thick of the crowd, that even magistrates had to walk in the mire in the middle of the road. At the entrance of the Subura, the meanest and most disreputable street in Rome, hung the blood-stained scourges of the executioners, as a grim warning to the cut-throats and cut-purses who haunted that Alsatia or White-friars of the ancient world.

With such scenes in our minds we can the better appreciate the peace and tranquillity of life in the gardens of the Esquiline as they are mirrored for us in the letters of Pliny. It was there, among the parks and gardens, that Mæcenas had his stately mansion, the Holland House of ancient Rome; it was there that he gathered about him the men of letters who have more than repaid his hospitality by graving his name on tablets more durable than bronze, which rust cannot corrode nor time dilapidate. It was to that house, in its verdant garden, that Augustus in his hours of sickness used to be carried up to recruit in its purer air and untroubled quiet. And thither no doubt Pliny was glad to escape in the evening from the throng, the din, and the turmoil of the forum, when his day's work in the law-courts was over.

We need not wonder that, with his taste for literature and study, Pliny cared little for those vulgar amusements to which in his time the rabble of Rome was passionately addicted. In one of his letters he tells a friend that he had passed the last few days very agreeably among his books, reading and writing in the most perfect

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tranquillity, while down below the chariot-races were being run in the Circus Maximus; and he expresses his astonishment that so many thousands of grown-up people should be obsessed by such a childish craze for seeing horses galloping and men standing in chariots.

'If,' says he, 'it was the speed of the horses or the skill of the drivers which attracted them, there might be some sense in it. But what they set their hearts on is the colour of a particular jacket; and if in the very heat of the race the drivers could change jackets, their partisans in the crowd would simultaneously transfer their allegiance and desert the very horses and drivers whom, a moment before, they had been straining their eyes to see and their throats to greet.'

We should be glad to think that the gentle and humane Pliny disapproved of gladiatorial exhibitions, that foul blot on the character of his countrymen. He never speaks of having witnessed any of them, and from his silence we may reasonably infer that he was at least as averse from the horrors of the arena as he unquestionably was from the more innocent pastimes of the circus. But that he did not condemn the combats of gladiators on principle is proved by a passage in one of his letters, in which he commends the conduct of a friend who had promised the people of Verona a show of gladiators in honour of his deceased wife. Pliny only regretted that the African panthers, which were to have formed part of the spectacle, had been delayed by bad weather at sea and arrived too late to take part in the show. Hence we may conclude that on this occasion the slaughter of men was to have been varied, we may almost say mitigated, by the combats of wild beasts in the great amphitheatre at Verona.

One of the redeeming features in the somewhat stern and hard character of the ancient Romans was their genuine love of rural life. That love manifested itself not merely in the verses of poets like Catullus and Virgil, where the ring of truth in their praise of the country is unmistakable; even a hardened worldling like Martial preferred, or professed to prefer, the country to the town, and, grown old in the luxury and dissipation of Rome, yearned for the simplicity and quiet of life in his native Spain, recalling with a fond regret the

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cool river that ran by his native Bilbilis, the rose-gardens of Peteris, the sunny shores of Tarragona in winter, and the cloudless summer skies where Tagus rolled his golden stream under the woodland shade.

The same taste for the country which Roman poets displayed in their verses, Roman nobles manifested more practically by building themselves houses in beautiful natural situations, far from the fever and the fret of Rome, whether by the tumbling waters and hanging woods of Tibur, by the still lakes that sleep in the green hollows of the Alban hills, on the shores of Latium beside the Tyrrhenian Sea, or on the lovely bay of Naples under the dreaming Campanian sky. In this respect we moderns feel ourselves more akin to the ancient Romans than to the ancient Greeks, who in their life and writings showed comparatively little taste for the beauties of nature. The real feeling of the Greeks to the country is clearly expressed in the words which Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates on that immortal summer noon, when the philosopher was lured for once by a friend from the streets of Athens, to wade barefoot in the stream of the Ilissus, and to rest on a grassy bank under the shadow of a spreading plane-tree, fanned by a gentle breeze, inhaling the sweet scent of the *agnus castus* in bloom, and with the whisper of the leaves, the purl of the water, and the shrill hum of the cicalas in his ears. There, lapped in all the charms of an Attic landscape at its loveliest, the sage was taxed by his friend with never going into the country or even stepping outside the walls of Athens; and he did not deny the charge, but defended himself by saying that he was a lover of knowledge, and that his teachers were not fields and trees, but men.

Perhaps the small size of the ancient Greek states may have helped to check the taste for a country life. When the territory of a state, as often happened in Greece, was little larger than an English county, it must have been difficult to find any spot in it distant more than a day or two's march from the frontier; and with the unstable and often hostile relations which commonly subsisted between neighbouring republics, a man had small temptation to build a lonely house in a district which might almost at any moment be swept and raided

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by the enemy. In such circumstances people naturally chose to herd together for safety behind the strong walls and barred gates of cities. Whatever the cause, a love of country life first found untrammelled scope under the protection of the Roman peace, when the boundaries of empire had been pushed back behind the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates, and when the husbandman knew of wars and battles only from the gazette, or from the sight of regiments marching along the dusty highways to encounter barbarous foes in the forests of Germany or the deserts of the Sudan. It was then, and not till then, that we hear of country houses springing up in all the fairest regions of Italy. The rapturous love of Catullus for his home on the beautiful lake of Garda, the joy of Cicero in the calm of his Tusculan villa on the Alban hills, and the delight of Horace in his farm among the Sabine mountains, are only the most familiar instances of a taste, we may also say a passion, for rural life which seems to have been nearly universal among all Romans who could afford to keep a house or a cottage in the country. Pliny, as we have seen, was no exception to the rule. He loved his villas on the lake of Como; but he had others much nearer to Rome, to which he could resort for refreshment from the toils and cares of business without the fatigue and loss of time which the long journey to Como necessitated. Of two of these villas, one by the sea and the other at the foot of the mountains, he has left us minute descriptions. A brief notice of each may help us to feel the charm of a Roman noble's country house in the golden days of the Empire.

One of Pliny's favourite villas was situated on the coast of Latium, between Ostia and Laurentum, but much nearer to Laurentum; hence he spoke of it as his Laurentine villa. The distance from Rome was only seventeen miles; so that, after transacting his business in the city, Pliny could reach home before the day was far spent, in time to enjoy the evening breezes and to see the sun setting in the sea. So close to the beach did the villa stand that some of its walls were washed by the last ripple of the waves. Everywhere the house seems to have been laid out so as to command prospects of the sea and to catch every ray of sunshine. From the windows or folding-doors of one dining-room

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you looked out to sea on three sides, while from the fourth the view extended across an intervening court-yard and colonnade to the woods and the distant mountains. An adjoining parlour caught the first rays of the rising sun at one window, and kept the last lingering glow of the descending luminary at another. It, too, commanded a prospect of the ever-present sea, but, standing farther back from the shore, it was beyond the reach of the spray and less within the monotonous boom of the breakers. There was a tower with a dining-room in which, seated at the window, you could gaze far out to sea and far along the coast, where a succession of beautiful villas added to the amenity of the prospect. Even the swimmers in the swimming bath could behold the sea close at hand and almost fancy they were buffeting the billows. Landward the house looked out on a garden planted with fig and mulberry trees, where walks of soft turf led between hedges of box and rosemary in the dappled shade of trellised vines. Skirting the garden on one side, and separating it from the beach, was a covered gallery with windows opening both on the garden and on the sea. In hot weather, when the sun beat down almost perpendicularly on the roof, the interior of the gallery was in the shade, and the windows on both sides being thrown open, the sea breezes blew straight through, keeping the air always cool, while beds of violets on a terrace outside mingled their perfume with the salt smell of the brine.

At the far end of the terrace, with its beds of violets, were Pliny's private apartments. Cut off from the rest of the villa by walls and a passage, these rooms enjoyed perfect quiet; the sound of servants' voices never broke the silence; even the howling of the wind and the moaning of the sea hardly penetrated the stillness. Shutters and curtains excluded every ray of light from the bedroom, when the master desired to sleep long and undisturbed. On retiring to these sheltered and secluded apartments, Pliny felt as if he had left even his villa far away; and they formed his favourite retreat at the time of the winter festival of the Saturnalia, when all the rest of the house rang with the merry voices of the slaves romping and enjoying their brief annual period of liberty. The master of the house refrained

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from intruding on the gambols of his servants, and their noisy revels did not disturb the repose of his study.

The other villa of which Pliny has left us an exact description was in Tuscany. It seems to have been his favourite resort in summer; for, standing on high ground at the foot of the Apennines, it enjoyed at that season a delicious climate, the heat being generally tempered by breezes on days when the low pestilential coast of Tuscany was baking and sweltering in the fierce sunshine. Situated on a gentle rise at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, the house commanded a wide prospect over a rich and beautiful champaign country; while behind it at some distance loomed the Apennines, from which even on the calmest summer days came wandering airs, not harsh and rude, but faint and languid as if weary with travelling so far. For the most part the villa faced full south; and on its front a long colonnade received and seemed to invite the sunshine. It opened on a terrace, where the flower-beds were cut in a variety of shapes and edged with box-wood. From the terrace a sloping bank, adorned with bushes of box-wood clipped into the likeness of animals, descended to a lawn of soft and almost liquid acanthus; and round the lawn ran a walk bordered by evergreens trained or tortured in like manner into alien forms. Beyond it a broad drive encircled a low shrubbery; and the garden was then bounded by a stone wall, masked by box-trees rising in graduated ranks, one above the other, to the verdurous top. Outside the garden wall stretched the open country.

Pliny seems to have loved the soothing sound of falling water. He makes particular mention of a spacious apartment of which some windows looked out on the terrace and others on the meadows, while immediately under them was a fishpond, into which water fell from a height, charming the ear with the tinkle and babble of its music, and delighting the eye by the sight of the seething foam and sparkling bubbles in the marble basin. In the grounds of the villa we must not omit to notice a hippodrome or race-course, on which Pliny would seem to have especially prided himself; for he has dwelt on its picturesque features with a sort of fond affection. The course was completely

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shut in by plane-trees, with ivy twining about their boles and stretching its green arms from tree to tree, so as to weave them into a single unbroken hedge. Between the trunks of the planes grew box-trees, and on the outer side rows of laurels mingled their greenery and shade with the greenery and shade of the planes. The end of the course had the shape of a semicircle, and here the plane-trees were replaced by cypresses, their thicker foliage and darker hue presenting to the eye a sombre and almost solemn aspect which contrasted with the gaiety of the sunshine that flooded the race-course. Further on, the path skirted beds of roses and box-trees clipped in many quaint forms; and marble benches were disposed at intervals for the repose of the weary or languid, each of them with a little fountain playing beside it and rills of water babbling not far off. Here, too, in the garden was an alcove of white marble, canopied by a mantling vine trained on four small columns of Carystian marble. Over against it a jet of water rose into the air to fall back into a marble basin, beside which on summer days Pliny would sometimes picnic, placing the heavier dishes on the margin of the basin and letting the lighter, in the shape of boats and birds, float on the water. Facing the alcove was a summer-house of lustrous marble with folding-doors that opened on a green lawn, and with windows from which, in whatever direction you looked, you saw nothing but verdure. Hard by was a little bower, also with windows on every side; but through them the light fell faint and dim, obscured by the trailing tendrils of a luxuriant vine that climbed all over the roof.

In a letter to a friend Pliny has described the regular round of a summer day at his Tusculan villa. He usually woke with the sun or earlier, rarely later. But even after he had risen, the shutters of his chamber windows remained closed, for he found that the darkness and stiliness of a summer morning were eminently favourable to meditation. After reflecting for a while on any composition he might have on hand, he called for his secretary, and, the shutters being opened, he dictated to him what he had just been thinking of. About ten or eleven he walked on the terrace or in a covered gallery, according to the weather, and again

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meditated and dictated. A drive in a carriage followed, but in the course of it he still pursued his studies. A siesta ensued in the heat of the day, then a walk, then he read aloud a Greek or Latin speech for the sake of his digestion as well as of his voice. After that he walked again, was anointed, took exercise, and bathed. At dinner, which he shared with his wife or a few friends, a book was read aloud; and after dinner there was acting or music. Then he walked with his household, among whom were some learned persons. Thus the evening passed in various conversation, and the longest day came to an end too soon. Sometimes, if he had lain abed in the morning or walked longer than usual, a ride on horseback was substituted for the carriage drive in order to gain time. The visits of friends from neighbouring towns filled up part of the day, and in moments of weariness Pliny welcomed them as a relief from more serious and strenuous occupations. Occasionally he hunted in the woods, but never without a notebook in which to record any reflexions that might occur to him. One day in the forest three fine boars fell into the net beside which he sat reading and writing in the shade. As a landlord, he had to give some time to his tenants, though never enough to satisfy them; and after listening to their rustic complaints with what patience he could command, he returned with fresh zest to his studies.

Thus, with Pliny, the years glided peacefully away in a happy round of alternate business and study, of social life at Rome and retirement in some of the fairest scenes of rural Italy. But twice the even and on the whole uneventful tenour of his days was broken by events which swept for a time the student's little bark from the quiet backwaters into the broad current of history. Without at least a mention of these episodes in his career any account of him and his fortunes would be incomplete. One of them was a great moral revolution; the other was a great natural convulsion. One was the rise of Christianity in the East; the other was the famous eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii under a flood of lava and a heap of ashes. Space forbids me to speak of the rise of Christianity; but I must say a few words about the

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eruption of Vesuvius, which Pliny witnessed and described in two letters addressed to his friend, the historian Tacitus.

On the twenty-fourth day of August in the year 79 A.D., Pliny, his mother, and his uncle, the Elder Pliny, were together at Misenum, on the bay of Naples, where his uncle was admiral of the imperial fleet. It was one o'clock in the afternoon. Pliny the Elder had lunched and was engaged as usual over his books, when his sister pointed out to him a remarkable cloud, of unusual shape and size, in the eastern sky. He at once called for his shoes and ascended a height to observe it. The cloud was rising from one of the mountains across the bay, but at the distance they could not make out from which of the mountains it was ascending. They afterwards learned that the mountain was Vesuvius. In outline the cloud resembled a pine-tree, shooting up to a great height as it were in a long stalk and then branching out: its colour kept changing, being now white, now dusky, now mottled, according to the nature of the ashes or cinders with which it was charged. The interest of the naturalist was excited by the strange spectacle, and he resolved to investigate it more closely. It is to be remembered that the eruption of Vesuvius which he was now witnessing was the first recorded in history. Within the memory of man the mountain had always been an extinct volcano; and there was little or nothing in its peaceful aspect and vine-clad slopes to warn the inhabitants of that fair and fertile coast of the fearful forces that were slumbering under their feet.

The admiral ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and offered to allow his nephew to accompany him. But his nephew answered that he preferred to study, so the uncle went alone. Just as he was leaving the house, a letter was handed to him from a friend whose house was situated so near Vesuvius that there was no escape from it except by sea. The letter was written in great alarm and entreated Pliny to hasten to the rescue. In Pliny's mind the motive of humanity thus reinforced the motive of curiosity, and he ordered the pilot to steer straight for the burning mountain, though already fugitives were streaming away from the doomed cities. So cool did the admiral keep, that he calmly observed the shifting

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shapes of the vast and menacing cloud which by this time was spreading over the sky, and he dictated his observations to his secretary. But now the ashes were falling on the deck ever thicker and hotter as they drew near the scene of danger, and with the ashes were mingled pumice-stones and cinders, scorched, cracked, and blackened by fire. In the sea, too, they met with shoals, where till lately there had been deep water, and it was difficult to make the land by reason of the avalanches from the crumbling mountain. The pilot implored Pliny to turn back. He hesitated a moment, then saying, 'Fortune favours the brave.' he bade them lay a straight course for Stabiæ on the other side of the bay, where was his friend's villa. Here he landed and found his friend preparing for flight. He had embarked his baggage; but the same wind which had brought Pliny to him prevented him from putting to sea. It was necessary to wait till the wind should change. Pliny cheered and encouraged his dejected companions, and affecting an ease which he did not feel, he took a bath and then sat down to dinner, conversing gaily, or at least with an assumption of gaiety.

Meantime night had fallen, but the darkness was lit up by huge sheets of flame that burst from Vesuvius in several places, flashing out in the gloom with a momentary and sinister splendour. Pliny professed to believe that these lights came from the fires of blazing villages deserted by the peasantry; and the wind still continuing contrary, he betook himself to rest and slept soundly, for those who listened at the door could hear his stertorous breathing. No one else in the house closed an eye that night. But now the courtyard on which his bedroom opened was being choked with falling ashes and pumice-stones; and if they delayed, their retreat might be cut off. So they woke him, and together they consulted what to do, whether to remain in the house or to seek safety, if safety could be found, in the open country under the pelting shower of volcanic hail. But by this time the ground was so shaken by repeated and violent shocks of earthquake that the walls of the house rocked to and fro and threatened to bury them under the ruins; so tying pillows to their heads to protect them against the falling pumice, they issued forth.

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Day had now broken elsewhere, but around the forlorn wanderers darkness reigned blacker and thicker than any ordinary night, except when the murky gloom was momentarily illumined by the fitful flare of the volcanic fires. They made their way to the shore, only to find the sea still wild and the wind still contrary. Pliny's strength, though not his courage, now began to fail. He lay down on a sail which they chanced to find on the beach, and he repeatedly called for water. But the flames were now fast approaching, heralded by the smell of sulphur. It was necessary to hurry away. He rose, and leaning on two slaves endeavoured to proceed. But immediately he fell down. There the others left him. Two days afterwards, when the darkness at last cleared away, they found his body uninjured; even his garments were unsmirched by the fire; he lay like a sleeper taking his rest, and not like a dead man.

So died Pliny the Naturalist. It was a worthy close of a blameless life ardently devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. His nephew, the Younger Pliny, with whom we are here chiefly concerned, survived his uncle many years. Towards the end of his life he was appointed to the governorship of Bithynia in Asia Minor, where in the rapid spread of Christianity he witnessed the rise of the power which, though he did not suspect it, was destined to give a death-blow to the Roman Empire and to inaugurate a new system of religion and government in Europe. He seems to have died in that distant province, far from his native Como and from Rome, the scene of his mature activity. But we may hope that at least his ashes were brought back to rest in Italian earth and were laid somewhere near the beautiful lake he knew and loved so well, within sight of the familiar mountains and within sound of the familiar waters lapping on the shore. *Requiescat in pace.*

J. G. FRAZER.

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Art. 6.—THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND ITS LESSON.

1. *Annual Reports of the Directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.* New York, 1902–1921.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on Telephone Charges and Minutes of Evidence* (247). London: H.M. Stationery Office, 1920.
3. *The History of the Telephone.* By Herbert N. Casson. Ninth edition. Chicago, 1917.

ONLY those who have been in the United States can realise how vastly superior the American telephone service is to the English and how much our industries suffer owing to the backwardness of our system. It has been asserted that the English telephone is as efficient as the American, and that it is cheaper. Let us study the position and see what we can learn from America.

America's predominance in the telephone world is absolutely overwhelming. On Jan. 1, 1919, the United States and the United Kingdom compared as follows with regard to their telephone outfit:

	Number of telephones.	Percentage of telephones of the world.	Telephones per hundred of population.
United States .	12,077,687	64·96 per cent.	11·4
United Kingdom	854,045	4·59 „	1·9

Since Jan. 1, 1919, the number of telephones has increased by more than 1,000,000 in the Uuited States, while only about 100,000 have been added to the telephones of this country. At present the United States have fully two-thirds of the world's telephones. During the year 1920 806,188 were installed in the Republic, a number almost equal to the total in the British Isles. The City of New York alone has as many telephones as the whole of the United Kingdom. As regards telephones England is inferior, not only to the United States, but also to many other countries. This appears from the following figures:

Number of telephones per 100 inhabitants.

United States .	11·4	Australia . .	4·0
Canada . . .	8·1	Switzerland . .	3·0
Denmark . .	7·3	Germany . .	2·3
New Zealand .	6·5	Great Britain .	1·9
Sweden . .	6·4	Netherlands . .	1·8
Norway . .	4·5	Argentina . .	1·1

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America's superiority is particularly noteworthy if we allow for the difficulties under which that country suffers. In the large cities of the Republic the telephone problem is similar to that of London, Glasgow, and other English towns. In the densely populated industrial sections of the United States the position is very similar to that in Lancashire and Yorkshire. However, in addition to supplying a vast number of telephones within relatively narrow areas, the American telephone engineers have to overcome gigantic distances. Telephone wires and cables have been taken through the extensive deserts and across the gigantic mountain ranges of the American continent; and the telephone poles are exposed not only to the severest wind and weather, but also to attacks by savages, ants, bears, etc. Compared with the problems to be solved in the United States, those existing in Great Britain are trifling.

It should not be thought that the American telephone system consists of a number of highly organised telephone nets in the more advanced States which are connected by long-distance lines. The telephone is practically universal in the Republic. Millions of farmers possess that time-and-labour-saving convenience. There are more than 3,000,000 subscribers within the agricultural area. The farmers can easily speak with most of their neighbours over the wire. They are in constant communication with the towns where they carry on business, and they can call up their labourers in a few seconds. Very few English farmers possess a telephone.

It is difficult to visualise the American telephone system because the figures are so vast that they stagger the imagination. At the end of 1920 the United States had 12,601,935 telephones. There was, therefore, a telephone to every nine people. In the construction of that gigantic system 25,377,404 miles of wire were used. In order to protect the wire against damage and disturbance 61·8 per cent. was laid in underground conduits. These conduits would girdle the earth twice at the Equator.

The American telephone stands under private control. The service is dominated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, shortly called the Bell Company after the inventor. It possesses virtually a monopoly. Of the 12,601,935 telephones of the Republic 8,333,979

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were owned by the numerous companies which have been united in the Bell System, while the remaining 4,267,956 telephones were owned by independent companies connected with the Bell System, which work under sub-licence or connexion contract of that great enterprise. At the end of 1920 the Bell Company had a capital of $1,180,847,115, or of about 300,000,000*l.* at the present rate of exchange. Owing to its cautious and conservative policy it had then an accumulated reserve and surplus of $444,039,203, or of more than 100,000,000*l.* The assets of the company stood in the books at $1,634,249,533, a sum equivalent to about 400,000,000*l.* However, the value of the property vastly exceeds this gigantic capital. In 1920 the total income of the company came to $449,442,115. Vast sums have been applied every year to improvements and extensions. During the last twenty years additions to the value of $1,182,280,000 were made to the plant. The interest paid on the ordinary shares has risen of late years from 7 per cent. to 9 per cent. The vastness of the undertaking may be gauged by the fact that the Bell Company has an army of 231,316 employees.

In the beginning the United States had numerous independent companies. Gradually these were amalgamated with the Bell Company by agreements, purchase and exchange of shares, etc. About 10,000 companies have thus been united by the great Bell Company, which serves as a financial and intellectual centre to all the local organisations that enjoy full self-government in all local matters. Among the enterprises controlled by the Bell Company is the Western Electric Company, a giant concern which manufactures electrical apparatus. It is by far the largest undertaking of its kind in the world, and has branches in Antwerp, London, Berlin, Milan, Vienna, Petrograd, Tokio, Sydney, Montreal, Johannesburg, Buenos Ayres, and Budapest.

One of the most remarkable features of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and of the Western Electric Company which it controls is the magnificent research department which serves both concerns. That department is unique in the world. The annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for 1920 states with regard to its activities:

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'In this department, including the laboratories at the Western Electric Company, 2800 employees are engaged exclusively in research and the development and improvement of telephone and telegraph apparatus and materials and methods. Of these, 1100 are engineers, chemists, physicists, and other scientists, among whom are graduates of more than 100 American colleges and universities. The remainder are laboratory assistants, draftsmen, stenographers, clerks, model-makers, and administrative personnel. At the close of the year, upwards of 2500 research and development projects were in hand—all these calculated to improve the service which the associated companies are rendering to the public or to make it more economical.

'During the year hundreds of new patents relating to the telephone and telegraph, issued in various countries, have been examined and studied; the latest discoveries in science have been followed with care by our scientific staff; and over 1000 United States patents relating to telephony and telegraphy have been applied for by, or issued to, or acquired for the use of, this Company. Not only has attention been given to fundamental improvements in transmission and in apparatus and materials, but minute care and study have been devoted to improvements in the thousands of diversified parts which are required for the most effective and economical operation of the Bell System. In the magnitude of its operations, the number of its personnel, and in the size and equipment of its laboratories, this research and development organisation far exceeds that maintained by the telephone and telegraph administration of any government or by any other corporation engaged in similar or related work.'

The facts given explain why the United States are far in advance of all other countries in telephonic science. The vastness of the American research organisation ensures constant progress on the part of the Bell Company by its own inventors and engineers. Besides, the paramount importance of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its vast wealth cause foreign inventors to take their inventions in the first place to America. The extraordinary alertness of the Bell Company and its energy in promoting progress will be seen from its yearly reports. For instance, we read in the one published in 1918:

'There is no more important part of the telephone system than the transmitter and the receiver and their associated

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apparatus located at the subscriber's station. During the past ten years over 1000 changes have been made in the design and materials of the sub-station equipment, each of which has made for improved transmission or better and more dependable service, and, as far as is consistent with these, for reduced costs. During the last decade we have made many advances in all phases of telephone switchboard development. In switchboards we have devised during the past ten years over 30,000 new arrangements, each of which has resulted in improved service, lower costs, or both.

'The Engineering Department has given advice to the associated companies on all major projects involving new building construction and new switchboards to be located therein, the total first cost of which is over $100,000,000. Thousands of other matters pertaining to buildings and switchboards have been studied and suitable advice given in each case. . . . In addition to a large number of fundamental plans for small places, which have been prepared by the various associated companies, following the methods and advice of the Engineering Department, this Department has co-operated actively in making new complete fundamental plans for all large communities during the last ten years. These plans combined involve an increased development, fifteen years hence, of about 6,000,000 stations. The total additional plant investment represented by these plans, furthermore, will be more than $600,000,000.'

In England and in Europe in general the telephone is the luxury of the well-to-do. In the United States it is a necessity in universal use. When a factory builds a number of houses for its workers, it instals in each a telephone as a matter of course. It has often been asserted that the telephone is dearer in America than in England. An exact comparison of rates cannot be given because these vary in every American town. Every local company belonging to the Bell System charges the rates which it thinks suitable. In trying to discover whether the telephone is cheaper in England or America we cannot mechanically compare the payments made. We must allow for the difference in money standards in the two countries. The mere fact that even poor factory workers and labourers have the telephone shows that it is far cheaper in the United States than in England, where many middle-class people do without it because they find the charges too high.

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The American telephone has become universal because, allowing for the high standard of wages and of living prevailing, it is by far the cheapest telephone in the world. Besides, it is extraordinarily efficient. In the towns connexion is secured as a rule in a few seconds. Its universality may be seen by the fact that in most American towns the Post Office Directory has disappeared. People who require an address refer to the Telephone Directory, which contains the names of practically all the residents.

The American telephone is so cheap and so efficient that it has put the telegraph into the shade and has replaced, to a large extent, the letter post. After all, it is much less trouble to talk to a man than to write to him. Practically every room in every better-class hotel has a telephone. It is to be found in every shop and in every factory and workshop. A workman unable to go to business or requiring the doctor uses the telephone. Even the poor do a great deal of their shopping over the wire. In many shops telephones are kept under the counter. A woman telephones to a friend while trying on a pair of gloves. The telephone is brought to one's table while one is dining at a restaurant. One can telephone from one's carriage in the better-class trains and from one's state-room on board ship. The foreman at the bench gets his orders by telephone from headquarters, and the engine-driver finds a telephone apparatus close to his engine in most stations.

In most American towns the policeman on point duty has a telephone at his elbow. The ambulant inspector is unnecessary. At odd times the policeman is rung up by the station to make sure that he is on duty. If anything of importance occurs, he reports by telephone to his inspector or he is told over the telephone to look out for a runaway horse or a fleeing criminal. Telephonic connexion between headquarters and all the policemen on point duty vastly increases the efficiency of the American police and leads to an economy in men.

The telephone has rendered invaluable services to the American farmers. While English farmers send their produce to market and are at the mercy of the salesman and of the momentary fluctuations of the produce market, the American farmer inquires over the

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telephone about prices and sells his produce by wire at the chosen moment. The American crops are liable to sudden destruction by the weather changes to which the country is exposed. In many cases the harvest has been saved by the telephone. Local representatives of the United States Weather Bureau telephone to all the farmers around if floods, sudden frosts, or heavy rains are to be expected. On receipt of such a message the farmers call up by telephone all available hands and rescue the cattle, secure the dykes, gather the fruit, or make fires in the orchards.

While in England it takes hours to put through a long-distance call, it takes, as a rule, only minutes in the United States. The American telephone is managed with the utmost fairness to the public. The bureaucratic tyranny which is generally found in Government-managed services is absent on the other side. With regard to costly long-distance traffic the 'particular person principle' is applied. If one wants to speak by long-distance telephone to a friend and one can obtain connexion only with his wife or with his office, no charge is made. If one wants to talk to Mr Smith at Buffalo and does not know whether he is at his home, at his office, at his club, or at a certain friend's, the telephone exchange will search for him free of charge in all the places mentioned until he is found, and then connect you with him. Such facilities would be inconceivable in a bureaucratically managed service. The rapidity of connexion is such that a man arriving at his hotel asks from the telephone in his bedroom to be connected with his family hundreds of miles away, and talks with them while dressing.

The telephone was invented by an Englishman, Dr Alexander Graham Bell, who had migrated to America. He had a firm affection for England and wished to introduce it into his native country. He went to England with this object in view as soon as his invention had made a fair start in the United States. Unfortunately those before whom he placed the apparatus lacked vision. For a long time Englishmen refused to consider the telephone as anything but a scientific toy. So late as 1882 Herbert Spencer wrote: 'The telephone is scarcely used at all in London, and is unknown in the

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other English cities.' Private enterprise at last took up the development of a telephone service in England. Unfortunately the British Government owned the telegraphs. It feared that the new invention would cause a loss to the telegraphs, and therefore resolved to suppress it, or at least to hamper its development to the utmost. Mr Herbert Casson, a Canadian engineer, wrote in his excellent 'History of the Telephone':

'Just as a few energetic companies were sprouting up, the Postmaster-General suddenly proclaimed that the telephone was a species of telegraph. According to a British law the telegraph was required to be a Government monopoly. This law had been passed six years before the telephone was born, but no matter. The telephone men protested and argued. Tyndall and Lord Kelvin warned the Government that it was making an indefensible mistake. But nothing could be done. Just as the first railways had been called toll-roads, so the telephone was solemnly declared to be a telegraph. . . .

'Having captured this new rival, what next? The Postmaster-General did not know. He had, of course, no experience in telephony, neither had any of his officials in the telegraph department. There was no book and no college to instruct him. His telegraph was then, as it is to-day, a business failure. It was not earning its keep. Therefore he did not dare to shoulder the risk of constructing a second system of wires, and at last consented to give licences to private companies. But the muddle continued. In order to compel competition, according to the academic theories of the day, licences were given to thirteen private companies. As might have been expected, the ablest company quickly swallowed the other twelve. If it had been let alone, this company might have given good service, but it was hobbled and fenced in by jealous regulations. It was compelled to pay one-tenth of its gross earnings to the Post Office. It was to hold itself ready to sell out at six months' notice. So, as soon as it had strung a long-distance system of wires, the Postmaster-General pounced down upon it and took it away.

'Then, in 1900, the Post Office tossed aside all obligations to the licensed company, and threw open the door to a free-for-all competition. It undertook to start a second system in London, and in two years discovered its blunder and proposed to co-operate. It granted licences to five cities that demanded municipal ownership. These cities set out bravely, with loud beating of drums, plunged from one mishap to another, and finally quit. Even Glasgow, the premier city

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of municipal ownership, met its Waterloo in the telephone. It spent $1,800,000 on a plant that was obsolete when it was new, ran it for a time at a loss, and then sold it to the Post Office in 1906 for $1,525,000. The story of the telephone in Great Britain has been a "comedy of errors."'

Government interference and Government management have, according to Mr Casson, been fatal to the telephone not only in England but in other countries as well. His opinion is confirmed by the highest American authorities. The yearly reports of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are of the greatest value to the student of practical economics because they do not merely give detailed accounts of the progress of the company and of its financial position, but also because the principal problems of the telephone service are discussed in it and because criticisms levelled at the American organisation are answered. The Bell organisation is a gigantic trust. It is one of the greatest and most powerful trusts in the world. Consequently it has many enemies, although the principal creators of the American telephone system have not become multi-millionaires like the creators of the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation, and other great undertakings, but have remained relatively poor.

Some of the critics of the Bell Company have advocated that it should be dissolved into its component parts, that free competition would provide a cheaper and a more efficient service. Others have urged that the telephone should be taken over by the Government and should be managed by it either as an independent department or as a branch of the Post Office. Others, again, have been in favour of leaving the telephone in private hands, wishing to combine private ownership with Government supervision. It is worth while to learn the views of the telephone company on these proposals. The directors and managers of that concern believe that competition is unsuitable in the case of the telephone, that the creation of a monopoly is unavoidable owing to the very nature of the undertaking, and that that monopoly should be in private hands because of the inefficiency of bureaucratic management, but that Government supervision is to be welcomed as long as that supervision is

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impartial. In their opinion party-political influences would be fatal to the service. This is only natural; still it is worth while to quote some of their reports. The report of 1918 stated that

'Competition, so far as the public utilities are concerned, is costly, unsatisfactory, undependable; that as an incentive to development or improvement it has passed its period of usefulness, if indeed it ever had any. . . . Competition involves duplication of plant, equipment, administration and investment, with the consequent duplication of overhead charges, operating costs and greatly increased commercial expenses. . . .

'Control and regulation should provide the best service at the lowest possible cost. It should be sufficiently liberal to encourage development of latent resources and not so restrictive as to impede or retard the extension and expansion needed to meet the wants of a growing country. Only through the application of these principles can the public get the best service. Best service can be rendered only by prosperous enterprises. Any contest for corporate existence consumes the capital and human energy which could be better devoted to quality and economy of service. Any public control and regulation that does not do this is in the end destructive, not constructive. It is not even protective, for the public will some day realise that inadequate, inefficient public service is tremendously costly—directly, in the lack of value; indirectly, in discomfort and inconvenience to the public and in the insidious deterioration of prosperity and progress, of the individual and of the community.'

Again, in the report of 1919 we read:

'Much, if not most, of this development (of the Bell organisation) was done under unrestricted, unrestrained operation and promotion. It could not have been done otherwise, for without the incentive of adventure, without speculative capital, without unrestricted possibilities, the risk never would have been taken. . . . Control and regulation should be divorced as far as possible from partisan or class influence, and the influence of misinformed or interested public prejudice. It is impossible for any body to be judicial or equitable if its decisions are subject to hostile criticism and public condemnation without any other reason than prejudice based on misinformation or ignorance.'

The controllers of the American telephone service are

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absolutely opposed to Government ownership and management, not for selfish reasons, but because they are convinced that bureaucratic management would be fatal to the efficiency of the great organisation which they have created. We read in the report of 1914 the following sentences, which are particularly interesting because of their references to England:

'Our opposition to Government operation and ownership is not based on pecuniary, partisan, prejudiced or personal reasons. It is because of our interest in the upbuilding of a great public utility and its preservation.... We are opposed to Government ownership because we know that no Government-owned telephone system in the world is giving as *cheap* and *efficient* service as the American public is getting from all its telephone companies. We do not believe that our Government would be any exception to the rule....

'The private companies of England were operated under a limited licence. It was known years in advance that the licences would not be renewed, and that the Government would purchase the plants. The Government and the owners could not agree as to expenditures upon the plants to be made prior to the purchase to keep them in any up-to-date condition; consequently as little was done as possible. This was a period of rapid improvement in telephone exchange equipment....

'In England, where the Post Office pays a very handsome net revenue, its telegraphs show a relatively much larger deficit, while the revenues and ordinary expenses of the telephone operations show a small balance,* excluding, however, depreciation and obsolescence which have not yet become fully determined but which cannot be ignored. These deficits are not the result of a definite policy to give a cheap service to individuals at the cost of all, but are due to errors in management such as under-estimates of values and cost of new construction; disregard of maintenance, depreciation and particularly of obsolescence; impossible theories of operation, and a mistaken policy founded on promises, prophecies and assertions exactly the same in character as those now being used to bring about Government ownership in this country, and upon a failure to understand and appreciate the advantages of private as distinguished from Government organisation.'

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* This is no longer the case.

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The report of 1912 contained the following warning against Government ownership:

'The facts are, that there is hardly a telegraph or telephone system in the world now operated by any Government which shows a profit, even under accounting methods employed, and not one that would not show a deficit under accounting methods obligatory upon private enterprise. For authority, see any department report of any Government telegraph system.'

Towards the end of the Great War the American Government, obeying the clamour of the ill-informed, took over the management of the telephones, and the results were disastrous. The formerly excellent service became totally disorganised. When experience had proved the correctness of their previous warnings, the controllers of the Bell organisation wrote in their report of 1918:

'The financial affluence and credit of the Government and its immunity from direct control, and the lack of dependence of the Government employee upon his employment, are inseparable, inherent and preponderant factors in Government operation. Therefore the desirable factors of economic and efficient operation are wanting. Whatever can be done by the Government through direct operation can be done more certainly through control and regulation of private operation, thus combining the potency of the sovereign with the initiative and interest of the subject.'

It cannot be doubted that the extraordinary efficiency and cheapness of the American telephone are due to the fact that private enterprise was given a free hand, while the backwardness of the telephone in England and in many other countries must be ascribed to Government obstruction and hostility at the time when the telephone was at its beginning and to Government control and ownership later. The dead hand of bureaucracy has done the greatest harm to that invention in all countries, except in Sweden. Sweden is the one exception which confirms the rule. The success of Government management in that country is due to the fact that a business-builder of remarkable force and ability, Henry Cedergren, was given a free hand in organising the service.

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Before the Select Committee on Telephone Charges Colonel Webb, an expert on telegraph and telephone matters, who is intimately acquainted with the American telephone system, stated:

'The Post Office telephone staff in 1920 is stated as 49,080 persons. This gives a ratio of one telephone employee to 18·6 stations. The U.S. Federal Census of Telephones for 1917 showed, for all telephone systems in the United States, a total of 11,716,520 stations, and a total of 262,629 employees, a ratio of one employee to 45 stations. If the Bell System employed staff in the same ratio to stations as the Post Office does, it would have a total force of 480,000 people instead of the actual 209,860. . . .

'Information as to the current rates of pay of the principal classes of telephone employees in the United States shows that these range higher than the corresponding rates in England; and it is well known that the salaries of supervising, engineering and administrative officials in large American companies are substantially higher than those paid to the few superior officials of the Post Office. The secret of economical operation of the telephone service in America is not to be found in lower wages and salaries, but in the vastly more efficient administration resulting from purely commercial management.'

Major O'Meara, the consulting engineer of the Government in Great Britain, wrote some years ago to Mr Vail of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, acknowledging receipt of the annual report:

'After spending over 16 years out of my 32 years' public service in the British Post Office Department, I have come definitely to the conclusion that a Government Department is, as a rule, an unsuitable organisation to manage services of the character of the telegraphs and telephones.'

Towards the end of last year Dr Alexander Graham Bell, the venerable inventor of the telephone, came to England on a visit. At that time the defects of the British service were generally discussed. He was interviewed on the subject, and he stated, according to 'The Times' of Nov. 25, 1920:

'We had the best system of telephony in the world before the war, in the United States. When we came into the war, the telephone was taken out of the hands of private companies

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and run by the Government. Immediately the efficiency of the service fell. . . . The decrease in efficiency in consequence of Government ownership is found elsewhere. I visited Australia some years ago; and the telephone system, which was in the hands of the Government, could not be compared to ours in America. I am afraid that the comparatively low state of efficiency in this country as compared with our system in the United States must be attributed to Government ownership.'

Dr Bell is not a business man but a man of science, who retired from active participation in the American telephone company many years ago. His condemnation of Government management is therefore not caused by personal reasons. He is, as regards the Bell System, merely a distinguished outsider.

An efficient telephone is indispensable in modern business life. The facts, figures, and opinions given in this article show that America is far ahead of Great Britain with regard to that important invention because the Republic has not allowed its telephone system to be first strangled and then to be managed by the bureaucracy. It seems hopeless to expect that a Government Department will be able to give to this country the telephone which it needs. The only way to create a cheap and efficient service lies, apparently, in handing it over to private management. The Government should merely reserve to itself the minimum of supervision. Then, and then only, will England obtain an up-to-date service. That is the lesson of the American telephone.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

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Art. 7.—THE ORIGIN OF HINDU SERIOUS DRAMA.

1. *Le Théâtre Indien.* By Sylvain Lévi. Paris: Bouillon, 1890.
2. *The Castes and Tribes of Southern India.* By Edgar Thurston. Seven vols. Government Press, Madras, 1909.
3. *Hindu Holidays and Ceremonials.* Second edition. By B. A. Gupte. Calcutta: Thacker, 1919.
4. *Some Milestones in the History of Tamil Literature.* By A. P. Sundaram Pillai. Madras: Addison, 1895.
5. *Historical Sketches of Ancient Dekkan.* By K. V. Subrahmanya Aiyar. Madras: Modern Printing Works, 1917.

And other works.

THE evidence set forth already in my 'Dramas and Dramatic Dances of Non-European Races' (Indian Section), derived from mediæval and modern dramatic performances, led to the conclusion that in Hindustan the serious drama, historical and tragic, did not arise merely in the worship of Krishna, whether regarded as a deity from all time, or as a vegetation abstraction, as held by Prof. A. Berriedale Keith, but as in other regions—Burma, China, Japan, and Greece—from the worship and propitiation of the dead. That the vast majority of all those whom the Hindus adore as gods were once human beings and, in not a few instances, very important historical personages, has been proved long since by Sir Alfred Lyall, while Hindu tradition emphatically declares that such was certainly the case with Rama, Krishna, and many other well-known deities. The evidence which has since come to hand (for which I am mainly indebted to my friends Dr L. D. Barnett, Keeper of Oriental Printed Books and MSS, British Museum, and to the late Dr J. D. Anderson, Lecturer in Bengali at Cambridge, and through him to Pandit Dinesh Chandra Sen, the chief native authority on the history of Bengali literature) will demonstrate how little regard has been paid by Sanskrit scholars to crucial facts in ancient literature and the monuments existing in Indian temples, while it will be seen that practically no account has been taken by European students of the actual dances and dramatic performances carried

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on at this hour in hundreds of Hindu shrines throughout the Peninsula.

In 1892 M. Sylvain Lévi * suggested that the cult of Krishna formed the chief element in Hindu drama; and since that time the overthrow by Krishna of his uncle Kansa, mentioned in Mahabhashya, (a work not earlier than B.C. 160), has been cited as the earliest evidence for Hindu dramatic performances. Yet there is a whole treatise devoted to the drama, the date of which is certainly not later than that of the Mahabhashya, while possibly it is even earlier, since scholars agree in placing it in the second century B.C. Mr Haraprased † has given an account of this work, known as Bharata-natya-sastra (Bharata's Treatise on Drama), and the origin of the drama there set forth. In the second age of Vaivasvata Manu, men became miserable, so Indra and other gods prayed to Brahma for something to benefit all. He summoned together the Four Vedas and by their aid, a Fifth Veda (Drama) came into existence. A renowned sage, by name Bharata, asked Brahma to let him and his sons perform the new Veda. Brahma replied: 'The ceremony of raising the flagstaff of Indra is at hand; show your skill in the ceremony.' The sage and his sons accordingly performed a drama representing the incidents of the great battle in which Indra defeated the Asuras or Demons. Strange as it may seem, Krishna is not even mentioned in this first dramatic performance, and is not even among the gods who are enumerated at considerable length as being associated with the building of the first theatre.

As the Jarjara or Flagstaff of Indra had been used by that god with signal effect upon the Asuras in the great battle, it became henceforth the emblem of the stage. It might be of any kind of wood, but was usually of bamboo covered with cloths of different colours. This pole, by its connexion both with a god and with drama, recalls that called by the Chinese Gohei (Imperial Presence), and by the Japanese Mitegura (Lordly Clothseat), which represents the tree planted over the dead with the offerings of cloth and other

* 'Le Théâtre Indien,' pp. 237 *sqq*.

† 'Journ. Beng. As. Soc.,' vol. v (1909–10), pp. 351 *sqq*.

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objects hung on its branches. One of these stands before the shrine of each Japanese god; it is supposed to attract the spirit and is regarded as the seat of the god and even as the god himself.* In the great epic of the Mahabharata (Adp. 63), we learn that King Vasu was told to set up a bamboo pole adorned with garments and with it to perform the worship of Indra, while the same poem states that this worship is for the material welfare of the people; and this is still the belief. Poles of this kind are still often erected at Hindu festivals. Mr J. J. Meyer† says that the worship is performed on the 11th day of the bright fortnight of the month (i.e. when there is a moon) to ensure good crops and general prosperity; and he cites from an ancient Jain source a vivid account of such a ceremony:

'Then amid loud and auspicious cries of joy the standard of Indra was raised, flagged with white banners, adorned with a great multitude of rattles and little bells, covered with suspended beautiful wreaths and garlands, decorated with a string of jewels, decked with a pendant mass of various fruits. Then the Nautch girls danced; poetic compositions by good poets were sung; the multitude of men danced; juggler's tricks that bewildered the eyes were seen, and betel and other things were given to the juggler; a great deal of camphor, saffron, and water was thrown. Great gifts were given, drums and other instruments were sounded.'

It will be noted that this is very like the modern Holi festival, of which an excellent description is given by J. C. Oman.‡ But what is more important for our purpose is the connexion of the pole with dramatic performances, as is proved by the Bharata-natya-sastra, and is closely paralleled in Burma and Japan.

That the vast majority of Hindu deities were once human beings there can be no doubt. A passage in the Rig-Veda (x, 129) is probably the earliest evidence for this, while it is fully confirmed by a passage in the Satapatha Brahmana,§ which recounts the method by

* Ridgeway, 'The Dramas and Dramatic Dances,' pp. 211, 297–8, 393.

† 'Hindu Tales,' p. 143 (London, Luzac & Co., 1909).

‡ 'Brahmans, Theists, and Muslims of India'; see also the same writer's 'Indian Life,' pp. 73 *sqq.*

§ 'Sacred Books of the East,' vol. XLIII, p. 336. Cf. Manu ('Sacred Books of the East,' vol. XXV, p. 112, sect. 201): 'From the sages sprang

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which the 'gods' obtained immortality, thus plainly showing that originally they had been mere mortals.

It has been shown in my 'Dramas and Dramatic Dances' that the ceremonials practised at the sowing season in order to ensure good crops are regularly directed to ancestral spirits, and that those after the ingathering of the crops consist of offerings of first-fruits to the spirits in gratitude for the harvest and to propitiate them for the coming year. Thus in China* all the four great seasonal sacrifices were and are offered to the ancestors, those of spring and harvest being the most important. So, too, in ancient Greece the great spring festival at Athens, the Anthesteria, was mainly concerned with offerings to the dead in connexion with the sowing, while the Eleusinia, held in September, was simply a great Harvest Thanksgiving, when the first-fruits of corn, or victims purchased with the first-fruits, were offered to Demeter, Persephone, Triptolemus, Eubulus and Athena, and other dead.

As might be expected, India yields a good example of similar practices. The great Holi festival at the spring equinox is connected with the wheat harvest in Western India, and is celebrated by the masses with all sorts of orgies. Tradition ascribes its origin to a giantess slain by Krishna, who when dying asked to have a festival called by her name. As this tradition implies, it is undoubtedly bound up with death ceremonies, since some of its chief features, such as the lighting of the bonfire before the house and the sound produced by beating the mouth with the back of the hand, form part of the cremation ceremony all over India.† Most significant is it that at this festival among the Marathas proper the *vir*, i.e. the warriors who died on the battle-field, are 'danced' by their descendants, who go round the fire with drawn swords until they get into a frenzy or believe themselves to be inspired by the spirits of the heroes. No one lights a bonfire until the Rajah lights that at the palace. Then the festivities begin. The prescriptive right of lighting the chief bonfire of the

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the manes, from the manes the gods and the Danavas, but from the gods the whole world, both the movable and the immovable in due order.'

* Ridgeway, 'Quarterly Review,' April 1919.

† Gupte, 'Hindu Holidays and Ceremonials,' pp. 88–9 (edit. 2).

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town, of heating the bath-water on that fire, and of dancing the *vir* or heroes round it, is still respected by all Hindus. In the Rajput and Maratha native States the palace Holi is guarded by sentinels for four days, and people who do not possess this right cannot enter.

'In the Dravidian* areas of Madras the bonfire is not prepared except in Tanjore, which is a Maratha State. The songs sung contain the lamentations of Rati the goddess of Love for the death of her husband Kamadev. This still in the Dravidian region represents the sorrow of the females at the loss of their fair-complexioned immigrant husbands. In some parts of the Madras Presidency a sham fight takes place between men and women.' †

The digging of the hole before each house, the making of the fire, and the representation of the departed heroes, point distinctly to ancestor worship. Amongst the Hos of North-Eastern India their chief festival, the Harvest-home, held in January when the granaries are full of grain and the people, to use their own expression, 'are full of devilry,' is the great festival of the year. The ceremonies open with a sacrifice to the village god, almost certainly some deified man, with three fowls, two of which must be black; along with them are flowers of the *palas* tree; bread made from rice-flour and sesamum seeds are offered by the village priest, who prays that, in the year about to begin, they and their children may be preserved from all sickness and misfortune and that they may have seasonable rain and good crops, while in some places prayers are also offered for the souls of the dead.‡

In all these festivals the spirits of the dead are believed to play a foremost part, while on the other hand there is no proof from India for a vegetation abstraction pure and simple, though there is abundant evidence, as in Burma and elsewhere, for a belief in the occupation of certain trees by disembodied human spirits. No better example of this can be cited than the belief that the spirits of the two thousand Sepoys killed by the Highlanders at the capture of Lucknow have taken up

* It must be remembered that the Dravidians do not burn their dead.
† Gupte, *op. cit.*, p. 89.
‡ Dalton, 'Ethnology of Bengal,' p. 196.

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their abode in the dense plantation of eucalyptus trees planted close by after the Mutiny. The native gardeners are afraid to thin or prune the trees because he who cuts one of them is thought to be liable to misfortune.*

It was shown in 'Dramas and Dramatic Dances' that in Burma, China, Japan, and elsewhere, actors were and are regarded as the mediums or embodiments for the time being of the souls of those represented; and accordingly it was argued that the same held good for India, inasmuch as the actors in the sacred dramas on Rama and Krishna are regularly Brahmans. This view is not only corroborated by the belief amongst the Marathas that those who 'dance' the *vir* become the embodiments of the departed warriors whom they represent, but is completely confirmed by passages in the Laws of Manu † which treat of the powers of a Brahman, especially in relation to the offerings to gods and to the dead. For on such occasions a Brahman not only personates the god or the spirit of the dead man, to whom the sacrifice is made, but is regarded as a sort of embodiment or medium.

A survival of this belief is found amongst the Buddhists of Ceylon.‡ On the third or seventh day after a funeral a Buddhist monk (*unnanse*) is invited to the house of the deceased. He arrives in the evening, reads *bana*, i.e. 'The word' (passages from the sacred books), throughout the night, and in the morning is presented with a roll of white cloth and is asked to partake of food, chiefly of coarse curries, of those different kinds of which the deceased has been particularly fond. This ceremony is called Mataka Danaya (Gift for the dead), and the previous feast (after the funeral) Mataka Bhatta (Feast in honour of the dead), the two combined taking the place of an ancient rite observed in pagan pre-Buddhist times, and then also called Mataka Bhatta, in which offerings were made to the Petas, i.e. to the departed ghosts of ancestors and near relations. Such offerings are of course forbidden to Buddhists. It is probable that such survivals are not confined to

* I am indebted for this information to my friend Mr R. H. Macleod I.C.S., Lecturer in Indian Law, Cambridge.

† III, Sects. 188, 189, 204–241 ('Sacred Books'), vol. xxv, pp. 110 *sqq.*

‡ Buddhist Suttas; 'Sacred Books,' vol. xi; Introd. xliii.

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Cingalese Buddhists, since in Tibet the Lamas reserve to themselves the right of acting in the Mystery Play with its manifestations of the gods and demons by awe-inspiring masks and the like.

There can be no doubt that in mediæval times, and we know not how long before, dramatic performances were held at the great spring festivals already mentioned, and there is also no doubt that such were held in honour of dead and probably deified kings. It was pointed out in 'Dramas and Dramatic Dances' that the Dutangada (Embassy of Angada), the earliest extant shadow play (Chhaya-nataka), was composed for and presented at the spring festival, March 7, 1242, in honour of Kumara-paladeva I, who ruled in Gujarat *c.* 1142–72, the particular event commemorated being the restoration of a Siva temple by that monarch. His fifth descendant and successor got a dramatist named Subhata to compose it in honour of his ancestor. Subhata himself says in the play that it was acted at the festival of Lord Kumara-paladeva. Now in similar passages of other plays the same phrase occurs with the name of a god in place of the name of Kumara-paladeva, which indicates that the latter held for the time at least the position of a presiding deity. That Indian kings were deified after death is placed beyond doubt by a Kanarese inscription from Kurgod, which circumstantially relates how Rachamalla I of Kurgod, a devout Saivite, was favoured with an epiphany of Siva and after his death returned to earth in the form of a *linga* self-created at Kurgod,* where a sanctuary was raised and worship paid to him under the name of Udbhava-Rachamallesvara, 'the god Isvara of Rachamalla in (miraculous) revelation.'

But monarchs were not always content to wait for posthumous worship. Thus Rajaraja I, of Tanjore, in 1055 built a Siva temple in his own honour, and endowed in it a troupe of actors to perform the play of 'Rajaraja,' a drama on his own life.† But we need not go back to mediæval times for such cults. At this hour at Anekal in Mysore there is a performance in

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* L. D. Barnett, 'Two Inscriptions from Kurgo' ('Epigraphia Indica' vol. XIV, p. 265).

† 'South Indian Inscriptions,' vol. II, pp. 306–7.

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honour of a dead king. Outside the temple is a circular mound said to represent Saindhava, the slayer of Abhimanyu, son of Arjuna, the great Pandava chief. During the festival a huge head is placed on the mound and cut off. Sham fights also take place in imitation of the great battle in the Mahabharata, on the second day of which Abhimanyu slew Lakshmana, son of Duryodhana. On the thirteenth day he fell by treachery, fighting against fearful odds; and his son Parikshit became king of Hastinapura. It is worth noting that in the cult of Osiris the chief feature was a sham fight depicting the overthrow of his murderer Set, while in the cult of Wu, the founder of the great Chinese Chow dynasty, a dramatic representation of his decisive victory at Mu (B.C. 1123) was a leading element.

But in India, as indeed in most regions, drama is of immense antiquity. Thus in the Rig-Veda there are dramatic dialogues, e.g. the Vrishtrakapi hymn, which treat of saga and myth and presuppose interlocutors, while in the age of the Brahmana literature there were recitations of old sagas, such as the Pariplava at the Asvamedha (Horse sacrifice), which told of the doughty deeds of the king's forebears and were followed by other ceremonies, including the Dhritisomas, in which a Kshatriya lute-player sang staves in celebration of former victories, with the *envoi*, 'He fought, he won that battle.' * This last will at once recall to the classical scholar the famous line of Homer, when Phœnix, on coming to Achilles' hut, found him playing his harp and singing the 'glorious deeds of heroes (κλέα ἀνδρῶν).' †

In the ancient Vedic rituals of the Pitrimedha, describing the ceremonies with which the bones of dead men were brought from their provisional resting-place for entombment in their final abode, there was a procession with dance, music, and song. Thus in the Baudhayana-Pitrimedha-sutra, we read: 'So the next of kin, so the women; then the dancing women in accordance shall go'; elsewhere we also hear of dance and song and musical instruments. These passages remind us of the processions of the gods' images with

* 'Satapatha Brahmana,' Sacred Books, vol. XLIII, 4, 3, 5.
† 'Iliad,' IX, 189.

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the dancers performing pantomimes referring to the legend of the deity, to which we will presently return. It must always be borne in mind that in India, as everywhere else, there is no real distinction between pantomime and drama. The pantomime is the presentation of a theme dramatically by metre and rhythmical movement; the drama combines this pantomime with the spoken word. In the great epic of the Mahabharata there is only one definite reference to drama, and that is probably late,* while there is no mention in it of the Natakas. But as Nataka merely means the performance of Natas, and these are mentioned in Mahabharata side by side with natakas or pantomimic dancers, one cannot say that the Mahabharata knows nothing of drama.

Though in the Jatakas we have no allusion to the drama, yet, strange though it may seem, the bones of the Buddha himself were honoured in much the same way as those of chieftains in the old Vedic days. After his death and the ceremonies at his pyre 'the Mallas of Kusinara surrounded the bones of the Blessed One in their council-hall with a lattice-work of spears and a rampart of bows, and there for seven days they paid honour and respect and homage to them with dance and song and music and with garlands and with perfumes.'† It must be remembered that Gautama himself belonged to the Kshatriya (soldier) caste, and that it was on account of this that seven great Kshatriya chieftains begged to receive some of his relics. In view of these facts, in spite of the silence of the Jatakas respecting the Drama, it is not surprising that the oldest surviving pieces of Indian dramatic literature are the fragments from Turfan of two Buddhist plays, one a drama on the life of the Buddha, the other a Morality.

The facts here stated seem to point to the conclusion that the drama arose from sagas and lays in honour of great men, and assumed the conventional classical form when the *natas* or pantomimes became the actors, the drama no doubt retaining for a long time large elements of the dance, as was certainly the case in Greece. This

* Hopkins, 'The Great Epic of India,' pp. 54 *sqq.*
† 'Sacred Books of the East,' vol. XI, p. 131.

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can be corroborated from modern India.* Thus the ballad of Desingu Raja, which is very popular in the North Arcot and Anantapur districts and is simply a story of a contest in the early 18th century between a Rajput chief and the Nawab of Arcot, is now popular on the stage; while similar ballads, sometimes also dramatised, are common in other districts; e.g. those about famous Devotees, such as the story of Ramadās Gopanna of the Telugu country, and of Nanda the pariah saint of Southern India, which attract all classes.†

But these cases are not isolated, for it can be shown that in hundreds of temples all over Southern India, as well as throughout Bengal, even in the private chapels of country gentlemen, not only do women constantly dance in honour of the person or persons worshipped in the shrine, but also dramatic performances referring to their lives or to particular incidents in their lives are given on their special festival days. That such performances are not mere modern developments, but of ancient date, is demonstrated by the fact that in many of the foundation deeds of temples it is ordained that the benefactions shall be applied to *Ranga-Bhoga*, that is, scenic representations of the life or legends of the deity, who of course is usually some deified human being —a fact which recalls the endowment of a troupe of actors by Rajaraja I at Tanjore.

The nature of the personages honoured in such temples can be made clear from the Progress Report of the Assistant Archæological Superintendent for Epigraphy, Southern Circle (1913–14). We have two records of the 19th century A.D. coming from Peddakoda Magundla in the Palnad Taluk of the Guntur district (Nos. 174, 148). The former cites an earlier inscription of Saka 1435 Srimukha (A.D. 1513–4), and states that one of the ancestors of the donor, a certain Mantrimurtiguru, had after death actually become a *Siva-linga* in the Uttaresvara temple at Peddakoda Magundla. Another record speaks of a teacher of the Pasupata-Saiva sect who had similarly become a *Siva-linga* in the same temple. Evidently, like the present-day preceptors of the Lingayatas in the Canarese country, these teachers

* 'Dramas and Dramatic Dances,' p. 204. † Ibid., p. 208.

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of the Pasupata-saiva sect were buried in the temple premises with a *linga* fixed over their tombs. In the course of time these came to be worshipped in the same manner as the *lingas* which had no connexion with the tombs. Thus another inscription shows that a chief of Rayadurga granted a village for the worship of the Isvara-sthana of his mother, 'by which is evidently meant the shrine with a *linga* built over her tomb.' The popular opinion current about the famous Siva temples of the South is that they must have been directly or indirectly connected with the tombs of great saints. It is not unlikely that the majority of the extant Siva temples are of this nature. One of the commonest conditions in the grants of estates to temples in India is that the income shall be employed by the temple for the purpose of *Ranga-bhoga*, which must mean (as we shall see) scenic representations of the sacred legend of the god of the temple.

How persistent to this hour is the practice in India of deifying those who in life were in some way or other distinguished beyond their fellows, and of setting up cults and dramatic performances at their graves or shrines, cannot be better illustrated than by the following instance of the late Mr Arunachala Nadar, now worshipped at Eral under the name of 'the Chairman god.' In life he was the chairman of the Town Commissioners, and he died somewhere about 1910. The story goes that thieves, hearing that some valuable jewels had been buried with him, broke into his tomb, but were driven out by his manifestation in the form of a snake. In 1914, a ballad was published in Tamil, entitled 'The Marvellous Ballad,' relating how the Chairman Arunachala Svami, whose grace descended in the town of Eral, drove away devils, etc. It is a series of dialogues in verse between the Svami and a number of devils whom he exorcised from the persons of as many women. It is quite dramatic in form and would probably be recited by as many persons. Arunachala's epiphany dates from 1910, since which time he has regularly made his appearance to heal the sick, exorcise devils, supply offspring, and make himself generally useful.

But there are stranger cults than this, as, for instance,

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that of the dog at Alighar. The animal in life was the pet of a Christian family and was buried at certain cross-roads, where a marble monument was placed over it. In a short time the natives began to worship it and to gather in large numbers.* This cult finds close analogues in the worship of many Burmese Nats.†

So far we have no actual evidence for drama, in the full sense of the word, in the temple ceremonies. But Mr K. V. Subrahmanya Aiyar, in his 'Historical Sketches of Ancient Dekkan,'‡ supplies this want. 'In the temples of Southern India (he says) there was invariably a spacious Ranga-mandapa, and almost all days dancing was practised there, and on special occasions dramas were staged conveying religious instruction.' In a letter (Jan. 4, 1917), to Dr Barnett, Mr Narasimachar of Mysore states that

'every temple of note in Southern India has a number of dancing women attached to it. When the god is taken out in procession, they precede the god. On certain occasions these dancing women sing and dance before the metallic figure of the god in the temple. They sing some well-known songs, such as those of Jayadeva or Tyagaraja, indicating at the same time by gesture (*abhinaya*) the meaning of the song.'

There can be no doubt that here we have a combination of songs and pantomime, as in ancient Vedic times in the funeral procession of chiefs. In a letter to the writer (Sept. 6, 1914) Rai Bahadur Pandit Radha Krishna of Muttra, who furnished much valuable evidence to the Indian section of Dramas and Dramatic Dances, wrote: 'In Deccan there are dancing girls attached to temples who are called Dasis and Murlis, who daily perform dances before the idol.'

We have now a full explanation of the term *Ranga-Bhoga* in the foundation deeds of the temples. But still more important testimony is at hand. The late A. P. Sundaram Pillai, a good Tamil scholar, in his book 'Some Milestones in the History of Tamil Literature' (1897), when treating of Tiru Nana Sambandha (p. 4), says that 'he is decidedly the greatest and the most

* Some rash anthropologists might take this cult for a Dog totem.

† 'Dramas and Dramatic Dances,' p. 235.

‡ Vol. I, p. 337 (Madras, 1917).

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popular of the Tamil Rishis. There is scarcely a Siva temple in the Tamil country where his image is not daily worshipped. In most of them special annual feasts are held in his name, when the leading events of his life are dramatically represented, for the instruction of the masses.' Tiru Nana Sambandha is as real a person as Thomas Becket and is one of the three great apostles of Sivaism, his hymns being contained in the *Tiru-murai*. He may be placed in or about the seventh century of our era.

Further searches will probably show many other such cults, not only of sages or devotees, but also of renowned warriors, and not only merely those of unhappy far-off days, but of some who have played their little part in modern times. For instance, there is at Madura an important cult of one Virasvami, a general of that place who slew himself there in the temple of Sokkanatha, and he is now worshipped there with annual sacrifice. There is a considerable literature about him; and there is no reason to doubt that he is just as historical as Kuan Ti, the famous Chinese general of the Wars of the Three Kingdoms (A.D. 219–220), who has been long worshipped as the War-god over all China and who is honoured regularly with the performance of no less than ten dramas representing incidents in his career. But as yet we cannot learn whether the Indian general is honoured with like performances.

As in some respects Travancore is perhaps the most archaic part of Hindustan, it is but natural that we should find in that area evidence similar to that just given. Pandit Ganapati Sastri of Trivandrum* says that 'in Travancore there is a peculiar class of actors called Chakyars, who act the Nagananda and the Third Act of the Pratima-yaugandharayana at some temple festivals in a manner of their own.' In a letter (Oct. 12, 1917) he informed the writer that 'the chakyars enact scenes mostly taken from some particular Sanskrit plays, viz. Subhadra-dhananjaya, Tapatisanvarana, Nagananda, Pratijna-yaugandharayana and Mattavilasa, and occasionally from the Puranas for entertaining the people assembled in temple festivals in this country.'

* Introduction to 'Pratima-nataka' (Trivandrum Sanskrit Series).

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According to Mr Edgar Thurston,* the traditional profession of these chakyars is 'the recitation of religious tales at the festivals of the temples in Malabar; and this they do in a more or less dramatic manner. Many legends have been specially adapted for their recitation. There is a performance of this class at all the important temples.' He adds that the chakyar is accompanied in his performance by a Nambiyar Brahman with a big drum and a Nangiyar or female of the same class with cymbals. Mr Subrahmanya Aiyar, himself a native of the country, informed Dr Barnett that the performances are either of their *harikathas*—a sort of popular variety entertainment on religious motives—or of a more elegant sort with a full orchestra; these are in addition to the regular Sanskrit dramas which Mr Ganapati Sastri mentions. Two of these, the Subhadra-Dhananjaya and Tapatisanvarana are on legends from the Mahabharata, while the Pratijna-yaugandharayana is on the story of King Udayana, a legend also from the North. The Matta-vilasa is a very interesting little Sanskrit play.† The prelude tells us that it was composed by the Pallava king, Mahendra-Vikrama-Varman, who, from the titles there assigned to him and the phrases used in the prelude, has been identified with certainty with a king of that name who flourished early in the seventh century A.D.

Now as the Nagananda, which is one of the favourite, if not *the* favourite drama, selections from which are performed by the chakyars, is a Buddhist play in five acts, by Harsha Deva, it seems very strange at first sight that it should be played at Hindu religious festivals; but Dr Barnett has solved this difficulty. The scene of the play is laid on the Malaya Mountain, i.e. the Western Ghats of Malabar and Travancore, and its theme is connected with the pedigrees of three great families, while the protagonists are Jimutavahana and Garuda. Now, the epigraphic records of the Kolur and Devageri district speak of Basavura as being

* 'Castes and Tribes of Southern India.'

† Trivandrum Sanskrit Series (Nos. 43–63). The scene is in the slums of Conjevaram. It is a series of comic scenes in which figure a drunken Kapali (Saiva ascetic), who carries a skull for a begging bowl and cup, his wench, a Buddhist monk, a Pasupata Saiva, and a crazy ascetic (Unmattaka).

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under the administration of a dynasty which claimed to belong to the lineage of Jimutavahana and the Khacharavansa or Race of the Birds, i.e. to the race whose head was the legendary kite of Vishnu, Garuda. This refers to the legend dramatised in the Nagananda and brings it into connexion also with the Silahara dynasty of the Southern Konkan (c. 782–1008 A.D.) and with Gonkadeva, who was reigning at Terdal in A.D. 1122, all of whom claimed the same ancestry.* The plot of the drama was either wholly fictitious and these pedigrees were concocted on the basis of it, or else it embodies a genuine old legend of Malabar or Travancore, which was the source of these pedigrees either directly or through the medium of the drama. The former alternative seems quite untenable, while the latter fully accounts for both the pedigrees and the appearance of a Buddhist play in orthodox Hindu festivals. Hence Dr Barnett infers that the performance of the Nagananda is one of the few cases in which a Hindu play is definitely associated with an ancient legend of the place where it is still enacted.

Having now found throughout Southern India solid grounds for believing that Hindu drama arose from the celebration of the dead and not from the cult of Krishna alone, as has been held by many, nor from the worship of a Vegetation spirit or the Dæmon of the year, we turn to Bengal in confident expectation that the same conclusion will result from the fresh evidence now at hand from that great region. The late Dr J. D. Anderson pointed out to the writer that in Bengal, at this very hour, dances are commonly held in buildings called Chandi-mandaps in honour of the goddess Chandi; and this statement was confirmed by Rai Bahadur Pandit Radha Krishna of Muttra, who adds that 'these dances are held also in honour of other deities and saints. When religious rites are not in progress, the *mandapa* (shed) is often used as a village school, in which capacity it frequently figures in current literature, novels, and the like. The ceremonies are performed in the presence of the deity, and the Chandi-mandap is erected for that purpose.'

* Fleet, 'Dynasties of the Kanarese Districts,' pp. 536, 548.

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It must be borne in mind that each old high-caste Hindu family has usually two shrines—one termed Thakur-ghar, where the *salagrama*, a round stone symbolising the god Narayana or a *Siva linga*, is worshipped daily by the priest. This is a sort of family chapel, and the gods there worshipped are regarded in some way as the protecting deities of the family. But other deities are worshipped in certain months; and for this purpose there is another shrine called the Pujar-dalan ('worship-house'), also termed Chandi-mandap, or Durga-mandap, Chandi being only another name for Durga, the chief deity there adored. These ceremonies last about three days and are attended with sacrifices of animals. In front of the Pujar-dalan there is usually another large hall for festivities called Nata-mandir ('dancing hall'), or simply an open quadrangle.* During these seasonal rites in honour of deities or on some important domestic ceremony, e.g. a wedding, Bengali Yatras or similar dramatic entertainments are enacted. If the temple or family dwelling-house possesses a Nata-mandir (an open pavilion with a roof) the performance takes place there. Otherwise it is held in the quadrangle facing the temple or in the case of a private house facing the Pujar-dalan.† Only the wealthier temples and families can afford such entertainments.

Dr Anderson finally obtained from Rai Sahib Dinesh Chandra Sen, author of the standard History of Bengali Literature and of many other works in English and Bengali, and the unquestioned authority on the pre-English literature of his country, the following valuable account of the origin of serious drama in Bengal.

'The origin of Bengali Mangala *gans*, which latterly developed into melodramas, is to be traced to short hymns or adulatory verses, in honour of Manasa Devi, Mangala Chandi, and other local deities, to some of whom the Aryan Hindu Pantheon latterly opened its doors. These deities have attached to them each a tale of prowess and glory composed

* For this information I am indebted to Prof. S. N. Dasgupta, Chittagong.

† I owe this memorandum (through the late Dr J. D. Anderson) to Mr Atul Chandra Chatterjee, an old Cambridge man, now District Officer, United Provinces.

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by village bards. These tales describe the good fortunes acquired by the devotees and the misfortunes that attended the non-believers. The gods and goddesses are often described as coming down from their respective heavens to fight on behalf of their worshippers. Like the Druids, they sometimes raised storms in the seas and by other ways punished those who would not accept them. The stories of Manasa Devi (the goddess of Serpents), Shitala Devi (the goddess of Small-Pox), Mangal Chandi (the goddess of Fortune), the Dharma (the Buddha), and even Satya Pir (the deity worshipped by the Hindus and Muhammedans alike), are full of glowing accounts of the favours and acts of grace done to the favoured ones, and of the misfortunes that attended those who entertained sceptical views in regard to their power and authority.

'These tales were originally in the form of short poems that could be recited in less than an hour's time. Such recitations were held indispensable to, and formed a part of, the ritual of worship. As particular gods and goddesses rose in popular estimation, counting a large number of followers, new poets came forward to contribute to the development of these poems; and often a few brief adulatory verses of the earlier poets supplied the foundation of elaborate poems in which the main plot and its incidents were minutely worked out by the gifted poets of a succeeding generation. The period of worship also extended from a few hours to a full month or even more for the celebration of pompous rituals. The poems as they grew in size and excellence, were no longer recited but sung and played before the particular deities, whose acts and deeds they described, by professional musical parties headed by the Gayanas or the minstrels. These people introduced many episodes into the poems for the purpose of creating a greater effect upon the audience; and the dramatic element in the poems was gradually developed, though the lyrical feature still predominated in this class of performances. An element of humour was always added when the poems themselves lacked it, and this proved highly interesting. All this used to be done, as it is still done, before the image of a god or goddess, when the deity is worshipped. The worship of a particular deity is attended by a performance of these musical parties. The Mangala *gans* and *yatras* have all originated in this manner. The difference between these two is that, whereas in the former verses are generally recited in a sing-song voice with singing and dance at intervals, the *yatras* aim at being more dramatic in form with considerable prose dialogues, though,

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in the earlier of them, even conversation used to be conducted by means of songs.

'The chief place for the performance of a *Yatra*, a *Panchali* or a *Kirtana* has always been the Chandi-mandapa or courtyard facing a temple. Of course these players hold performances at any time and anywhere, and there is not much restriction as to that; but the chief place for their performances has always been the courtyards attached to temples, and the chief season of their activity and earning is that when the particular deities of whom they sing are worshipped. Even when a *Kirtana* or a *Panchali* is sung for ordinary purposes of imparting religious instruction or for mere amusement's sake (at other times than that of worship), it is customary to place a picture of the god or goddess associated with the play in front of the party and audience, and the performers begin their play by reverentially bowing down before it.'

This important statement, together with the well-known fact that in the classical Sanskrit dramas the performances always began and ended with prayers to the gods, thus corroborates the conclusion at which we have already arrived from much more positive evidence, namely, that the Hindu serious drama had its origin in the cult of deified persons, a process which has been in full activity from the Vedic times down to the present, and that not merely in Bengal but all over Southern India. But I have elsewhere shown the same principle in full operation in modern times in Northern India, in the case of Hakikat, a Hindu lad who refused to embrace the Moslem faith and was martyred at Lahore in 1734. There is a considerable literature about him, and dramatic performances representing his fate became exceedingly popular all over the North-West Provinces; but, as they led to great bitterness between Hindus and Muhammedans, the Government had to forbid them. There are two other historical characters, Gopi Chand and Puran, who form the subjects of very popular dramas all over the same region. Both of these were famous devotees and are believed to have found salvation during their earthly existence, thus corresponding exactly to the devotees of Southern India whose lives are similarly dramatised.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

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Art. 8.—THE FICTION MARKET.

1. *The Master of Man.* By Hall Caine. Heinemann, 1921.
2. *The Mountebank.* By William J. Locke. Lane, 1921.
3. *Her Father's Daughter.* By Gene Stratton Porter. Murray, 1921.

And other works.

In the years of unrecognised ease, before the War with its realities brought us to a truer perception of values, there was a tendency to decry the Victorian age as belonging to the backwaters of Time, and to consign to a vast derision its outstanding persons, their movements, works, ideals. The ethics and the eloquence of Ruskin and Carlyle, the economics of Mill, the inspiration of Tennyson, history as it was written by Froude and J. R. Green, the paintings of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, with much else characteristic that was limned or penned by the Victorians—with their fashions, of crinolines, wall-papers, whiskers—suffered the elaborate and rehearsed contempt of the new *Intelligentsia.*

The tendency was not unnatural. Progress is bound to alter conditions, and it is absurd to quarrel with progress. The sins, especially the artistic sins, of the fathers are visited upon the children; so that it is only fair that the children, retaliating, should discover the ideas of their parents to be extravagant, inadequate, wrong. Reaction, however, in this case has gone too far, for—leaving aside the exceptional human nobility of sacrifice proved in the War—save in science, that is, in material and not spiritual effort, the Victorian age has shown an incomparable superiority over anything discovered within the succeeding twenty years.

The truth is especially evident in creative literature. In fiction, as in verse, though the lyrical poets have risen to their opportunity better than writers in prose have done, mediocrity has ruled and continues to prevail. With no lack of energy and even a colossal output, there has been a dearth of originality, and—since Mr Hardy put by his pen after the supreme effort of 'The Dynasts'—no outstanding figure; whereas the Victorians—for years their names will shine. By the side of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, Meredith, to

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mention but a few of those who rest in the familiar knowledge of every man, whom have we? A host of the well-meaning mediocre industriously at work, with hurrying pens scribbling for the hungry presses, and providing novels and the magazines, poor and popular, with stuff enough in any one year to raise Pelion, and upon it to pile Ossa, in mass prodigious! And what besides? One fact, characteristic and phenomenal; it is known as the Best-Seller. The very name, habitually accepted, proclaims the cause and effect of the artistic drouth. The Muses are commercialised. Apollo is forced to become obsequious before the business-manager.

At the head of this article are the titles of three novels, each of which from inception was assured of an enormous sale. Sir Hall Caine in the advertisement pages of his book, 'The Master of Man,' gives facts and figures which add an interest to the volume even surpassing the call of the fiction. It is easy to imagine Thackeray staring through his glasses at these particulars, with a gleam of irony pointing the interest in his eyes; for here are revelations set down with a showman's frankness. To name but three of the books: of 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me,' 475,000 copies were sold in English editions; of 'The Christian,' 653,098 (how admirable is the precision of those figures!); of 'The Eternal City,' over a million; and besides such enormous sales in these islands and overseas, these works have been translated into French, German, Danish, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Finnish, Bohemian, Roumanian, Greek, and Japanese. This means that not only is Sir Hall Caine's name known the world over, but that to thirteen countries—from France in the West to Japan in the East—he stands as a literary ambassador and representative of our national mind. The thought is serious, more especially when it is recognised that the novels named, judged by the standards, are not good books, or even their author's best. They are, indeed, his worst, having been written under the impulse of a certain rivalry, with the crudeness of action, colouring, and characterisation, the overstrain for effect and the flagrant emotionalism, which may win the plaudits of the undiscerning multitude, but must sadden

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those to whom Art is a mirror to life and not a distorting and exuberant reflector.

Let us, however, in a spirit of simple inquiry, examine these chief and typical 'Best-Sellers.' In most novels of very wide popular appeal, a purpose, not too obtrusive, is found. The purpose of 'The Master of Man' is to right 'the long martyrdom of woman through all the ages,' by re-making the laws and re-telling the old tales, so that she shall be the equal comrade of man. Besides this excellent intention, the book endeavours to prove that a sin cannot be redeemed by any short-cut. Victor Stowell is as perfect and accomplished a young gentleman as ever stepped the boards of melodrama. So far as we are shown, he had only one fault, and that in the circumstances was not inexcusable; for, with a prescience and particularity only indulged by the gods of bravest coincidence, a girl, thrust from her home by a heavily villainous step-father, can find refuge—while the storm thunders and the rain is a deluge—nowhere else but under Victor's roof. The result may be imagined, even by maiden-aunts. Before Bessie's infant is born, Stowell has succeeded his father as Deemster; and so, under the urgency of galloping coincidence, becomes the judge at her trial for the murder of his own child. In the hands of a master what a theme! How moving, stirring, compelling, would Tolstoi or Dostoievsky have made it! Sir Hall Caine is otherwise. With the best will in the world, even to feel sympathy for Victor, for Bessie, for her dog-like lover, Alick Gell, in their predicament, the truth of emotion is prevented through an obvious shallowness.

The people of the tale proceed along their ordered courses, and, with the exception of Bessie and her crazed mother, have no more vitality than a fashion-plate. The Deemster must, however, win his redemption without a short-cut. So, using the authority of his office, he contrives Bessie's escape on the eve of execution and gives himself up, proclaims his guilt in open court, and goes to prison, to win the inevitable happy ending; for his affinity, built of the same fire and clay as he, the blameless and beautiful Fenella, elects to join him in the gaol, but as a wardress; and within its horrid walls they are married. Not, though, before Victor must suffer a further ordeal, which will certainly thrill the gallery and

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subdue the pit. Guilt has made him unpopular. Those who applauded now attempt to lynch; and a nasty lot they are, especially John Qualtrough, 'with the small eyes of a sow and the thick lips of a cod.' We must, however, quote, for Sir Hall Caine can be inimitable. Victor stands at the gaol gate.

'At the next moment he was on the ground with a roar of hoarse voices and a rush of contorted faces around him. There were screams of lewd laughter and yells of merciless derision. Arms were raised as if to strike him. He felt himself being pushed and pulled by the police through the open gate and up the passage way to the portcullis. The crowd, not yet appeased, tried to force their way past the jailer and his turnkeys as if to lynch him. But they were checked by an unexpected sight. A young woman, in the costume of a nurse, with heaving breast, quivering nostrils, and flaming eyes, gushed (*sic*) through the gate with outstretched arms to stop them. Then in a voice which vibrated with contempt and scorn, Fenella tried to speak to them.

'"You . . . you . . . you . . ." she began, but further words would not come, and returning to the Castle she clashed its iron-studded gate in the people's faces. The crowd broke up rapidly and slank away, subdued and ashamed.'

What, then, in this novel warrants the sale of hundreds of thousands of copies? It is written in the deadliest earnest, without a spark of true heart-felt sympathy. Not a glint of humour prevails to leaven it —otherwise probably it would not have been written. It has none of the sensitiveness of touch, of style, which makes every word the only right word. At best, it is just frank melodrama devised to appeal to the crowd. As an example of high Art it is nothing. Sir Hall Caine makes with laboured persistence the gesture of greatness; but his personality is insufficient to support the pose.

We pass to Mr Locke, whose fiction, being natural to himself and not pretentious, appears sincere, in spite of its demonstrative fantasy. His scale of values is not precisely true; but the effect is sufficiently happy, for the reason that, habitually seeing mankind as a congress of unveiled eccentrics, he peoples his books with the folk of his heart, and so wins a consistency of artistic truth.

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It is rather surprising, in view of his pronounced fantastical bent, to find him among the 'Best-Sellers'; yet there assuredly he is, with everything he writes proved acceptable. Sometimes his conception has fallen very flat, as with the ponderous 'Jaffery' and the sickly, tiresome 'Stella Maris'; but anyhow with this, his latest novel, 'The Mountebank,' he has done well for his devotees. His man of men, Andrew Lackaday, belongs to the attractive company of 'The Beloved Vagabond,' and therefore, with his peculiar calling, fits pleasantly into these pages, and is true to type. The topsyturvydom of the War provides the opportunity, it being fully in accord with the paradox of realised fact that the circus trick-artist, Le Petit Patou, of Australian birth, should enlist in the British Army and rise to the command of a brigade. Naturally, the gallant general, with his chestful of ribands, attracts the right mate, the daughter of a peer. Lady Auriol Dayne loves the transformed clown, who silently reciprocates; until, the War being over, he must return to the *houp-là* and Elodie. Of course, convenient opportunity then provides the necessary happy ending. Mr Locke has a bright pen, and when his theme is suitable, as it is in 'The Mountebank,' he writes happily; but even in these fortunate pages come passages of heaviness; and, as Macaulay's schoolboy would know, even on that phase of perfection to which such omniscience has been translated, when the fantastic grows leaden it is weightier than plumber's lead.

With Gene Stratton Porter we pass to a different order of 'Best-Seller.' This lady has the requisite earnestness, with a very little humour, and an ardent purpose. Also, she enjoys a redeeming sincerity, and a love and knowledge of nature, deep and well-used, which proves, it seems, especially captivating to suburban dwellers with restricted gardens. Her great commercial success is the more extraordinary because of her determined American idiom, and the very different environment of her stories from that to which her readers in England are accustomed. 'Her Father's Daughter' is typical of the author. Linda, the heroine, is an amazing girl of seventeen. Her qualities and accomplishments would knock the old-fashioned blue-stocking into a cocked hat

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(the metaphor shall not be mixed!); for, as Henry Anderson says of her,

'You're the darndest kid! One minute you're smacking your lips over cream puffs, and the next you're going to the bottom of the Yellow Peril. I never before saw your combination in one girl.'

Neither did we, except in some previous work from the same inspired pen. Linda was, indeed, darnder than the darndest—a schoolgirl, yet an authority on American politics and on world affairs; an expert botanist with a peculiar knowledge of herbs used by the Indians, and a faculty for describing them, and the soups and dishes to be made from them, profitably in journalism; a complete motorist; an artist capable of designing and drawing for magazine covers; a young woman determined, when she has passed her 'scholastic course,' to marry the right man and to have six children. And, somehow, Mrs Porter justifies the prodigy. The doubtful point in the novel is the purpose. The peaceful invasion of America by the Japanese leaves us cold; yet the author ventures to show how even Japs of thirty, men with hair dyed to obliterate the white, enter the schools to compete for prizes with young America. The purpose, as she puts it, does not march; but there is more than enough in the book to keep her infinite readers faithful.

Such is the 'Best-Seller' as tested by these examples. The only sure essentials seem to be a full plot and a complete story of adequate length with a happy ending, led up to in convincing earnestness; plain lucidity and no subtleties of humour, wit or phrase; conventional circumstance; recognisable people, even although they may not be humanly true; a handsome strong hero, with, if possible, a square jaw; a heroine altogether lovely and amenable to suffering, but with a shrewd vein of common sense; an ardent love-interest, occasional emotionalism a little lime-lit, and (possibly most important) consistency in kind with the earlier efforts of the same pen. It has no greatness, and no promise of futurity. At the best, these books are journeyman work done by fortunate journeymen; and so, too, with the next and lesser group of 'Best-Sellers,' of whom the

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most prominent examples are Miss Ethel Dell, with her hectic heroics and violently over-coloured scenes and persons; Mr Horace Vachell, with his constructive adroitness and the good average of quality which he never can surmount; and Mrs Elinor Glyn, with her frankness of the key-hole and the counterpane and the snigger of rich vulgarity. May they enjoy their golden day; for them there is no to-morrow!

And what of the rest of the world of fiction—of those, not Best-Sellers, who yet have an established position? Facts continue disquieting. Mediocrity continues to rule, with the standard of excellence decreasing. Here is a simple test. How many of the writers who, in 1913, were accepted and recognised, are achieving work of a quality equal to their earlier best? Is there improvement, as should be with the true artist? Simple questions, not to be comfortably answered. An individual here and there—as Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith—meets the test; but the rest, comparatively legion, are generally lost in faded echoes of their former selves. Two causes of this condition are indifferent reviewing and, in an actual though less evident degree, the misinformed babble of the coteries. The newspapers have yielded shamefully to the pressure of their 'commercial side,' and give smaller space than ever to the critical appreciation of books; while some have closed entirely their literary columns. This loss to letters is accentuated by the poverty of the reviewing that prevails. No book by an accepted author can be so bad but somebody with a pen and the opportunity will range it with perfection, allowing it to blaze for a moment in company with the mightiest before it falls to oblivion.

Such want of discrimination is harmful. The hungry sheep look up and are not—guided; with the result that the lending libraries, especially in the provinces, are loaded increasingly with literary lumber, and the general taste, as well as the knowledge of the coteries, is vitiated. Of sound and stimulating criticism there is little. Even the accepted guides have tendencies to partiality, so that, unless a writer's name is known to the literary editor—the commercial reasoning of the Book Trade penetrating even to the nobler sphere—his work is hardly likely to be noticed at all. Between the bathos

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of the incompetent reviewers and the prejudice of those who know, even a brilliant book by an unknown has small chance of recognition. Often originality is proved a drawback. Instead, the author must have a preliminary publicity. Let him get into the paragraphs or write head-lined journalism for a time, when everything becomes possible; but, meanwhile, the space grudged to reviewing is spent on the hackwork of the favourites, with occasional parentheses of complaint that inspiration is dead and the future of literature a prospect of fungus and dust.

Then the coteries. An actual, though less definite, influence in the building of literary reputations are the well-meaning people who meet in crowded rooms and restaurants, somewhere between Bedford Park and Peru. If the critical standard of this *Intelligentsia* were based on a sound knowledge of the established works of the mind, the most useful of forums for the sifting and enrichment of popular opinion would abound, and worth might look for a reward which at present is squandered on the unworthy; for, much as certain cliques in politics go about fondly repeating particular words—proletariat, propaganda, etc.—so these coteries of the pseudo-literary busily murmur the names of passing realists; not the great realists but the small, present-day passengers, who see in their own emotions and habits tremendous natural forces and work out prose threnodies of their own dingy passions, expressed with an infinitude of trivial incident. These self-portraitists—they have no dream, or glimpse of ennobling imagination, or any ideal, only a passing trick of the pen, the ink of melancholy, and an enormous self-conceit.

Every aspect of life is worthy of artistic expression. As Whistler claimed that a painter should master all the departments of his art and practise them, realising the true, whether particular or impressionist—portraits, nocturnes, anything else—so the writer of fiction should not be content to plough in one rut, following his own footsteps with a fatal iteration. To portray the personal and the spiritual amid the habits and emotions of every day is, therefore, a good thing, so long as it is not the only thing; for, besides Reality, there is Romance in the world, and it must win expression. But to the writers of the

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dingy hour, self-photographic, without resources but those of their own limited experiences and feelings, there is no romance in life, no song, no dream, or any escape from the dark commonplace which begins on the back-stairs and ends at a safe distance from the bath-room door.

Reaction from such dinginess has possibly now set in, for Reality is not the monopoly of any one school and cannot for ever live upon itself. It should indeed vitalise everything, especially Romance, for mankind in its highest, most actual, moments has inevitably been touched with the absolutely romantic. Jeanne d'Arc riding from Domrémy in her ordinary frock of red, Falkland in despair calling for 'Peace, Peace!' in the very jaws of the marching armies, Sidney in the sacrifice at Zutphen, Napoleon gambling with his star before the débâcle of Waterloo—it needs but the simplest examples from recorded history to prove that the principles of truth and romance, of reality and vision, are nearer to each other than breathing and closer than hands and feet. To exclude the spirit of romance, as the puddle realists determinately have done, is to render their realism untrue.

At the same time romance must be guarded lest it fall into fustian. In the infinite walks of literature no incompetence is more glaring than that shown by certain so-called romanticists. They have played to rags the plumed poses, mechanical clash of swords, hard riding and jingle of spurs, which had become stock and stagey. These conventions are still admirable, stimulating, healthily stirring, when given with propriety and sincerity; but too often have they become time-worn tricks to cozen the inexperienced, and the fruits of an exhausted fancy, with anachronism their ironical shadow.

Both these schools of fiction—the Realistic, the Romantic—are right in general and wrong in extremes. Romance is needed in a workaday world with its drabness of commonplace and eternal trivial round; while Reality is necessary to keep the imagination true. Will not our established novelists, even at the risk of losing something of their sales, aspire to new courses, and get away from their over-trodden tracks, even although, as is too often the case, their publishers insist; also will not

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the reviewers more clearly encourage any endeavour to escape from the hackneyed—always provided that what is written has, if not the melody, at least the cadence of style? There is an infinite opportunity for work of the right excellence. It is, for example, grievous to see the class of fiction, the serial stuff, which the girl-typist reads in her tea-shop and the train, when she might so easily win an infinite enjoyment from Sir Walter Scott, Jane Austen, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Jane Eyre,' even 'Tom Jones.' Fielding's great work is actually in essence cleaner than the mawkishness the little lady reads, just as the frankness of 'The Beggar's Opera' is less dirty than much that has been enacted in the name of musical comedy.

We want a restored standard. Let critics and coteries renew their acquaintance with the greater works of the world—the Book of Job, 'Quixote,' and also realise anew the warm humanity of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Esmond,' 'Pickwick,' and then require from writers work in better keeping with the lofty traditions of English prose. Then we may hope; for the Novel is, or should be, to these days what it was a few years since, much as the Play was to the Elizabethans, a mirror held to nature, reflecting the manners and thought of the times, the expression of a brave mind on questions æsthetic, artistic, spiritual, social, political; a work of beauty, a thing of joy.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

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Art. 9.—NEW LIGHT ON MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND.

1. *Chapters in the Administrative History of Mediæval England: the Wardrobe, the Chamber, and the Small Seals.* By T. F. Tout, M.A. Two vols. (Publications of the University of Manchester; Histor. ser. 34.) Longmans, 1920.
2. *The Evolution of Parliament.* By A. F. Pollard, M.A. Longmans, 1920.

As in modern England Parliament represents the paramount political power, constitutional history formerly inclined to look on the past development also from the parliamentary point of view. Stubbs indeed taught us, how much the English commonwealth owes to the strong monarchy of the Conqueror, to the two first Henries and Edward I. He showed that it was the king's court which served as the council of state, occasionally expanded into the great assembly, the mother of the House of Lords; and how from that royal household the oldest offices of state, Exchequer and Chancery, as well as the central courts of law, split off. But he left to his successor to explain the later development of royal administration after Henry II.

The gap is now being filled by Prof. Tout, a deep and far-sighted historian worthy of his late master—we know no higher praise. If hitherto the political life of the 13th and 14th centuries, so far as it allows at all of a philosophical explanation, has been illustrated by the evolution of parliament and national institutions only, the two volumes before us, which are soon to be completed by another pair, teach us that this method could reveal but half the truth. It is rather the king's household which, in the age of the Plantagenets, prepared a large part of the financial basis for their administration at home as well as for their futile attempt to retain their French possessions, and for their premature plan of uniting the British Isles under one sceptre.

The royal household, undifferentiated at first, was the source of all offices of state. It survived when Exchequer and Chancery had grown out of it. Its two organs, already before 1200 called 'chamber' and 'wardrobe,' were chiefly financial institutions, but served partly, in

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contradistinction to the continental 'chamber,' as a sort of secondary chancery for administrative purposes. The mediæval lack of systematic order, nay, of distinct notions, as to political institutions, suffered one office to overlap the other, distributed identical functions to different boards, and fused the notion of the king as a man with the crown as the head of the nation. No wonder, then, that Chamber and Wardrobe constituted not only the king's privy purse and managed his personal correspondence, but also provided, received, and paid money for public affairs and drafted and sealed writs of administrative force. The describer of England's present system of government may indeed omit the green cloth of King George's court; its lineal ancestor, however, under the Edwards, stretched its influence far beyond the verge of the royal household.

In the early Middle Ages the *camera*, i.e. bedroom, appeared as the safest place where the owner of the house could deposit his treasure. The chamberlain of the Anglo-Saxon court, which was organised after the Frankish pattern, served therefore also as the king's treasurer. A Treasury distinct from the Chamber makes its appearance directly after the Norman Conquest. William I's chief treasury at Winchester was, however, something more than a storehouse of gold and silver. It kept also the Domesday-book, the origin of which we cannot conceive without supposing the pre-existence of a staff of economically skilled clerks; just as, to our mind, the Anglo-Saxon writ, coinage, and Danegeld seem sufficiently to prove that the crown before 1066 employed secretariats answering to the later Chancery and Exchequer-treasury. Those Winchester officers, endowed with land in Hampshire and called chamberlains and sometimes treasurers, had, so early as 1135, formed a permanent body with a fixed salary. The English Treasury, though not an imitation of the Norman, was intimately connected with the treasury at Rouen; the King-Duke received and paid private or national money promiscuously in one place or the other. While the Treasury remained fixed in the old West-Saxon capital, the Chamber continued to follow the king's person. It was staffed with distinct officers able at the same time to transact general affairs of state. As these often touched finance,

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the Chamber could not but overlap the Treasury. But the two institutions were separate under Henry I. No unlettered layman being able to master all the treasury-work of writing, accounting, and auditing, the king gave the treasurership henceforth to a carefully trained clerk.

A third financial organ, the Exchequer, existed in England so early as 1117 and in Normandy in 1130. It accepted from the continent, no doubt in consequence of a definite act, the method of the *abacus* for keeping accounts, but continued the Anglo-Saxon practice of farms and tallies, through the medium of the Chamber, which, therefore, might be styled its grandmother, if we call the Treasury its direct mother. It soon subordinated and absorbed this its parent, leaving to Winchester a mere money-store without an office. Before 1177 the seat of the Exchequer was fixed at Westminster.

Prof. Tout, turning former investigations to the best advantage, examines all the recent researches about Norman finance. He not only makes use of the important books by Dr Poole and Prof. Haskins, but even of a modest paper in a review; and he adds newly detected facts as well as original remarks. He warns us, for instance, with his usual conscientiousness, not to feel too sure about Henry II's chief merit in administrative progress; such an impression might be caused by our scanty knowledge of the bureaucracy under Henry I. The Chamber remains essentially the same under both rulers. The Exchequer, on the other hand, appears separate, after 1159, under its own clerical treasurer and with two chamberlains who have no longer anything to do with the Chamber.

Nevertheless, the Chamber continued to play an important rôle as a second treasury, viz. as the king's privy purse and personal chancery, the officers of which used to be rewarded by a bishopric or the chancellorship, and to live in intimate association with the king's person. But it was the Exchequer which gained the high position of a national finance department, and received the bulk of public revenues. The Chamber, however, continued to administer separate royal manors, and to collect the profits from forests, vacant prelatures, and many fines. It kept its own rolls, now lost, and possibly used a special seal. Its chief post, the hereditary

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chamberlainship in the hand of a powerful magnate, was reduced to a nominal dignity in the 13th century, when the crown became jealous of powerful noblemen. Two knights, called chamberlains and endowed with sergeantry land, performed the non-literary work of the Chamber, for instance, the purchase of robes, harness, and furniture for the royal court, while all accounting and drafting of letters and writs, which often enough overlapped the Chancellor's department, were left to clerks. We meet again with this duality of lay officers in the two stewards, who down to Edward I's time stood at the head of the household, and in the two Exchequer chamberlains mentioned above.

Administration requires documents. In order to validate them England, where the notarial system was exotic and but rarely employed, had no other way than the seal. (Prof. Tout omits the crosses made in default of signatures by witnesses to charters, doubtless as belonging to an obsolete system.) Edward the Confessor introduced the seal of majesty; its characteristic of being pendant and two-faced was possibly an imitation of the leaden bull authenticating papal letters.* This seal and the office of its custody, the Chancellorship, came doubtless from the continent, but not from Normandy. The Anglo-Saxon court must have possessed not only, as we have seen above, an office like the Treasury of later times, but also a *scriptorium* similar to the Anglo-Norman chancery, because only here can the technical writ in its rigid form, which the Normans were glad to adopt, have been invented.† Under Henry I the master of the *scriptorium*, who was at the same time the Chancellor's deputy, drafted the documents which the Chancellor was to seal. Under the Angevin kings, Chancery records attain, in regard to both quantity and quality, a higher degree of excellence than those of any other mediæval government, the Papal *curia* alone excepted. The English Chancery was also competent to draft documents for the King's French dominions. It issued, from Henry II's

* On the origin, however, of the representation of the king enthroned, and on the same shape of seal employed by Cnut, see Bresslau in Archiv 'für Urkundenforsch.' VI, 26, 57.

† Cp. Bresslau, p. 48 *sqq.*; on sealed Anglo-Saxon writs, p. 54.

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time, three kinds of documents, discernible by text-form and seal, viz. charters and writs, which comprise the two classes of letters-patent and letters-close (i.e. those addressed to a single individual); these latter being again, so early as 1177, subdivided into *Liberate* (i.e. pay), *Computate* (i.e. credit), *Perdono* (i.e. I relax), etc. No wonder that, in consequence of such an expanded competency, episcopal dignity no longer seemed an advancement incompatible with the Chancellorship, surpassed in official power by the Chief Justiciarship only.

While, down to about 1170, one seal had sufficed for all the documents of government, the Exchequer now became the first department in Europe to use its own particular seal. As the Chancellor with the great seal was still accompanying the king, he sent his deputy to the Exchequer who, before 1250, became its permanent officer under the title of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Another seal, the small or privy seal, was required by the king, because the small strips of parchment on which his private letters were written could not bear the heavy great seal appended, and because he could no longer take the Chancery with him on all his journeys. By 1208, the small seal was appropriated for the Chamber, which henceforth developed its own secretariat; it is altogether a special feature of English administration to beget as many secretariats as there are seals. Still the Chancery continued to record on its close rolls the letters-close under privy seal, with the exception of those warrants that commanded the chancellor to apply his great seal to a document; they frequently occur under John. Soon after his time the Chancery began to separate from the royal household; it was, however, even under Edward I, not completely localised at Westminster.

The Chamber, limited as it had been for a generation by the Exchequer, was in the 13th century overshadowed by its own department, the Wardrobe, which now became the centre of the household and, under Edward I, almost of the whole government. *Warderoba* meant in the 12th century the small room attached to the chamber, where precious ornaments, jewels, money, plate, and valuable documents were kept. The royal wardrobe grew under John, and still more after him, to the rank of a finance

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office with a secretarial of its own and its own records and rolls. A solitary *garderobarius*, the successor of the Anglo-Saxon *hræglthegn*, had indeed appeared so early as 1165. Fifty years later, however, a Keeper or Treasurer of the Wardrobe emerges; and we find this office performing a common task jointly with the Chamber. The earliest household accounts, those of 1224–7, first printed in Prof. Tout's work, belong to the Wardrobe; and the Chamber henceforth dwindles into obscurity, to be revived again shortly before 1307.

The barons opposing Henry did not intend to modify, but only to utilise, the administrative machine created by an autocratic monarchy, and to drive it by the agency of their own partisans. Simon de Montfort, indeed, interfered with the household posts; he appointed new stewards and gave to a knight (hardly from anti-clerical motive) the keepership of the Wardrobe, staffed before and after only with clerks. If in that revolutionary age state government began to be severed from the royal household, this process, retarded by a strong monarch like Edward I, was due rather to inherent political necessity than to a constitutional programme. Montfort's confounding of Chancery and Wardrobe proved how unable he was to compass a systematic administrative reform. The baronial claim to appoint the Chancellor, to fix his salary, and to shorten the duration of his office, helped, it is true, to further the independence of the Chancery; but the personal greatness of the Chancellors had already enhanced its importance in the year 1190.

To establish such a distinction between government and court in English finance, the duality of treasuries had paved the way; the Exchequer might serve the nation's economic administration and the Wardrobe the king's privy purse, the more so as the Exchequer paid a great deal of the Wardrobe's revenue and audited its accounts. But it took a long time before this logical division was accomplished. The Wardrobe received half its income from sources which were called 'foreign' (i.e. not normal), because they arose directly from the pockets of the nation, not through the medium of the Exchequer; and it spent much less for the royal household than for public purposes; it paid, for instance, for the court 2000*l.* annually and for a Poitou expedition 4566*l.*

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Gradually it rose to the rank of a general war-office and admiralty, with all the accompanying financial responsibilities, while it played at the same time the rôle of a household treasury and private chancery. After 1234 the Keeper of the Wardrobe represented the king's personal treasurer as well as the custodian of the privy seal. He ceased to stand under the control of the Chamber and rose to become the clerical head of the royal household, the lay head of which was the Steward.

Just as we saw in another office sprung from the royal court the hereditary magnate receding before the working element, when, instead of the noble chief chamberlain, two chamberlains did the real business in the Exchequer and two in the Chamber, so the hereditary *senescalcia hospicii*—or *Anglie*, as the proud earl preferred to style it—though emphasised by Montfort under Henry III and by Lancaster under Edward II, lost its real functions to the working stewardship conducted by two household officers, and, from the reign of Edward I, by one steward.

Nor did Henry succeed in his attempt to rule after the pattern of his Norman ancestors through domestic servants; the Exchequer and the Chancery were upheld by the baronage as national offices; they, and no longer the royal household, constituted the centre of administration. Nevertheless the Wardrobe grew continually. It obtained a treasure-house in the New Temple in London, which was serving already as a place of deposit for the Exchequer, and it distinguished one of its clerks by the official title of Controller.

For the queen and for the king's children, though minors, were organised special wardrobes, the accounts of which were audited in the Wardrobe and later in the Exchequer. The queen's wardrobe received 3000*l.* a year, but ran into bad deficits. As baronial households used to copy the customs of the royal court, every magnate kept his own wardrobe; some of their account-rolls are still preserved. It shows the quasi-regal state of Thomas of Lancaster, that this lord of five earldoms could spend 8000*l.* a year. The 'great' Wardrobe was the outcome of the mandate given to some wardrobers to buy, store, distribute, and to account for certain wares like cloth,

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furs, wax, and spices. Under a 'keeper-buyer' and an usher it remained responsible to the Wardrobe, but enjoyed independence in 1253 and after 1279. One of its storehouses was in the Tower, where also the 'privy' wardrobe of arms, which separated from the Wardrobe in the early 14th century, had its seat.

The Wardrobe attained its highest importance in wartime. The standing household troop of thirty sergeants-at-arms and archers under knights and bannerets, commanded by the steward, then expanded into an army. The wardrobe clerks, who did not fight, conducted the warriors, among them the baronial men who served as soldiers, from their home to the place of muster, organised, paid, and equipped them, provided ammunition, arms, horses and carriages, and stored victuals. The Wardrobe accompanied the king in his wars, even overseas, when its expenditure used to swell to threefold the normal annual sum. During such periods the Wardrobe abroad replaced not only the Exchequer, which meanwhile was doing wardrobe work in England, but also the Chancery. Such a reactionary confounding of the functions of different offices agreed well with arbitrary autocracy. Henry III did not, it is true, abolish the Chancellorship, as contemporary princes jealous of their too powerful ministers did, but he wanted to give it, like every other government post, to a dependent domestic; he assigned the fees for applying the great seal to the separate Hanaper department, which was to account to the Wardrobe; and he wished to assimilate the Chancery to the Wardrobe altogether. In 1264, while visiting France, he left the Chancellor in England and entrusted the great seal to a household officer to use it partly as if it were a privy seal.

The real privy seal, single-faced and showing the king's shield of arms, was first used in 1242 by the Exchequer. In this year the Exchequer lent its own seal to replace in England the great seal taken over to France by the king. Sometimes, however, the privy seal was used by the Chancellor as a seal of absence, while Henry was in France. Though originally planned for domestic purposes and kept by the Controller of the Wardrobe, it became about 1280 a subordinate seal of state, employed in numberless affairs of the nation. In consequence the

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king began to use a new 'secret' seal for household business—a practice that grows clearer after 1311.

The barons, after 1297, in opposition to the king and the Wardrobe, which had become a supplementary office of state, strove for a long time in vain to restrain the growing abuse of the privy seal. They bore ill-will against this unpopular engine of oppressive prerogative, which interfered with the traditions of Exchequer and Chancery and even with the procedure of the courts of law. Upholding the Chancery rights against the Wardrobe, they succeeded in taking the privy seal from it and in entrusting it to a special keeper responsible to parliament. Henceforth the office of privy seal became a semi-independent branch of the household.* Still the keeper of the privy seal was a king's secretary. Baldock, who in 1323 rose from this post to the Chancellorship, retained his tight hold over privy seal and wardrobe and followed the unfortunate though not new-fangled plan of assimilating the offices and staffs of the great and privy seals, of subordinating the latter to the Chancery, and of establishing a centralised secretariat for all departments similar to *la grande chancellerie royale*. In England, however, bureaucracy, though it triumphed in the several departments, did not attain systematic unity of administration.

Prof. Tout's second volume covers the reigns of Edward I and II. Burnell and the two colleagues to whom King Henry's heir had entrusted his interests in 1270, became, without baronial nomination, the administrators of England during the years 1272–4; and Lord Edward's wardrobe was henceforth the king's. Like his father, distrustful of magnates, Edward preferred to govern through household officers, selecting all his famous ministers from the Wardrobe. The post of premier, first filled by Chancellor Burnell, was in Edward's last years held, for the first time in English history, by the Treasurer. In some of the careers of the civil servants, which Prof. Tout accurately investigates, often correcting the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' appears already a regular system of advancement; a king's clerk becomes in the wardrobe cofferer, controller, and keeper,

* Its rolls, ordered to be written in 1326, no longer exist.

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and is afterwards elevated to the Exchequer. Though rewarded with a bishopric, many a former adherent, like Bek, fell away from the king's side, joining the opposition against him and Edward II.

These ecclesiastics, occupied in all sorts of secular business, financial, administrative, diplomatic, and warlike, could hardly lead a religious life. But, though nearly 100,000*l.* passed through their hands every year, they remained free from the corruption for which the king had to punish high judges, and from the larceny committed in the king's own treasure by the monks of the royal abbey. They must have been hard workers indeed, considering the immense deal of business accomplished by only six or eight wardrobe clerks, who were only in time of pressure assisted by chancery clerks. Below the wardrobe controller stood the cofferer, entrusted with the details of book-keeping. The humblest posts were those of usher, who took 4½*d.* a day in wages, and sub-usher; they arranged the journeys of the Wardrobe to Gascony, Wales, Flanders, and Scotland, as well as through England. Though the household ordinance of 1279, printed with many other valuable materials in this volume, does not betray any programmatic innovation, the Wardrobe under Edward I became embodied as a complete organisation, and attained the summit of political power. Each night the Wardrobe officers, together with the stewards, drew up the daily accounts of the household—and such 'daybooks' are still in existence—and annually the general accounts of the whole household. Nevertheless, we cannot help regarding as somewhat too sweeping, the remark of Prof. Tout, who is mostly so sparing in generalities, that

> 'the whole state and realm of England were the appurtenances of the king's household; the army was the household in arms; parliaments and councils were the household afforced to give the king advice . . . they had sprung from the household.'

If possibly some household politician or juristic lawyer so far exaggerated the prerogative, the theory of which was growing while it was decaying in practice (as Stubbs says), there certainly was no lack of anti-royalists who would have fiercely opposed the courtier. We

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readily believe, however, that all political progress issued from the brains of that small circle of loyal statesmen selected by the monarchy, which was later called the Privy Council. It had not yet executive power nor did it possess its own seal, though its advice was often realised by writs under privy seal. Its bureaucratic and clerical vein, well emphasised by Prof. Tout, seems to forbid our calling it merely feudal. In 1300 both Chancery and King's Bench were ordered to accompany the king—a reactionary measure proving, as Prof. Tout explains, the wish of the barons that the king should hear the advice of these state officers, which would be more palatable to the magnates, who claimed to be the crown's 'natural' counsellors, than the vote of office clerks and courtiers. The royal ministers played indeed the leading part in the parliament of 1305; and the keeper of the privy seal, whom Prof. Tout shows to be identical with the secretary, began about this time to intervene as the king's most intimate adviser between the crown and the Chancellor.

The Wardrobe under Edward I constituted a second chancery as well as a second treasury. It served the financial administration, as a more elastic instrument, better than the older Exchequer in its stiffened traditions. Prof. Tout illustrates from copious sources the high amounts received and paid by the Wardrobe; they rose, almost, year by year, from 24,000*l.* to 125,000*l.* and left heavy yearly deficits of from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* The creditors belonged to all classes of men, from the banks of the Ricardi or Frescobaldi to a humble cross-bowman. The credit operations thereby required, the borrowing from bankers, which the ecclesiastical prohibition of usury forbade to be funded into loans with interest, as well as the use of wardrobe debentures and exchequer tallies in the mode of later treasury bills, all deserve the careful attention of the specialist in the history of finance. The disorder of governmental economy in the last years of Edward I, and the disproportion of his magnificent plans to his limited means, are here illustrated by dry figures and by the fact that his wardrobe accounts were not finally audited till 1330.

It is only want of space that forbids us to accompany Prof. Tout through his last chapter on Edward II, by

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excerpting, as we have hitherto done, in his own words so far as possible, his leading ideas and a few of the numberless facts newly displayed by him. If, however, these pages contribute to accelerate the due appreciation of an admirable work of devoted scholarship and ripe judgment, their purpose will be fulfilled.

The work of the well-known historian of the Tudors is sure to attract a wider circle of general readers than are likely to be interested in the investigation of obsolete administrative antiquities. Parliament being the very core of England's political life, and the British Parliament having become the model of innumerable assemblies all over the world, a book on its development, or rather its philosophical essence judged historically, if (as does the work before us) it teems with well-selected facts, original combinations, illuminating comparisons, suggestive problems, and new proposals to solve them, cannot but leave its mark upon all future views of the British constitution generally as well as on the political question how any nation can govern itself by means of elected representatives. Prof. Pollard's unprejudiced impartiality, wideness of view, and felicitous expression reflect honour on the memory of Maitland, whose researches in the origins of Parliament and of the constitution he has ably carried on. He enriches his story by reproducing original disquisitions, chiefly from the Rolls of Parliament of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. But he also surveys the last thousand years of British society, in its widest sense, including Church and State, from the point of view of an expositor of Parliament.

It is no mean praise for the institutional value of the House of Commons, that this keen observer should retain his firm belief in it. His chief argument for parliamentary government consists in the possibility of discussion between divergent interests. It is only by representation that democracy can govern an empire, and that a national state remains compatible with self-government. Self-government, opines its faithful adherent, made England readier to admit even the claims of other peoples. Opposed to hero-worship and bureaucracy, he declines on the other hand to accept the *referendum*, syndicalism, and guild-socialism, and

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admonishes Labour not to forget its spiritual aims. Though disliking the mob and well aware how few persons are able to judge of political questions, and how every government requires professional experts, he is content to see the highest political sovereignty reposed in the electorate—an electorate involving universal suffrage *and* the general will of the people. Are we to supply 'behind it' after 'and'? Or does the author identify the nation's will with the vote? The masses vote under the party's whip. Is it not rather the party which sways the real sovereignty of democracy? Our guide remains silent about party as well as about the responsibility for the formation of public opinion of its prompter and mouthpiece, the Press, or of the social influences which pay it. And will His Majesty the People always administer the nation's capital, invisible goods included, in such a way that the children may enjoy their ancestors' inheritance?

Under the heading 'The British Realms in Parliament' the author proposes to change the moribund House of Lords into a representation of the different states of the imperial commonwealth, like the American senate. Without unity of race, language, tariff, law, and church the cohesion would be warranted only by the consent of the members. The judicial committee of the Privy Council ought, says our author, according to Lord Haldane's plan, to appear periodically in sessions throughout the British realms.

In contradistinction to the leading doctrine, shared by us, which derives the House of Lords from the advisory side of the *Curia regis*, i.e. the monarch's council of state, Prof. Pollard prefers to see its ancestor in a court of law, the Curia's judicial aspect. Maitland had indeed pointed out that a plea could be adjourned from King's Bench to Parliament; that judges formed the core of its membership; that in 1305, the earliest date at which we are informed of its proceedings, it was chiefly occupied with petitions; and that in compliance with such petitions it often set the courts of law into more rapid action. Our author adds as an argument that many parliamentary forms and expressions hail from law courts (just as do, we may remark, those of many a Teutonic institution, for instance, the gild), and

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that the House of Lords was and is the supreme court of appeal. The magnates of the 13th century, however, by themselves lack such a power. Possibly a certain affinity between Parliament and judicial proceedings, may lurk in two further trifles: the Speaker, the origin of whose office remains problematic to our author, may have got his name *prolocutor* from the Anglo-Saxon *forespeca;* and the arrangement of the seats of the lords, according to the oldest engravings reproduced in this book, may go back to the four benches of the Teutonic doomsmen.

To a court of law, however, an accused party or two litigants must essentially belong. Nor was it justice, but a share of government and its emoluments, that the barons aimed at when they cried for more frequent parliaments. Prof. Pollard, indeed, explains lucidly that gradually those petitions originally coming from individuals grew into common petitions, by aiming at the same purpose, and therefore attained political import and furthered legislation. As whole corporations gave in petitions, thousands of provincial people came in contact with the centre of state; and the crown knew well that the petitioners would be more willing to grant taxes, if their wishes were granted. Nevertheless, those unorganised travellers from the country to Westminster differed widely from the knights and burgesses coming to parliament, because these were elected by, and were not only responsible to, but also bound, their constituents.

Prof. Pollard has ingeniously discovered, in a field so well ploughed already, the new fact that the nine assemblies summoned by writ between 1275 and 1298 nowhere bear the official name of Parliament, and that the fifteen 'parliaments' of that period were not summoned by writ. These Parliaments, he concludes, were small judicial councils, while financial and general affairs were left to the large assemblies of feudatories summoned by writ; and he supposes Edward I to have amalgamated the two institutions by summoning them to the same place and term and to common sessions for certain purposes. But could such a bipartition exist without being remarked in some contemporary writer or record? Nor was the limitation to judicial business or the exclusion of non-judicial councillors absolute in the so-called Parliaments.

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Emphasising the embryonic state of Parliament before the 14th century the author quotes Fleta, who seems to ignore the continuous unity of preceding and ensuing sessions, when he speaks in the plural of the king's 'parliaments,' which are to him nothing but expanded great councils of state. The summoning of representatives of boroughs and counties to Westminster for legal affairs possibly suggested to Edward I the wise measure of giving the election of members of parliament to the county court. But Edward did not create the House of Commons—still less did Montfort; nor did he introduce hereditary peerage, which in many respects looks now unlike its ancestor, by his special writ of summons. (This last statement, though historically incorrect, has been converted into a legal fact because it was acknowledged by law.) Nor did the division into two Houses exist under him. The three estates are indeed mentioned for the first time in 1421, under the influence of the French constitution. The author ought not, however, to deny that the clergy formed one estate; the duality of convocations is no counter-argument. He considers it still necessary, doubtless with good reason, to refute again popular errors though long exploded; for instance, that the crown's financial demands were the sole or even the first purpose of Parliament; that every subject (before 1918) was represented; or that representation was in the days of yore coveted as a privilege by the electors or as an honour by the member. The Commons did not, as our author repeats, from the first constitute a necessary element of parliament or one estate, nor did Knights and Burgesses then deliberate together. The Lords did not form two estates; else the assent of the Commons would not have been absolutely required for the validity of a law, nor could the temporal lords, as they did in the 14th and 16th centuries, have outvoted the prelates on questions of the gravest importance between Church and State.

Many happy remarks about the social influences of Parliament are scattered through Prof. Pollard's book. For instance, he points out that the higher middle classes were drawn into closer contact with the centre of the state in proportion as sessions were short but frequent, and almost every time attended by new members. The

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social gulf between the classes in the 14th century seems to him narrower, and nobility a less exclusive caste, than it is in our day. England's national and political unity, doubtless strengthened by Parliament, is here chiefly ascribed to the merit of Parliament. But it existed before 1300; and its causes—insularity, and the work of the Norman monarchy being perhaps the chief—in contradistinction to the conditions of less lucky neighbours, have often been explained. As the history of the English State begins for Prof. Pollard in 1066, he could not pay regard to the opinion I expressed in 1913* and have not changed since, that the ecclesiastical and bureaucratic sides of the Norman great council, the predecessor of the House of Lords, find their lineal ancestry in the *witena-gemot*. It is not without hesitation that I dare to commend to his revision a sentence in a field entirely his own: 'The politicians who effected the Anglican reformation claimed that religion should be the affair of the people and not the domain of the priests.' We seem to hear the biographer overrating his hero, or possibly the lecturer desirous of catching the ear of his audience, when Prof. Pollard deems Parliament to be England's greatest gift to civilisation, or when he measures the political genius of a nation by the success of its representative system.

The remarks about Germany and her politicians were penned while the flame of international hatred was raging. The rich and often thoughtful literature about the future freedom positively paving the way to a higher social aim, in contradistinction to the negative liberty from fetters, which exists on the subject of *Rechts-* and *Volksstaat*, has apparently never reached him. Fair judge as he is, he would certainly, if he could study it, modify his condemnation in a revised edition, which his spirited work amply deserves.

F. LIEBERMANN.

* 'The National Assembly during the Anglo-Saxon Period' (Halle, 1913).

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Art. 10.—A HISTORY OF FRENCH ARCHITECTURE.

A History of French Architecture, from the death of Mazarin till the death of Louis XV, 1661–1774. By Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A. Two vols. Bell, 1921.

ENGLISH scholarship is debtor to Sir Reginald Blomfield for a remarkable series of books; and it is no small feat that one so busily occupied with the practice of his art should have done so much for its history and criticism. His first venture (in conjunction with Mr Inigo Thomas) was the little volume on the 'Formal Garden in England' (1892) which gave an impetus to the planning of gardens. The woeful 'landscape gardening,' which had run out in the waggling paths and shrubberies of suburban plots, has been discredited; and one of the definite architectural gains of our time and additions to the beauty and pleasure of life has been the spread of this out-of-doors design.

Sir Reginald's next task was the 'History of Renaissance Architecture in England' (1897). Some volumes of lectures and essays followed. In 1911 he brought out the first part of his French history, from the reign of Charles VIII to the death of Mazarin (1494–1661), and the two volumes before us bring it down to the limit the author has set himself. Much research has gone to their making. The buildings in their present condition have been studied and compared with the rich material of elevations and plans provided by the French draughtsmen and engravers of the 17th and 18th centuries. But beside the monuments themselves and the records of design for these and others that have disappeared, a mass of evidence is now available bearing upon the authors of the buildings, their official superiors, their assistant staff, the sums paid them, and the time occupied in construction. The most notable of these sources is 'Les Comptes des Bâtiments du Roi' for the reign of Louis XIV, to whose printing and editing M. Jules Guiffrey devoted so much patience and learning. There are, besides, the proceedings of the Academy of Architecture, the correspondence of the Directors of the School of Rome, and other magazines of fact. From such documents the author, as in his previous volumes, draws conclusions about the share of

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architects in various works which sometimes challenge accepted history. Among previous critical authorities J. F. Blondel, the architect-historian, comes in for high praise, and his views are often endorsed by his 20th-century successor.

The book has the amount of illustration it could bear without expanding beyond reasonable limits of size and cost. The plates are reduced versions of the engraved plans and elevations of Marot and others, supplemented by Sir Reginald's own pencil sketches. For completeness photographs are also needed, in spite of their peculiar disabilities, but for these we must go to the collections of Planat and Rümler, to monographs on Versailles, the Louvre, and the Châteaux of France. One of the best productions of the kind is the 'Petit Trianon' of Messrs Arnott and Wilson, an exhaustive array of measured drawings and well-executed photographs. The order of Sir Reginald's book is biographical, with occasional chapters of introduction and summary. It is written with its author's customary lucidity and vigour.

Sir Reginald Blomfield's scholarship has never been mere scholarship; it has aimed at practice, and he continues to restate and drive home the doctrine that was the burden of his English history and of the earlier French. His attitude and insistence are best understood if we recall the doctrines that he was up against when he began to write. Ruskin, the prophet of a previous generation, was alive to beauties in the enrichment of architecture rather than to its large essentials. For him and his followers the Renaissance was a dead hand upon the intense and fine *imagery* of mediæval building. Morris and the Arts and Crafts group who succeeded looked upon the architect as a 'man in the office' who smothered the life of the 'craftsman'; and their ideal was a state of things in which a building would come together by the co-operation of the stone-worker, wood-worker, and so forth, without the intervention of a general designer. Now, whatever we call such a designer, he must certainly have existed when the great Gothic buildings took shape. A period followed when this general control was more uncertain. The tradition of Gothic construction lingered while Renaissance detail filtered in. The amalgam had many charms, witness such a

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building as the Château de Montal; but it was inevitable that with knowledge of what had happened in Italy the day of the scholar-architect should succeed, with a more conscious effort after mass, scale, and proportion, a different social standing and enlarged authority. As Brunelleschi had broken the reign of the master-builders in Florence over the problem of the Dome, so in France Philibert de l'Orme and Bullant, in England Inigo Jones, returned from Italy, stand at the opening of the new chapter. Sir Reginald would allow of course that much rich possibility in motive and material was lost in the rather theoretical austerity of the new departure; he instances indeed the delightful Manoir d'Ango. His point is that ornament and detail are not architecture, and that the new departure was inspired by that principle.

So much is clear. More difficult is it to formulate the peculiar balance between living freedom and a pedantic revival of classic elements which Sir Reginald holds to have been maintained till towards the close of the 18th century in France and England. The claim is that what the scholars imported the artists established as a fresh vernacular tradition. It is evident that, when architectural design began to look backward as well as forward, when the architect was doubled by an archæologist, there must be danger of the dose of learning overpowering the art, a danger the greater as the archæology became more exact. The great men of the Louis XIV–XV period, Sir Reginald argues, contrived to borrow the features of Roman and Italian design without pedantry, using them as so much 'material' in a 'language' embracing old terms and new; they could dispense with the 'orders,' and still more with their 'superposition,' and design as free from slavery to the past as the greater Italians. But archæology in the end became too strong, reinforced by Pompeii and Greek temples; and under its tyranny the free life of the tradition foundered.

From this point of view 'tradition' means a limitation of the elements accepted for the play of design, so that a store of experience in their handling grows from man to man. The plant must not be at the mercy of constant uprooting or of reckless manuring; it must take from the museum stores no more than it needs for its

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proper life, yet must be fed with past examples of fineness, if it is not to run out into weediness or sterility. The artists must be aiming sufficiently at doing the same thing to be half-automatic about a great part of their design, and yet alive in the margin left for originality. If these conditions of health apply to all artistic tradition, they have peculiar force in the case of architecture. A painter can make endless experiment at little cost before committing himself to his final form, and remake a failure. An architect is not free to pull his work to pieces, unless he be a François Mansart working for a complaisant millionaire; he can only conjecture roughly the effect his design will have in the solid. The more therefore he can use the experience of his masters and contemporaries and treat as accepted doctrine the main matters of building, the less is he subject to disaster, and the freer to concentrate on his margin of difference from a substantial lump of common experience.

These are the advantages of 'tradition' as such, but the author is brought up early in his book against an influence that affected its health in France. What was the effect upon it of the foundation and activity of the Academies? Historically the Academy of Painting and Sculpture came about as a refuge from the tyranny of the guilds. Only the King's artists were free from strict supervision and interference by mediæval corporations; and this freedom was secured by the inclusion of privileged artists in the new body. The Academy of Architecture, on the other hand, grew out of a consultative committee formed by Colbert, which became professional at the time of the Louvre competitions. The members of both were very definitely the King's servants and to some extent his pensioners; and they were unable to leave the country save by his permission. But to the new servitude there was another side. Those artists, enrolled by the State, were employed by the State. In this country we have a State machinery for the training of artists, but not its complement—work for them when they have been trained. In Paris the craftsman who was trained was also employed in the State manufactories of Gobelins and Sèvres; and painters and sculptors, as well as architects, were engaged on the vast royal projects at Versailles and elsewhere.

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Apart from these historical differences, the leading conception of an academy is that of an authoritative school, preserving a body of tradition and moulding the new generations in its light. With such an ideal few would quarrel. But the sad historical truth is that the schools of the academies have never been able to maintain this position, and that the living schools have had to grow up outside of them. The French Academy of Architecture has perhaps come nearest to the ideal in the fine tradition of workmanship it has fostered, and also in educating a line of highly competent, brilliant, and learned draughtsmen; and this has depended on its most definite educational venture, the setting up of the school in Rome with its system of prize pupils. But this success was itself to prove a danger to the health of the 'tradition' which is to Sir Reginald the life-blood of architecture. The more intensely and closely the students of the School of Rome studied and rendered the remains of ancient architecture, the nearer came the day on which these would be religiously copied and 'revivalism' smother the freedom of the designer. Archæological study has its own life and logic. When it had exhausted Rome, Greece was waiting for it; when it had revived Greece, the Middle Ages took their turn; the architect ended with a surfeit in a museum of styles. The villains of the piece were for Sir Reginald the 'amateurs'—Winckelmann, De Caylus, Quatremère de Quincy. But is it not inevitable that research should breed its own professionals? Moreover, in tilting against 'amateurs,' Sir Reginald is on rather treacherous ground. As against the professional master-builder Alberti, the man of new ideas, was an amateur; so was Claude Perrault the doctor, Inigo Jones the painter, Wren the man of science who became architect.

Sir Reginald Blomfield, who is himself an excellent type of Academician, says the best he can for the activities of the French Academy, but, when he comes to sum up the results of a regime of stricter authority, his instinct as an artist revolts, and another attitude is forced upon him. He looks back with regret to the days of his hero François Mansart; and for the namesake Jules Hardouin Mansart, typical architect of the Colbert system, he has contempt and a dislike that approaches

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loathing. The practical instrument of the academic period was an Office of Works in which J. H. Mansart was agent and tyrant in the architectural sphere of the royal patronage, as Charles le Brun in that of painting and sculpture; and our author, following St Simon, pictures him as a skilful, self-seeking diplomatist, who could manage the King by flattery, and an *entrepreneur* who was rather an organiser of other talents than an original and fine artist; one who sucked their brains or sterilised their gifts, and prostituted the School of Rome to his own purposes.

Whether this is fair to Mansart as an architect must depend on the extent to which the work credited to him is admitted to have been that of 'ghosts.' Sir Reginald is convinced that the massive Orangery at Versailles is completely beyond his range, and probably the work of Desgodetz, the fine student and draughtsman of Roman antiquities, though he is not elsewhere on record as an architect. There remain, credited to Mansart, the chapel at Versailles, with its curious transfer of the main point of view from ground floor to tribunes, the stables of the same palace, the dome of the Invalides, and other famous works. None of them is first-rate, though the level is high, and the Galérie des Glaces, where, if anywhere, Mansart must have put forth his strength, is at crucial points, such as the junction of the vault with the order, a failure. The moral appears to be that precisely such types as Mansart and Le Brun are apt to be employed by patrons like Louis XIV and Colbert. A Charles I, himself a man of taste, may pitch upon an Inigo Jones; the more commonplace tyrant, with his academy or committee, may obtain first-rate business and organising power, but is likely to secure only a high mediocrity in art. Here is Sir Reginald's judgment on the man and the period, the fifteen years of active Louis XIV building:

'Taking J. H. Mansart's work as typical, one has to inquire what was his positive contribution to French architecture. Did he improve on the work of his predecessors in plan, elevation, or detail? Did he really develop the art and carry it beyond the point at which it was left by François Mansart? . . . Mansart appears to me to have failed to do anything of the sort, but on the other hand he so exhausted

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the building resources of the country that his successors found little left for them to do, and had perforce to occupy themselves with the invention of successive modes in decoration and the cultivation of the fashionable amateur. . . .

'On the whole I come to the conclusion that, notwithstanding the vast amount of building undertaken in the reign of Louis XIV, no great advance was made in that period, except in domestic planning.'

The whole period treated begins with the death of Mazarin, the date at which Louis XIV assumed full control of the immense powers concentrated in the royal hands by the policy of Richelieu. The leaders of the old aristocracy had been ruthlessly subdued by the Cardinal; the disgrace of Fouquet now removed another competing figure, who threatened to outdo the King in the splendour of his display; and artists who had built and decorated Vaux-le-Vicomte were taken over into the royal service. These were Le Vau the architect, Charles Le Brun the painter-organiser, and André Le Nôtre, who carried out in vast garden-plans the sculptures and mirrors of Le Brun's interiors, the water of fountain basins and canals taking the place of glass. Perhaps the existence of Fouquet's château-palace had something to do with the determination of Louis to throw his resources into the development of Versailles. In any case Colbert was unable to obtain more than a spasmodic and distracted attention for the claims of Paris. The minister had little interest in the arts as such, or confidence of judgment. His aim was the practical one of fostering national production, and his desire that money spent for the glory of the King should at least add to the beauties of the capital. He saw with despair millions being sunk in the sandy and swampy wastes of Versailles, and struggled to direct expenditure upon the reconstruction of the Louvre. Considerable works were undertaken there, but never pressed through; they remained incomplete at the end of the reign. At Versailles, on the other hand, construction was feverishly pushed on, buildings were improvised and completed for the King's occupation by miracles of pressure, and by armies of workmen; the death-roll among them, indeed, seems to have reached a military scale.

Versailles, then, remains as the chief monument of

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the fever of building that possessed the King until 1690. This was unfortunate in a period whose watchwords were symmetry, proportion, the organising of a building from end to end by one directing mind. By a point of obstinacy which was possibly also piety, the King refused to have the little château demolished which his father had built as a hunting box and supplement to St Germain. Charming in itself, the château of brick and stone was to remain throughout a centre for vast additions, successive wings advancing *en échelon débordant*, till the whole became a caricature of the characteristic château-plan of the time. This arrangement, as opposed to the older four-sided court plan, consisted in a three-sided structure, the main body at the back, wings at the sides, and a grille on the fourth side to enclose the forecourt. A result is that the far side, being visible from outside the square, is apt to be overwhelmed in perspective by the wings; and it is difficult to subordinate these to any central 'feature.' At Versailles this could not be attempted; and the vast arms sprawl outwards from the tiny head and shoulders. The chief effort of the reign was expended on a patchwork, the superhuman ambition of whose size was not matched with a corresponding scale or unity.

At the Louvre also there was the complication of an existing building and of a plan already modified once. When the fortress of Philippe Auguste and Charles V was marked for destruction, Pierre Lescot had planned a four-sided court to be decorated with the sculpture of Jean Goujon. The fragment completed had been quadrupled in extent by Le Mercier's plan, and his still existing central pavilion on the west side built. But his scheme was arrested halfway by the appointment of Le Vau under Louis XIV; and Le Vau suffered the same fate. When the King was persuaded in 1665 to sanction the completion on the east, Colbert was dissatisfied with Le Vau's design, and called in the architects of Paris to criticise. They promptly produced designs of their own. At this stage began what was on one side an intrigue, but on the other a notable departure in French architectural history. Charles Perrault, secretary to Colbert, had a brother Claude, a doctor by profession, but an architect by study and endowment. A design by

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Claude Perrault was brought forward, and this and the rest were forwarded to Italy for further criticism. The Italian architects, like the French, volunteered designs, but in the upshot the renowned Cavaliere Bernini was summoned to Paris and invited to produce a scheme. It looked as if a fresh Italian invasion was to submerge the growing French-Italian tradition. Fortunately the design produced was a very bad one, as even Colbert saw with the aid of the Perraults. The Cavaliere had a royal progress, was flattered and pensioned, and a feint was made of carrying out his plans. But in the end Perrault's design was adopted under a committee arrangement that saved the face of Le Vau and secured his co-operation.

The design was in some ways closer to classic models than anything yet accomplished by the school. The eastern façade was windowless and showed no roof, its main feature a Corinthian colonnade. It had the virtues of unity and sobriety and of detail well subordinated to the whole. On the other hand, it was not pedantically scholastic; the scholars were scandalised by the coupled columns. These were the features that made it an event, a notable exercise in abstract architecture. Against it might have been urged that it did little towards the solution of combining the classic tradition with modern and French uses; the colonnade was a mask for buildings which it did not fit, and had no purpose beyond its appearance; its construction also depended upon a concealed system of elaborate iron rods and ties. It was its author's solitary success, a break in by the amateur among the professionals. Perrault's design for a triumphal arch was never completed; and the criticism it met with was not undeserved. The colonnade itself was arrested in the author's life-time; and the Louvre generally, as we see it, was not finished till the time of the first and second Empires.

Le Vau, thus trammelled at the Louvre, had a freer course in rehandling the Tuileries. But his work was swept away by the incendiaries of the Commune in 1871; visitors to Paris in the late seventies could still see the blackened remains. The building by which he is remembered in Paris is the Collège des Quatre Nations, the Institute on the other side of the river. We may

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agree with Sir Reginald that there are weaknesses in the relation of centre to wings, and he is offended also by a lack of fineness in detail. But there is nobility in the conception, and those sturdy, weighty pavilions are one of the satisfactions to the eye in riverside Paris.

Louis XIV did little more of his own motion for the remaking of Paris. He allowed the citizens to put up to his glory the Place des Victoires and the Place Vendôme, both designed by Jules Hardouin Mansart and among his best claims to memory. The Place Royale, now Place des Vosges, built under Henri IV, had given the model for this treatment of houses on a uniform plan about an open space; and a fraction of the money spent on Versailles might have left Paris the richer for 'town-planning' of this character. One great public building Louvois provided for the broken men of the later wars, the Hôtel des Invalides. The architect was Libéral Bruand, and the building is a curious one. The centre-piece, a great arched bay, breaks in upon an immense repetition of small forms, original and surprising, like an impatient grasp at something vast, and an anticipation in stone of a form that belongs to the Crystal Palace and railway-station era. From Le Mercier onwards, not excluding Perrault, not even, *pace* Sir Reginald, the architect of Maisons, the centre-piece was one of the chief stumbling-blocks for architects.

It was under Louis XV, strangely enough, that a big scheme was carried through in Paris which was not a patchwork, and to which, with Sir Reginald, we can give whole-hearted admiration. The occasion and the man came together. In 1748 a competition was opened for a Place Louis XV, and all the prominent architects competed. In Patte's plan the sites suggested for these various designs may be seen peppering the city; and it was part of the good luck of the winning design that it did not, like so many of them, involve the destruction of ancient buildings. The winner, Ange-Jacques Gabriel, was allowed, against all professional etiquette, to incorporate in his final design any features he fancied in those of his colleagues; but, however arrived at, the two great piles in what is now the Place de la Concorde have the stamp of perfection and inevitability. The older Church of the Madeleine by Contant, which formed the

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withdrawn centre between these masses, has made way for Vignon's new-Greek temple; the Place itself has been hacked about, and the statue of the King replaced by that museum-intrusion, an Egyptian obelisk. But the buildings stand at the node of the wonderful vista that runs from the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe, and of the avenue that crosses the river to the Palais Bourbon.

How obvious and yet mysterious such successes in proportion are! It would seem that any one, given the elements to play with, might contrive the like, but Sir Reginald's pages prove how seldom the clinching takes place; and one architect after another, with the best examples before him, makes mistakes that all the others at once can point out. There is nothing here in the elements that can be called 'original,' no ambitious 'feature,' merely a right relation of mass and emphasis between the ends and the centre of a colonnaded front. The rhythm is simple and yet a little elusive; five units in the end pavilions against not ten but eleven in between, i.e. five and five with an extra one in the centre, and of the fives in the pavilions, two are solids instead of voids, so that a pediment groups the remainder as three; while the projection of those pavilions gives the inter-columniations a deeper emphasis of shadow.

Another great building was put into Gabriel's hands, the Ecole Militaire. For this he got out a vast design, but an economist, Paris-Duverney, was in power, and only a part was carried through. Something untoward also seems to have happened to the part executed, for the centre on the court side is imperfectly adjusted to the wings; but the centre itself is a solution of the combination of pediment with four-sided domical roof, the French 'pavilion' idea, that was seldom reached. The Palace of Versailles itself was to have been remodelled by Gabriel, and the Cour de Marbre at length abolished. But it survived that threat, as also the threats of the Revolution, and the appalling dream of Napoleon for an architectural panorama of his victories; one more pavilion only was at the time put up. But a theatre was added from Gabriel's design; and the Petit Trianon, which in its toy-like perfection and intimacy is like a satire on the vast and inhuman ambition of the rest.

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In the provinces, also, notable work on a larger scale was accomplished. The buildings of the Place Royale at Bordeaux by the father of Ange-Jacques Gabriel are one of the most happy combinations of French and Italian elements. Emmanuel Héré's great scheme at Nancy is in some ways the most characteristic of the time, because Lamour's grilles are an integral part of it. Exterior architecture had remained sober in France, while a riot of sculpturesque curvature took possession of interior decoration and furniture, in forms that will not bear analysis, but serve to distribute gilding. At Nancy this fantastic side came into the open.

It is impossible here to follow the story further in or out of Paris; but, standing back from the achievements of individuals, we may ask, what addition did French neo-classic make to the resources of architecture? The Italian Renaissance did not merely revive ancient forms; it developed and invented; and the later French movement took up a tale that still runs on. One of those Italian inventions belonged to the revival of church architecture, namely, the dome. For the comparatively low vault of the Pantheon in Rome was substituted the lofty curve set upon a drum so as to show far and wide above the housetops. It betrays the influence and takes the place of the mediæval tower; and the mediæval cross-plan of the church involved, where it was adopted, another dislocation of the original. None of those children of the Pantheon was quite to match the great original in the simple and perfect combination of sub- and super-structure, but they were a magnificent addition to town landscape. Rome became a city of domes, and Paris took up the tradition of the 'Jesuit' Church in a soberer strain and with notable effect, if no one of the series, from Le Mercier's Sorbonne to Soufflot's Panthéon, was to equal either St Peter's or the masterpiece of Wren.

The other main invention of the Italians was the town-palace that superseded the fortress (with a counterpart in the country 'villa'); and the varieties of building that spring from this—public offices, commercial offices and warehouses, private houses and clubs—make up the main bulk of modern architecture in streets and squares.

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Gothic had dealt with a special problem and treated it with fantastic logic—the roofing-in of a space with a stone vault on slender stone supports filled in with glass. Modern industry has invented another special architecture as original and daring, a roofing-in with glass on a structure of iron. But between these French and English adventures of religion and industry, between the cathedral and the railway-station, lies the mass of normal building in superposed flats for which there was little classic precedent; and, however internal construction may alter, the general conditions of the façade remain constant. There is nothing old-fashioned, as there was little revivalist, about Peruzzi's Palazzo Massimi.

But within the general conditions the French architects had a special problem set them. As distinguished from Italy, France is a northern country, darker, colder, more subject to rain and snow. This means architecturally more windows and larger windows in relation to wall-space; it means also chimneys and steeper roofs, and it is the business of the architect to come to terms with these necessities and get his effects accordingly. The problem of the windows is the most baffling. Restful spaces are eaten up by the insistent rows of holes. But for commodity the 'French' window, with its complement of *persiennes*, was an admirable solution of the problems of ventilation and light. Roofs and chimneys were another matter. Here were native elements that did promise fresh types, married to the Italian forms. The extravagant beauty of the high-pitched roof of Fontaine-Henri, the grove of chimneys at Chambord, did count for something in the construction of the neo-classic architect, but intermittently. The roof and chimney as elements in design are sometimes accepted, sometimes denied. The Louvre of Perrault and the Garde Meuble of Gabriel minimise and conceal them with the feint of a balustraded terrace; nor are the roofs, when shown, always happily combined—the idea of the independent 'pavilion' was too strong. But the various ways of roofing a pavilion are among the French inventions; the 'Mansard' roof in particular was a stroke of economy in construction and of pleasure to the eye.

In planning, which is a main spur to the architect's invention, progress was somewhat lazy. The tradition of

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the reckless spreading-out of buildings one room thick, with a series of rooms that had to serve also as passages, was hard to kill; and the contempt for convenience and comfort in other respects was extraordinary. Sir Reginald tells of kitchens at a vast distance from dining-rooms, of intolerably cramped servants' quarters, of stables in which horses could not lie down. But with the change of habits to a greater intimacy of life at court and from the rambling château to the more limited town-site, planning also changed; the modern house began to shape itself under Louis XIV and developed rapidly under his successor.

A gracious type, then, of civil and domestic building was the outstanding achievement of French architects in the 18th century, and their gift to other countries of Northern Europe. And Sir Reginald has defended the borrowed 'classic' elements in it as having been thoroughly incorporated in the French habit of design. Now we may freely admit that the shaping gift of the architect can obtain its effects from material that is in its nature 'accidental,' that is to say, not springing from structural necessities. This is notorious in Egyptian and Greek architecture; features proper to wooden construction persist in stone. Indeed, the purist would have to rule out a vast deal of ornament if he pressed for complete logic. The neo-classic architect, therefore, would be within his rights if he claimed to re-employ as decoration Greek constructive elements already wrought to fineness in a thrifty and intense research. Yet the critical mind will sooner or later quarrel with trimmings that have no expressive function. What about column and pilaster, capital and entablature? Have these no stronger basis than 'tradition,' no *rationale* that goes deeper than fondness for the past?

The modern house is in essence a series of great boxes placed one on the top of another and each of them pierced with a row of holes. These window holes are naturally, in such construction, rectangular, as in vaulted construction they were arched; the rectangular form, moreover, is the convenient one for window frames. Out of the bare elements of wall and window opening the sense of proportion might be baldly satisfied, but the designer's impulse demands some further play for the

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eye. His first impulse is to call attention to the boundaries of his boxes, as in the border lines of a carpet or the mouldings of a chest that say, Here, just here, is the limit. Hence the storeys are made emphatic by projecting horizontal strips and mouldings, and most emphatic at the top, where these develop into a cornice. But if the façade be a long one, we now have a monotony of horizontal slices. The vertical divisions also call for expression; and, if it be inconvenient to advance or retire whole sections of the front, this also must be effected by advanced strips of the wall. But, when the vertical and horizontal strips meet, we are far on the way to reinventing pilaster and entablature, and complete the process if we mediate between the two, producing a capital. The three Greek forms are so obvious that if they had been buried in the sea they must have been recreated. Then comes a further step. A treatment of the front, stage by stage, is tiresome to the mind and eye, because the building appears not as one but as several things. By the use of an 'order' we can group two or more stages into one, with a basement or basement and attic, or even run the order up through the whole. In this way we play with proportions, getting, instead of one plus one plus one, one plus two and other variations. So, to group the horizontal elements, we can throw a pediment over a number of windows and tie them together for the eye.

It is no mere scholar's superstition, then, that accounts for the reappearance of those means of distribution and emphasis, though there is frequently superstition in the details; the main reason is designer's logic; and something very like them must have come about had the precedents never existed.

That the threads of neo-classic tradition have been effectively reknit in England by Sir Reginald Blomfield and his associates is a proof of its vitality and its best defence; but we may hope, in conclusion, that our author will not lay down his pen, but, working backwards, give us a history of the Italian Renaissance as well.

D. S. MacColl.

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Art. 11.—CARDINAL MANNING.

1. *Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours.* By Shane Leslie. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 1921.
2. *Eminent Victorians* (Cardinal Manning). By Lytton Strachey. Chatto and Windus, 1918.
3. *Cardinal Manning.* By A. W. Hutton. Methuen, 1892.
4. *The Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.* By E. S. Purcell. Two vols. Macmillan, 1896.
5. *Out of the Past,* Vol. I. (Manning and the Catholic Reaction of our Times.) By Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. John Murray, 1903.
6. *Essays.* (Life of Cardinal Manning.) By the Rev. H. I. D. Ryder. Longmans, 1911.

THE appearance, this year, of a new and very successful life of Cardinal Manning, as well as the priority accorded to a critique of his career in one of the most widely-read books of recent times, are in their way interesting and instructive phenomena. For something besides the talents of the authors and the merit of the subject has contributed to the good-fortune and high-favour of these biographical studies; and this is the apparently unexhausted magic of the Roman purple. The lives of princes, indeed, are at all times popular reading, but the lives of the princes of the Church enjoy some little pre-eminence of interest above the rest. A Cardinal adds—or should add—startling paradox to supreme dignity. Pledged to maintain his position, clothed to outward appearance in purple and fine linen, attended even still sometimes by the pomp and circumstance of great place, he has to set forth in life, in word, in gesture, the very opposite of that which these things seem to imply. It is as if an athlete were set to run the hardest of races in the most cumbrous imaginable clothing, or a mountaineer to climb the steepest of mountains with the worst possible equipment. No wonder the world has watched with eager attention this walking about—as Bunyan has it—of religion in satin shoes. For as there has been no bolder attempt to lay the crown of Cæsar visibly at the feet of Christ, so success has often been wanting, and men have sometimes thought the thing attempted impossible and

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Catholic asceticism incapable of triumphing over the glories—the transient glories—of earth. And even when this miracle of humility has been accomplished, and the sack-cloth of a saint has, as we might say, penetrated the splendour of the purple, there will still be those who doubt whether the human spirit is really sufficient for these things and for whom the paradox of the cardinalate continues to pass acceptance.

Everywhere, perhaps, princes of the Church are scanned with a certain suspicion, but in England, where, until lately, Cardinals were practically unknown and where Shakespeare has caused Beaufort and Wolsey to be unfavourably remembered, they used to be viewed with honest concern. There was probably no greater outburst of popular indignation in this country throughout the Victorian Age than that which greeted Cardinal Wiseman's letter reconstituting under papal sanction a Catholic, or, as some may prefer to say, a Roman Catholic, diocesan episcopate in England. And yet—so just is the spirit of this country when it is calm—there was within this same period, if reports are to be trusted, no crowd so large as that which followed Wiseman's body to the grave except only that which went mourning for Wellington.

But among the four Cardinals with whose lives the English Catholic revival of the 19th century is bound up, it is probably the figure of Manning that best realises the English conception of a prince of the Church; and to this notion various circumstances have contributed. In the first place, his presence was precisely that which cardinals might be expected to possess. He was dignified and the master of an exquisite courtesy; he was impressive, as men are impressive who have had the best education and known the best society; in the severe lines of his ascetic face there lay, as it seemed, the traces of a perpetual rejection of that very world which all his natural being seemed to court; while his chequered career and unfamiliar creed raised among some of his contemporaries the suspicion that God and the Devil were fiercely contesting the possession of his soul. Then, in the second place, he was, what his countrymen love, a very practical and a very philanthropic man. No one of the other three Cardinals of

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this group can touch him here. Wiseman's work was to inaugurate a hierarchy in which his co-religionists alone could be expected to feel an interest. Vaughan was presently to build a Cathedral whose subtle and mysterious beauty only his co-religionists, perhaps, are capable of appreciating. Newman, working a little apart from the rest, was producing a philosophy too delicate for common minds to grasp. But Manning preached the Gospel to the poor; and, in one of those days of decision when the Gospel alone seems to interpose between the naked passions of wealth and poverty, he knew how to make the cause of the poor his own and the hearts of the poor his conquest. No one could doubt that he was a man and a leader of men. What sort of a Cardinal he may have been—how far he solved, or failed to solve, the paradox of the cardinalate—has remained open for discussion to this day.

The answer is presumably to be read in the books that lie before us, if not, perhaps, in any one of them alone. Mr Leslie, indeed, though his standpoint is quite his own, modestly describes his biography of Manning as a supplement to that of Purcell; and Purcell's Life is certainly not one that can be lightly set aside. Lord Rosebery is credited with having placed it among the five best biographies in the language; and, even if more than one subsequent piece of biographical work has driven it further down the list, it remains, in spite of some discreditable blunders to which Mr Leslie draws attention, a work to be reckoned with. Not the least difficulty in appraising its merit lies in the uncertainty that surrounds Purcell's intention. He claimed, indeed, as Mr Strachey claims, as we all claim, that purity of purpose which should set a man free from malice or favour, from suggestion of what is false and suppression of what is true. But this claim was unfortunately not in perfect harmony with the reputation he enjoyed; and the damaging tradition about the way in which he obtained one of Manning's diaries, even if it be correctly recalled in Mr Leslie's rather attenuated version of the tale, reduces him, so far as character is concerned, to the level of a journalist of the baser sort. Anyhow, he got so thorough a possession of the field that for two decades the Cardinal was generally

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reckoned to have suffered a damaging exposure. Such defences as Mr Aubrey de Vere's article* and Father Ignatius Ryder's posthumously-published but important paper, were open to the charge of being Catholic in origin. Hutton's generous Anglican estimate had long passed out of notice; Bodley's study was not much more than a personal impression; and Grant Duff's essay largely sacrificed the Cardinal's personality to a review of the Catholic revival in England, France, and Germany during the 19th century. Meanwhile one age was passing into another; and no one who, after looking at the books just enumerated, takes up Mr Strachey's essay or Mr Leslie's biography can doubt that the transition has been effected. The atmosphere is completely changed. The sober style, the considered opinion, the religious, or at least ethical interest has gone; and instead there reigns a philosophy almost purely psychological and a manner almost tediously entertaining. Never, perhaps, has the Time-Spirit executed so rapid, so startling a metamorphosis.

Mr Strachey, to give him his due, is probably the best example of a literary valet that any country has ever had the good fortune to possess. He has no heroes at all; and he consequently valets the Victorian Age, where heroes abounded, with the most finished perfection. At any trial of character the evidence of so attentive a servant would be invaluable, though the jury would have to be reminded that one does not learn quite all a master's secrets by listening in likely corners or looking for mud-stains to brush. There was nothing perhaps that Mr Strachey was more sure of than the Cardinal's desire to bury the recollection of his early marriage. And so it seemed until Baron von Hügel suddenly upset the critic's inference by disclosing an anecdote which displayed in the most touching fashion Manning's unchanging spiritual devotion to the memory of his beautiful wife. Reserve is, indeed, one of the qualities that the 20th century has no aptitude for, and does not therefore easily detect. But Mr Strachey is so clever that he might have escaped a limitation which hampers others of us, if only the contemplation of the poverty and weakness

* 'Contemp. Review,' March 1896.

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of human nature had not given him quite so much pleasure.

Mr Leslie, though he lacks something of Mr Strachey's extreme skill in selection, composition, and expression, and though he professes a faith at which Mr Strachey would probably smile, betrays himself not the less unmistakably as a child of the same century. There is a restless cleverness about his writing that has its root, perhaps, in the constant effort of literature to arrest attention in an age of headlines, but that is unfortunately incompatible with the finest art, and perhaps with finer things than art can ever be. It is true that in the later chapters of the book the style becomes calmer and the thought less embarrassed by the scintillations of a lively wit; but it must remain doubtful whether the subject of the biography, with his austere ideas about literary method, would have approved the technique of his latest biographer. But, if the form of the book suffers to some extent from the journalistic habit of the day, it may at least be claimed that its matter possesses the distinction of vitality, the force of enthusiasm, and the merit of novelty. Things that Purcell never knew have been derived from a variety of sources of which some previously untapped volumes of Manning's Diary and one or two previously unprinted but vitally important letters to Monsignor Talbot are the chief. No future writer is likely to be in a position to throw on Manning's life any further documentary light of any consequence, at least until the Vatican archives of the later 19th century are thrown open to view. And perhaps not even then! For the correspondence with Monsignor Talbot appears to be now complete; and Talbot, the protagonist in the most obscure and canvassed episode in Manning's life, being, according to Manning's own estimate, 'the most imprudent man that ever lived.'

The facts then are, or may be presumed to be, at our disposal. What impression do they render? Mr Leslie, who of all Manning's critics is in the best position to reply, is perhaps among them all the least ready with any answer. His conclusion, which is hardly to be called an estimate, extends little beyond a quotation; and that quotation is drawn from Griffith's speech to Katharine in Shakespeare's Henry VIII (IV, 2):

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'This Cardinal . . .
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.'

To those who know their Shakespeare the words are reminiscent of what has just gone before—of the Queen's gently-prefaced but most damning judgment to the effect that Wolsey was

'A man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; . . .
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning.'

And in those who know their Purcell there may revive a memory of that closing thrust in Newman's correspondence with Manning, where the Oratorian bluntly declares that he does not know whether he is 'on his head or his heels' when he has active relations with his correspondent. What was the Cardinal, we may well ask again, as we cast our minds back over the career which began so brilliantly at Oxford, which became the cynosure of the eyes of Europe in Rome, and which closed in such sombre magnificence at Archbishop's House in Westminster?

When a lock defies us, we are in the habit of trying different keys until we hit upon the right one. The problem of character has to be similarly treated. In Manning's case the lock to be turned appears to be a double one; and of the two most likely keys it would not be surprising to discover that neither would do its work without the other. Manning was first of all—by nature, as his co-religionists would say—a statesman; and this key is easy to find and easy to handle. The other needs more looking for and greater skill in application. Manning was to a degree, rarely if ever now to be detected in English public men, a supernaturalist in politics, or quite simply, if the word is used in its proper and not its popular sense, a prophet. To eyes that could see, his countenance carried the imprint of another

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world. His face, declared William Lockhart, was to him a 'first dim revelation of the supernatural in man.' * And Purcell, working along the same line of thought, observes that Manning's

'unfailing belief in the supernatural—in the actual guidance of God's hand in all that appertained to his sacred office and its public duties gave, aided, perhaps, half unconsciously by the bent of his own nature, a concentrated force to his will and rule which would have been almost despotic, had it not been tempered, at least to his own mind, by a vivid belief in Divine direction.'

Just as Newman's religious sentiment—to follow a profound suggestion of Dean Church's—sought in Catholic pilgrimages the modern counterpart of the crowds that had once thronged the hillsides of Galilee, so Manning required for the full exercise of his activities the image of a kingdom standing in startling, visible contrast to the kingdoms of this world. He could have found this nowhere else but where he did.

The subject of these conjectures was born, though Purcell made a mistake about it, in the year 1808, of an old family and a prosperous stock. His father was a member of parliament and a Governor of the Bank of England; and, when the delicious child, whose portrait is one of the most charming things in Mr Leslie's biography, grew to the maturity of academic and oratorical honours at Oxford, it seemed as if a high place in the counsels of the nation was as well assured to him as to William Ewart Gladstone, his friend and contemporary. Just in that critical hour of life, however, his father came to hopeless financial grief. Parliamentary ambitions had to be immediately exchanged for a supernumerary clerkship at the Colonial Office; and all ambition seemed likely to be satisfied, or extinguished, by the lot of a civil servant. Then a Merton Fellowship offered, the acceptance of which, like other fellowships in those days, involved ordination; and Manning decided to become a clergyman. Spiritual things had lately had an interest for him; and a friendship with an Evangelical lady—Miss Bevan—whose name

* 'Dublin Review,' April 1892.

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is still remembered in certain circles, had quickened this affinity in the direction, if not to the point, of what is known as conversion. The fellowship opened the way to a curacy; the curacy to a living; and the living to a wife. By the close of 1833, when he was only twenty-five, Manning had become Rector of Lavington and the husband of one of the beautiful Miss Sargents. Upon the four-years' idyll of the Sussex Wolds that followed, Crabbe, whose life had just closed, might have founded a Tale of the Hall as full of simple charm and pathos as any in his Poems. But the idyll ended with the death of Mrs Manning in 1837; and almost immediately afterwards her husband was sucked into the current of the Oxford Movement.

In this new atmosphere the young clergyman's native talent for statesmanship rapidly developed. As an undergraduate reading the lessons in Balliol Chapel he had found 'the perfection of human character' described in that chapter of the Book of Wisdom where the author celebrates the victories of divine wisdom in a world of human instruments.

'Because of her,' run the verses that especially caught his attention, 'I shall have glory among multitudes, and honour in the sight of elders, though I be young. I shall be found of a quick conceit when I give judgment, and in the presence of princes I shall be admired. When I am silent they shall wait for me; and when I open my lips they shall give heed unto me; and if I continue speaking, they shall lay their hand upon their mouth. Because of her I shall have immortality, and leave behind an eternal memory to them that come after me.'

The desire for wisdom, then, was the inspiration of his early life; and he so far attained the reputation of it by middle age that Fitzjames Stephen declared him to have been the wisest man he ever knew. But, though Manning had at first imperfectly perceived it, wisdom is of two worlds and the choice of wisdom the most searching of spiritual decisions. This choice came to him in the common fashion of that time.

The Church of England was in those days drawing near the hour of her visitation. She had long been comfortable; she was to be comfortable no more. Her

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intellectual position and her social achievement were alike to be challenged; and in the times that were coming upon her she had to save herself as well as she might from both ecclesiastical students and social reformers. The intellectual movement, as was natural enough, led the way. In the years which saw Manning promoted to be Archdeacon of Chichester, the Oxford 'Tracts for the Times' spread across the length and breadth of England, setting men everywhere by the ears—country parsons, chatting over their cups after a hard day's hunting, as well as old dons, sipping port in their common rooms. Manning faced the agitation like the eminently prudent man that he was by nature. He kept at a safe distance from the authors of the Tracts, yet all the while he was moving with the spirit of the times. The brother-in-law of Samuel Wilberforce and the friend of Gladstone, he seemed to find, with much better success than the Oxford leaders, the boasted *via media* of the English Church. He appealed to Scripture, antiquity, and tradition for the rule of faith; he introduced the practice of more frequent, though still infrequent, celebrations; and he began to receive the confessions of a host of amateur penitents. Yet he did not omit to include Cranmer and Ridley amongst the fathers of the English Church; nor did he fail to take the occasion of a Fifth of November sermon in 1843 to condemn the Papacy and the Church of Rome in language which might have satisfied the principles of the 'Record' or the 'Rock.' It was just when his Protestantism had been most trenchant and pronounced that an incident occurred which was afterwards remembered. Approaching Littlemore, where Newman lay in labour with his thoughts, Manning was one day refused admission by the hands of a young man who is believed to have been James Anthony Froude. In that diplomatic walk of his to try to make his peace, and in Newman's stern repulse of his advances, is to be found in embryo the duel of temperament that lasted all the time they were alive, and was yet so strangely forgotten, or ignored, by the survivor in his moving tribute to the memory of the deceased.

So far the Archdeacon of Chichester had moved along a road which, as his eyes could see as well as every one

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else's, led straight to an Anglican bishopric. The wisdom that is from above had melted into the wisdom of this world; and the star of the supernatural had seemed to follow the path of statesmanlike endeavour. Gradually, however, these guides of life began to diverge. It was in the end of 1845 that Manning was offered the post of sub-almoner to the Queen, which Wilberforce had just resigned in favour of a mitre. He hesitated, examined his conscience with the fiercest severity, and refused. He seemed to himself to be too ambitious.

Earlier in that same autumn of 1845 Newman had seceded from the Church of England; and the secession opened the way for the central party and the conciliatory policy of which the Archdeacon was as much as any man the apostle. 'Safe as Manning' was the watchword of that brief hour of Anglican ecclesiastical history, just as 'Credo in Newmannum' had been the watchword of the hour that went before. And Manning himself never felt more safe. 'Nothing,' he wrote at this time to Robert Wilberforce, 'can shake my belief of the presence of Christ in our Church and Sacraments. I feel incapable of doubting it.' Newman's conversion, he expressly declares, had thrown him back. Then, unexpectedly, what men, according to the measure of their belief, call chance or Providence or the Hand of God, diverted the career that seemed to run so smoothly. Manning fell gravely ill, was ordered abroad, and went to Rome. It was 1848, the year of Revolution; and he was interested both spiritually and politically in what was going on. He saw much that gave him pleasure and much that gave him food for thought; and he spoke with Newman and Pio Nono, though we know nothing of what was said by either. Then he returned to England, and was soon absorbed in the controversy about church-schools and religious education, to all appearance the same sagacious champion of the middle way that he had been before. To all appearance, but to appearance only! For again a second time that which we have called the star of the supernatural had begun to draw him from the path down which his statesman's instincts would otherwise have led him. Doubts which had long insinuated themselves began to rise to the surface of his mind, stimulated by the elevation of Hampden—a doctor

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of dubious divinity—to the bench of Anglican bishops. For a decade he had been closely studying the questions of ecclesiastical unity and infallibility; and this had produced now familiar results. 'It cannot be denied,' he wrote from Rome to Robert Wilberforce, 'that we have two contradictory theologies.' And again later: 'I cannot find rest in any fine distinctions or theories unintelligible to the *pauperes Christi* for whom we exist. . . .' 'The faith of the Holy Trinity and of the Incarnation subdues me into a belief of the indivisible unity and perpetual infallibility of the Body of Christ.' And much more in the same vein!

But, while such were the thoughts within him, the ecclesiastical statesman still carried himself proudly in the sight as well of those who asked his counsel as of the outer world. With the ground quaking under his feet, no man could have conveyed a more confident impression that they were set upon a rock. He spoke with two voices—the one emphatic and official, the other still and small; and the counsel of the Archdeacon of Chichester was no longer the opinion of Henry Edward Manning. It was a problem that troubled Purcell how in a good man such things could be; and nothing dates Mr Leslie's book more certainly than his apparent indifference to the morality or immorality of 'the two voices.' The Great War has, indeed, almost swept away the sense of scruple about saying one thing in public and another in private. Statesmen have become accustomed to make statements merely with an eye to situations; and the propagandists of the Press consider the tendency, rather than the veracity, of what they say. All things are held to be lawful to one who seeks to hold or improve a political position; and to weaken it by exact fidelity to truth is reckoned a kind of treachery to one's cause or one's country. On such hypotheses, for whatever they may be worth, Manning has as good a right as any one else to be defended for what he did. He was an Anglican statesman, whose archidiaconal charges were studied in ecclesiastical circles with an assiduity no longer to be imagined; and any utterance of his was bound to react upon the faith of a number of Anglican believers. Consequently, like other public characters, when in process of changing their opinions, he kept up

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appearances to the end. His character was not one of those which have need of a Littlemore.

The judgment of the Privy Council in the Gorham case, which left the question of baptismal regeneration an open one, decided the debate which the appointment of Hampden had originally quickened. Manning left Lavington in December 1850; in March 1851 he formally resigned his office and his benefice; and on March 23, at that little chapel in Palace Street, which lies now under sentence of death, he attended his last service as an Anglican. There was not wanting a dramatic touch to mark the occasion.

'I was kneeling by the side of Mr Gladstone,' he wrote forty years later. 'Just before the Communion Service commenced, I said to him, "I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England!" I rose up . . . and laying my hand on Mr Gladstone's shoulder, said, "Come." It was the parting of the ways. Mr Gladstone remained; and I went my way. Mr Gladstone still remains where I left him.'

Thus the rising Archdeacon of Chichester became a layman of the Church of Rome, with over forty years of life behind him and the best of them devoted to the propagation of a theory that he had come to think a fiction. The wisdom that is from above did not appear to have had much in common, after all, with the wisdom of the children of this world. He had lost his friends, wrecked his career, ruined his reputation for good sense. Even his orders—and there was nothing the convert felt more acutely—were reckoned invalid. Wiseman, however, proved kind, and hurried forward his new ordinations. This remarkable prelate, who, as Mr Strachey points out, was 'the very antithesis of that subtle and worldly-wise ecclesiastic' depicted in 'Bishop Blougram's Apology,' had reached, at the time of Manning's conversion, the summit of his career. The restoration of the Catholic episcopate in England was on the point of accomplishment, and with it the restitution of vigour to a body of Christians who, no longer stimulated by persecution, were fast lapsing into lassitude. It was soon evident that Manning—a born administrator, skilled in all the wisdom of the English Universities, and

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not unacquainted with the great world of London—was a godsend to his new superiors at such a time. Wiseman was not long in promoting him; and promotion threw him into the midst of what Mr Leslie rather jocularly calls 'the Wars of Westminster,' or, in other words, the quarrels of the Catholic hierarchy attached to that Archdiocese.

The real issue was between the old Catholics and the new—between the stagnant fidelity of the old English Catholic families who, for a century and a half, had borne the burden of exclusion from almost every form of public activity for the sake of their faith until public activity had virtually ceased to be agreeable to them, and the rising race of converts who were *Roman* Catholics in a very real and emphatic sense, since it was from Rome rather than from any English Catholic tradition that they drew the inspiration of their lives. It happened that Wiseman, who was not very far-sighted, had made Errington, a fine, grim specimen of the older school of thought, his Archbishop-coadjutor, and *ipso facto* his successor; and that Errington who possessed to the full that stagnant fidelity to his caste to which reference had been made, so misconceived his duty as to convert the post of a lieutenant into a kind of leadership of the opposition. He worked, he intrigued, and eventually he assisted an appeal to Rome against the forward policy which Wiseman was pursuing; and he had at his back the Canons of the Westminster Chapter, whose business it would be, if the See fell vacant and there were no coadjutor in the line of succession, to submit three names for the office of Archbishop to the decision of the Pope. Meanwhile Wiseman was falling into a decline; and Manning, young, enthusiastic, and utterly convinced that the succession of Errington would be fatal to the prospects of his co-religionists in England, slipped into the position of an *éminence grise* and was charged with the conduct of the Cardinal's case before the Roman authorities. His selection was the more obvious that the co-operation in the management of St Edmund's College, of the Oblates of St Charles—a religious order with the introduction of which into England he had been especially connected—was the actual issue that had provoked the appeal to Rome.

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It is essential to cut a long story as short as may be. By an act of supreme authority Pius IX, satisfied that the future of his followers in England lay with the party of Wiseman and Manning and not with that represented by Errington and Monsignor Searle, removed the Coadjutor from his office. It was a decisive triumph to which two things had greatly contributed—Manning's diplomacy and Talbot's lack of it. The last-named, like Manning once a clergyman of the Church of England and like Manning a scion of an old English house, had grown into the intimacy of the Pope by virtue as much, perhaps, of his engaging frankness and ingenuous ignorance of convention as on any other account. Pio Nono, witty, human, and capable, as only a southern temperament can be, of mingling grave and gay, appears to have derived considerable entertainment from the conversation of this busy child of thunder and intrigue, and with entertainment counsel. It was Talbot's indiscretion which, as Mr Leslie points out, prevented Errington from resigning before matters came to an issue; and it was Talbot's activity again which insured the ultimate success of Manning.

Feeling had risen too high for the matter to end with the deposition of the Archbishop-coadjutor; and, when Wiseman died five years later (1865), it rose again to fever-pitch. The Chapter of Westminster, sitting in secret conclave, were, as has been said, required to select three names for the Pope's consideration; and over the deliberations of the Chapter, Manning as Provost had the duty of presiding. It is in respect to this period of his career that Mr Leslie's biography becomes so important. The correspondence between Manning and Talbot which Purcell made public ceased for a month at this critical juncture; and it was a natural inference, which Manning's critics were not slow to draw, that the Provost of Westminster, acquainted as he was with the counsels of the Chapter, was not only taking his measures to defeat them—which was true enough—but was further providing against the possible selection by the Pope of any one but himself by a dexterous depreciation through Talbot of his rivals' characters. This theory, already undermined in Father Ryder's paper, must henceforth be decisively rejected. The newly-published letters

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to Talbot show quite conclusively that Manning so little contemplated the choice of himself that he was energetically pressing his correspondent to secure that of Bishop Ullathorne or Bishop Cornthwaite. The nomination either of the one or the other, whilst putting no slight upon 'the aristocratic close-borough' of the old Catholic families, would in his view have preserved 'England from being deluged by a worldly Catholicism,' and 'the real work of the conversion of souls' from being 'thrown back.' He was, as we see, still very much a statesman; and he did not hesitate to use a statesman's weapons. But he was free from the fallacy, to which statesmen commonly fall a prey, of supposing that his personal elevation was essential to his country's cause; his purpose, whatever its merit, remained lofty and pure; and the star of the supernatural, which he strove to follow, rode high in this hour of crisis above the centre of his path.

The vigorous campaigning of Talbot; the opportune advice of Father Coffin, the Vice-Provincial of the Redemptorists, who chanced to be in Rome at the time; the Pope's prayers for guidance (as some of us may happen to believe) as well as his admitted sensibility to the admonition of an interior voice, bidding him make Manning Archbishop of Westminster—these things sufficed to defeat the recommendation of the Westminster Chapter, which had submitted the names of Errington and of two bishops of Errington's school of thought—Clifford and Grant. It is an interesting little point of detail in which Mr Leslie, benefiting by access to Foreign Office sources, is able to correct Purcell, that Grant and not Clifford was the candidate approved by the British Government for the Westminster Archbishopric. For the comfort of those who fancy that the British Foreign Office is the prey of Popish plots one may add that it was Clifford and not Grant who was the choice of the Jesuits.

Manning, thus, in the month of May 1865, and only fourteen years after his conversion, became Archbishop of Westminster; while Errington retired with much dignity and perfect submission to fulfil his destiny as a parish priest in the Isle of Man. Nothing, indeed, so well became the two parties in the late encounter as the

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mutual charity which, as soon as the papal decision was given, replaced the strife of tongues; nor will most men read unmoved—and this is new matter in the Life—the private record of Manning's retreat at Highgate on the morrow of his appointment.

'O my God,' he wrote, 'if . . . there has been ambition, make me to see it as Thou seest it, lest I go down to the pit deceiving myself. . . . Let me not hear the sentence, "Verily thou hast thy reward." Rather than lose Thee, not only hereafter, but now in this life, I would lay down all in the world and live and die out of sight and out of mind, if only Thou remember me and forget all my sins.'

We must pass over the next five years, while Manning was feeling his feet, and look out for his figure again among that crowd of prelates 'in purple and fine linen' who met together in council at Rome in the early summer of 1870. The temporal power of the Pope was in the last months of its existence; and his spiritual power was, after long centuries, on the point of being defined. The issue which the Council had to determine was not so much, as English readers have sometimes to be reminded, whether the Pope was infallible—for that he was so in some sense could hardly be said to be in dispute among his adherents—but rather whether a definition of his powers was opportune. Manning had for some years held this to be desirable; and his thought ran in the track of thinkers like Maistre and Lamennais. He had against him, however, the old Gallican school, with Darboy and Dupanloup as its living leaders, the German followers of Döllinger, and an Englishman, subsequently almost as famous as himself, the late Lord Acton. The inhabitants of the British Isles are, indeed, seldom aware how great a part their compatriots played at the Vatican Council. The dogma as finally promulgated, was framed, with the exception of the famous *ex cathedra* clause, by Cardinal Cullen; no one exerted himself more, both by public eloquence and—which went for quite as much—by private diplomacy, to get it carried than the Archbishop of Westminster; without the linguistic and theological attainments and intermediate activity of Acton, as Mr Leslie thinks now and as Odo Russell thought at the time, the bishops of the Opposition

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party would scarcely have been able to exchange ideas; and finally, no other secular emissary can be said to have played a more distinguished rôle than Odo Russell himself, the diplomatic agent at the Vatican of the British Government.

Priests are generally supposed to be the most supple of diplomatists; but Odo Russell could hold his own with the best of them. He had his own methods, and used to assure my father that, when business relations became embarrassed, he was in the habit of ingratiating himself with the Pope by singing him songs. However that may have been, he, the son of a Catholic mother who was by common admission one of the most original and talented of Englishwomen, cast his spells over Manning with perfect success. Every Saturday, as the Council proceeded, Mr Russell and the Archbishop would take a walk together in the Campagna; and, so sympathetically did Mr Russell listen to the other's specious arguments in favour of the importance of the Infallibility decree to the maintenance of Papal authority, that Manning supposed himself — and Purcell countenanced the illusion—to have effectively countered the information which Acton was pouring into the mind of Gladstone, at that time Prime Minister. Mr Leslie, however, with a better appreciation of what was going on, informs us that 'Odo Russell was playing a double game'—a fact which Grant Duff, who was intimately acquainted with Acton and his circle, had been careful to make known on the appearance of Purcell's biography, though of course in less explicit terms.

There we must take leave of the Vatican Council, supreme event though it was in Manning's career. The exaggeration by men like Louis Veuillot in France and W. G. Ward in England, of a doctrine which the Council reduced to intelligible terms, would, in all probability, have made its dogmatic definition sooner or later inevitable, but Manning's championship of it assisted its appearance at the psycho-political moment. No man had more feared the effect of the coming loss of the Temporal Power upon the Papacy, but no one could have provided better against its consequences. And when the petty intrigues which disfigured this Council, as indeed they disfigure all councils and all conferences, have receded

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into the distance, and the main results stand out in their just proportions, it will be little contested that the Church recovered in spiritual power as much and more by its decisions than she was about to lose in temporal authority by the fall of Napoleon III. And, incidentally, it will be seen, also, that Manning's statecraft had been profound. Thanks to him and to those who thought with him, the setting sun of Papal Rome lit up with its last rays the papal claims and left, at least for those to whom those claims seemed cogent, a glory where there would else have been a gloom.

The Vatican Council proved to be the consummation of Manning's Roman activities. Thenceforward his influence waned, until under Leo XIII it seemed scarcely greater than his office involved. The time had come when acts, that in the heyday of his power could hardly have been contemplated, might be forced upon him. The late Duke of Norfolk was one of those who accomplish great things and render great services by virtue of directness and simplicity. He saw that Newman, now entering upon extreme old age, ought, for the sake of English Catholicism, to be honoured, and, because time was pressing, to be honoured without delay; and he knew that Manning, in whose eyes Newman's school of thought represented unsound phrases and unseasoned philosophy, was the only serious obstacle to his purpose. In company with Lord Ripon, he therefore interviewed the Cardinal and asked quite frankly for what he wanted, which was nothing less than the elevation of Newman to the purple. Manning appeared to consent and wrote an unexceptionably generous letter to the Cardinal-Secretary. Then followed an incident the treatment of which in Mr Leslie's biography is neither very happy nor very correct. Mr Strachey had been quick to observe that there appeared to be something rather shady about the remarkably slow progress of Manning's letter to Rome. It had been drafted in July, but it had not reached Rome by December. Mr Leslie not only does not attempt to explain the reason of this but fails to notice the fact. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary it is difficult to escape the suspicion that the Cardinal was in no hurry for the

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letter to arrive. One need not suppose that the delay amounted to a deliberate device for going back upon his undertaking. Old age procrastinates habitually, and particularly in regard to what is unpleasant. But, unless the Duke of Norfolk had happened to be in Rome that winter, and had kept the project alive, the offer of the Cardinal's hat might never have reached Newman in the spring.

Even then another unfortunate thing occurred. Newman was too modest to say himself in so many words that he wished to accept the honour proposed, if, instead of having to reside in Rome, he might continue to live in Birmingham; and his reply, taken literally, might certainly have been construed, as Mr Leslie wishes us to believe Manning did construe it, as a refusal. Unfortunately, however, Newman's letter was accompanied and followed by two letters from Bishop Ullathorne explaining in unequivocal terms the true position. This has been very clearly shown in Ward's 'Life of Newman'; and an apologist of Manning's, in dealing with what Mr Leslie calls 'The Case of Dr Newman,' is dealing too lazily with his brief if he merely states, even though Manning says the same thing himself, that 'like most matter-of-fact persons, Manning construed this (i.e. Newman's letter) into a natural refusal.' No matter-of-fact person could possibly have misunderstood Ullathorne's communications. Old age, with its sometimes provoking inability to recognise what it does not like, is the best excuse for Manning—and not a very good one. So, too, we may hope that the simultaneous announcement in the 'Times' of Newman's supposed refusal of the purple, which must have emanated from Manning's circle, is to be reckoned among the indiscretions of advancing years.

But, when all has been said, the whole incident of Newman's Cardinalate remains the least convincingly susceptible to charitable explanation in the whole of Manning's career. Taken at the worst, however, it proves little more than that he put the cause in which he had believed before all else. *Salus populi*, we said with reckless frequency during the War, *suprema lex*. In his dealings with Errington, with Newman, and with the Jesuits, whose policy he distrusted and whose

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influence he, the great champion of the secular clergy, disliked, Manning might plausibly have appealed to the same conviction. Having many intimate acquaintances but scarcely any personal friends, to him the Church was apt to seem everything, the individual or the Order apart from the work to be done for the Church next to nothing. Each busy day, full as it was of human contact, and on his side of human kindness, grew, as he told a friend, to seem no more by nightfall than just 'a river of faces.' He was, thus, in the deepest but assuredly in no superficial sense, a Christian Socialist. And again the contrast to Newman, both subjectively and objectively the most personal of men, comes out.

As the years passed and as his position became more assured, Manning had grown into a famous public figure. The Cardinal's hat, which had come in 1875, added interest to his person; and increasing age doubtless stimulated generosity in his critics. He used his prestige wisely, and put it at the service of the poor. He preached an economy older than that of the classical economists, one which brought him into a strange companionship with men like Ruskin and Dilke, and Stead and Henry George. His economic doctrines, indeed, would startle no man now, and are professed more or less assiduously by all rising politicians, relying, as they can do with security, upon modern Governments to break their pledges for them. But Manning took the old Catholic economy seriously, and with his usual statesmanship saw that it was the natural point of contact between the Church and democracy. Thus we find him in 1872 sitting on that Housing Commission over which King Edward as Prince of Wales presided, and in 1889, old man of eighty though he was, intervening in the Dock Strike, and winning the hearts of the dockers. And Mr Leslie is at some pains to show that leading propositions in Leo XIII's Encyclical of 1891 on Labour reflect closely the Cardinal's previous utterances. Age had not impaired his insight into the problems of the future.

Thus Manning in his last phase showed himself the friend pre-eminently of the poor; and, when he failed, they followed him in throngs to the threshold of the everlasting habitations. But for the student his life can never possess the romance of Newman's, for the essence

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of romance is knight-errantry. Manning was essentially a man of affairs moving with wisdom and circumspection in the realms of faith; and he must be ranked rather among the children of Martha than those of Mary. Yet, behind his practical, business-like, half-soldierly method of approaching the work of human salvation, there lay an inner life of the soul, of which Mr Strachey is hardly sensible and which Mr Leslie has not fully probed. A concentrated sketch of the progress of his spirit across the evangelical teaching of Miss Bevan, through the restrained Anglicanism of the 'forties, into the atmosphere of the 'Paradisus Animæ'—a book of devotion little known outside the circle of his own communion, but which formed his own constant and apparently favourite devotional reading—seems, however, to be an indispensable adjunct of any final portrait of his character. But his countrymen would follow such a study with no more than languid attention. For them his public career, with its purple close and its disputable motives and its patriotic philanthropy, remains the interesting thing about him; and, if Mr Strachey must be commiserated for having reminded us so cleverly of its more vulnerable points, Mr Leslie may be congratulated upon having revived the recollection of its striking merits. Among those merits members of Manning's own communion will hold it not the least that he, a Cardinal with his faith in Rome, satisfied without sign of effort the claims both of a Catholic imperialism and of that imperial idea which his own countrymen were just then bringing to birth and which he himself did something to nurse into existence. 'Between the Universal Church and the Universal Empire,' says Mr Leslie in language in which patriotic pride has for a moment got rather the better of actual fact, 'he saw the possibility of common appreciation and understanding.' It is perhaps enough to say that he knew how to approve himself at once as a great Catholic Churchman and a good British subject, so that in the end his fellow-citizens learned to listen for the beating of an English heart beneath the suspected, unfamiliar folds of the Roman purple.

ALGERNON CECIL.

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Art. 12.—TWO RUSSIAN STATESMEN.

1. *The Memoirs of Count Witte.* Translated from the original Russian MS. and edited by Abraham Yarmolinsky. Heinemann, 1921.
2. *The Memoirs of Alexander Iswolsky, formerly Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.* Edited and translated by C. L. Seager. Hutchinson, 1921.
3. *Diplomatic Reminiscences before and during the World War*, 1911–1917. By A. Nekludoff. Translated from the French by Alexandra Paget. Murray, 1921.

CURIOUS musings on the causes which further the rise and hasten the fall of empires, and on the part that may be played in the destinies of states and peoples by individuals of light and leading, are once more set astir by the reminiscences of two statesmen of very different types and mental calibres, a portion of whose biographies will be for ever interwoven with a chapter of the history of a most critical period in the fortunes of Russia and Europe. For several years of the reign of Alexander III Sergius Witte ruled the Tsardom with the overrated power of an absolute monarch, and showed what feats of statesmanship a clear-sighted, constructive ruler could achieve, even within the narrow limits set to his activities by the predatory character and hampering structure of the Tsardom, whose destinies he was working to control. During an equal number of subsequent years Alexander's son and successor demonstrated how easily and effectually a shiftless individual invested with power, but devoid of will or vision, could pull down the fabric that had weathered the storms of ages, gathering into one focal centre and radiating thence the destructive forces which had long been scattered over his Empire. It was while this disintegrating process was going forward that M. Izvolsky had the direction of Russia's foreign policy in his hands, and was striving by argument, suasion, and innocent little stratagems to induce his imperial master, at least, to refrain from thwarting the constructive schemes of his responsible advisers who had the advancement of his people and the safety of his Empire at heart.

These two volumes of memoirs complement and correct each other, being mainly two versions of the

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same sequence of events narrated by the actors themselves, and, therefore, occasionally conflicting. For, as the Schoolmen used to say: *Quando duo faciunt idem, non est idem.* Although Witte's story, penned at odd moments when fierce and impotent rage against the Tsar and his counsellors was still strong upon him, is too often an undisguised indictment of these, while Izvolsky's exposé becomes at times a touching apology for his late sovereign, a comparison of the two may enable the unbiassed reader to strike the balance and reach a more or less fair estimate of the character, qualities, and defects of the monarch who contributed more than any other individual to demolish the Empire which he was so anxious to consolidate.

Witte's book is a collection of desultory notes and comments penned spasmodically in his various moods, now in the depths of despair, now burning with rage against adversaries who were conspiring to destroy at once his work, his character, and his life; and the readers whom he had in his mind's eye were his fellow-countrymen living under conditions not materially different from those of his own day. Hence he takes for granted on the part of his readers a thorough knowledge of Russian institutions, politics, and men, which very few Westerners possess. And the translator has done nothing to fill these gaps. Like Goetz von Berlichingen, Witte was better fitted to make history than to write it, and the memoirs as they have been given to the public are superlatively disappointing. Much that ought never to have seen the light has here been published *in extenso;* while his accounts of certain momentous events, which to my personal knowledge he had consigned to writing, have been either suppressed or mislaid. The style is amorphous, and at times the grammar is bad.

For the last time, in the spring of 1914, I admonished Witte that unless he prepared his reminiscences carefully for the press, correcting slips of memory and errors and leaving the manuscript quite ready for the printer, his reputation would inevitably suffer. For, as most of his notes had passed through my hands, I was aware of the necessity of suppressing some, correcting others, and rewriting many of them. In their published form the memoirs, which I have perused with a feeling of intense

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sadness, are disfigured by many concrete errors, some contradictory statements, and several inaccuracies. How defective Witte's memory was will be readily discerned by those readers of his memoirs who are conversant with recent Russian and European history. His fantastic story of the part which he played in dealing with the grave crisis caused by the Agadir incident may serve as a sample. He assured me on many occasions that the service which he then rendered to the peace of the world consisted in his proposing to the French Premier, M. Rouvier, who welcomed the plan, an international conference to pass judgment on the main issues between France and Germany, and in inducing the Kaiser to adopt his suggestion. This version of the story was so utterly at variance with well-known facts, and implied such a disservice to France, that I at once challenged its accuracy, denied its possibility, and urged him to consult his manuscript memoirs. Witte stoutly maintained that he was right in every particular and the subject dropped. On five or six occasions I returned to the charge, but in vain.

The story as he told it, I explained, was not credible, because Witte's conversation with Rouvier took place on Sept. 20, 1905, and his reception by the Kaiser six days later; whereas the international conference had been agreed upon as early as July 8, that is to say, three weeks before he set out for the United States to discuss peace terms with the Japanese. I further insisted that it was Germany who proposed a conference on the ground that the status of Morocco ought not to be determined by separate agreements made by Great Britain, France, and Spain among themselves, but must be referred to an international areopagus. Moreover, I pointed out that France was opposed to the scheme, and sustained her opposition until the danger of war began to loom visible in the political horizon. Consequently, it was absurd to affirm that Rouvier was enamoured of it or that France was grateful to the proposer, or that the proposal could have originated with Russia.*

The facts were these. By the time Witte arrived in

* The negotiation is given in detail, with many letters hitherto unpublished, in the "Life of Theodore Roosevelt," vol. I, caps. 36 and 37.

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Paris from the United States a deadlock in the negotiations had occurred over the programme of the Conference, the French refusing to include in it the demarcation of the Moroccan and Algerian frontiers, while the Kaiser's Government insisted on that too being submitted to the delegates. It was at this conjuncture that the Russian statesman reached Rominten and discussed the matter with the Kaiser. He argued so forcibly in favour of the French contention that Wilhelm finally declared himself convinced, and there and then telegraphed instructions to Prince Bulow to give way to the French. And this was undoubtedly a sterling service to the cause of peace.

But as Count Witte persistently maintained the exactitude of his own version, I mentioned the matter to the French Ambassador in St Petersburg, M. Bompard, who like myself was amazed at this pathetic travesty of history. At last Witte told me that he had consulted his memoirs, and he actually dictated to me the same extraordinary story in which he figures as the originator of the international conference, and Rouvier and France as his grateful debtors for this welcome issue out of a political no-thoroughfare. I besought him to correct the narrative; but he felt unable to do so, and it has now been submitted to the public without a word of explanation or correction by the American translator.

Slips of this nature and the lack of any clue to guide the foreign reader through the bewildering maze of Russian parties, politicians, and incidents, detract very considerably from the value of these memoirs to the historian. It is no exaggeration to affirm that the eminent statesman who penned them in the heat of ruthless political struggles has done himself great injustice, from the consequence of which—in default of his friends—his own brilliant achievements in statecraft alone can save him.

A third book, M. Nekludoff's 'Diplomatic Reminiscences,' takes us to the uttermost periphery of the scene of the great Russian drama, and unfolds to our gaze the reaction which the far-resonant events at the centre or faint echoes of these produced in Bulgaria and Sweden. This diplomatist's personal experiences constitute a welcome addition to the existing materials for a history of Russia's intercourse with those two

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realms. But, as he spent so large a portion of his life in foreign lands, seldom sojourning for long in his own, and took no active part in the principal social or political movements which were rapidly transforming the Russian Empire, he was necessarily out of touch with the leading spirits among his countrymen, and, therefore, less qualified than either Witte or Izvolsky to view the activities of those prime movers in correct perspective. That probably accounts for the undue importance which he ascribes to Rasputin in the making or marring of the policy of the Tsar's Government and for the arching of eyebrows and the scandalised tone with which he alludes to the mystic exaltation of the unbalanced Tsaritsa. In one passage of his interesting work he states that 'Rasputin was in fact a Khlyst, i.e. half "Shaker," half Flagellant—a strange sect which from time to time rises in Russia from the common depths to the upper classes of society' (p. 71, note). As a matter of fact, Rasputin never was a member of the sect in question, which has always counted some representatives of the aristocracy among its adherents, nor did he adopt all its corybantic rites. He admitted to me that he had introduced one of its practices—that of promiscuity—into his small congregation at the outset of his religious activity in Siberia; but added that he had originated it himself as the practical conclusion of a quasi-theological reasoning process which he unfolded to me. With the sectarians themselves he never, he assured me, had any dealings.

None of the numerous writings on Russia's temporary eclipse which have seen the light since the dethronement of Nicholas II, renders the publication of Izvolsky's enlightening and admirably written memoirs superfluous. Far from that, they form one of the most valuable contributions as yet offered to the solution of a few of the many puzzles which confront the student of contemporary European history and the student of Russian psychology. For they embody the testimony of a man endowed in a high degree with the tastes and temperament of a historian, who was an actor in some of the momentous events which he so fully describes, was an eye and ear witness of others, and was minded to reveal what he knew as far as possible *sine amore et sine odio*. Izvolsky brought to the execution of his task a variety

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of qualities, for the combination of which few even among his personal friends were disposed to give him credit. A partisan throughout the period with which his book deals, and a target for calumnious gossip, malicious lies and scurrilous lampoons, Izvolsky contrived to divest himself of passion and prejudice, and to describe persons and things with a degree of detachment, serenity, and fairness which challenges and will receive the respect of his adversaries, and fills one with regret that an untimely end has deprived us of what would have been a veracious and masterly presentment of those later and deciding political developments which it was his intention to unfold in subsequent volumes. Parenthetically, I may add that to my knowledge the materials for bringing this work to completion, although at present said to be missing, were in existence five years ago; and on several occasions he consulted them at my request and supplied me with extracts from his copious notes.

Alexander Izvolsky was a diplomatist of the old school of the Gortshakoffs and Lobanoff-Rostoffskys, and like so many others of that class he continually wore a mask. Taking his profession ever seriously, he behaved like the high priest of an esoteric religion, and, as was said of the French revolutionist, St Just, '*il portait sa tête comme un saint sacrament.*' He certainly repelled new acquaintances with his consequential airs, his diplomatic monocle, his precious phraseology, oracular utterances, and epigrammatic remarks. And those among them whose acquaintanceship never ripened into friendship pictured him as a self-centred, pompous *petit maître* who lacked the essential qualities of statesmanship and was fitted at most to translate simple ideas into the stately language of diplomacy.

In truth, Izvolsky, whom I had the privilege of knowing well, was a man of generous sympathies, well-balanced judgment and harmonious temper, whose extreme purism in style and language was but the outcome of a habit of clear thinking. He was a loyal friend, a fair-minded critic, and a magnanimous adversary, and throughout his career he maintained a high reputation for honour and integrity. Years ago, when he and I were in Copenhagen and Count Witte as Prime Minister was the best-hated man in Russia, whom it was

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dangerous to speak well of, Izvolsky boldly took his side and declared that the conclusion of peace with Japan was one of the greatest triumphs of modern diplomacy for which every patriotic Russian ought to feel grateful.

On another occasion I published an article on Izvolsky's negociations with Count Aehrenthal * on the eve of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Dual Monarchy, the result of which was the suspension of official relations between Austria-Hungary and Russia for several months. Izvolsky requested me to modify the statements I had put forward, whereupon I replied that, if he put me in possession of facts which would justify such modification, I would make it unhesitatingly, but not otherwise. He then obtained permission from the Tsar and from the Austrian Emperor to lay the confidential documents before me, on condition that I would keep the contents a profound secret. In due course I went to the Foreign Office, and in a room behind Izvolsky's study the secret papers were placed in my hands and I was left to study them at leisure. On my return home I drew up a paper in which I amended two or three details of no real importance, and I brought it to the minister, telling him that in no other respects did I feel justified in altering the narrative of which he complained. During the somewhat heated discussion which ensued he exclaimed: 'And yet I always looked upon you and treated you as a friend!' 'Pardon me if I challenge that statement,' I retorted. 'It is true that you gave me important information from time to time which was highly appreciated by the newspaper which I represent; but you did this solely because you wished the facts to be made known and you preferred my setting of them to that of my journalistic colleagues. But friendship had nothing to do with your action. It was purely a matter of professional interest to you and to me. And the proof is that when a couple of months ago I asked you to confirm or deny my information that you had received an important note from the Serbian Government, you refused point-blank to answer me, even though I undertook not to reveal your answer.'

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* At Buchlau, in Moravia, where I spent some time as the guest of Count Berchtold. The article appeared in the 'Fortnightly' for Nov. 1909.

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The upshot of this conversation was our complete mutual estrangement. After the lapse of a few weeks, however, Count Witte informed me that the minister wished to speak to me. I refused to call on him, alleging that I had nothing to say to him. Some days later Witte again earnestly requested me to see Izvolsky, who had an important statement to make to me. I went. The minister addressed me in terms which I shall never forget: 'I asked you to come in order that I may apologise for what I said to you on the last occasion of our meeting. I see your point of view clearly. I know that you wrote congruously with your convictions, and I respect your motives. You were right in characterising our relations as those of two acquaintances furthering each one his own interests. Henceforward, if you will, we shall be real friends, you will have my confidence, and I will communicate to you everything I can, consistently with my duty as minister.'

From that day until the hour of his death our friendship subsisted, and one of his last requests to me as he lay in hospital in Paris, still confident of recovery, was that I would collaborate with him in the patriotic work which he had undertaken of making known the truth about Russia.

Witte was a wholly different type of man, physically and intellectually. A giant in stature, awkward in gait, embarrassed in manner, homely in speech, and utterly careless of his personal appearance, he attracted attention in whatever society he happened to be, and displayed keen consciousness of the fact. He sometimes reminded me of Paul Kruger, with whom I discussed the conditions on which he would end the South African War. And he certainly looked more like a Boer—one of those curious reversions to type which one sometimes meets, for he was of Dutch extraction on his father's side—than like an accomplished Russian nobleman. His education, despite the circumstance that he had graduated in the University of Odessa, had done less for him than for the average Russian graduate of those days—and even for them it was wont to accomplish very little—and he owed most of his success in after life to his inborn gifts, which were truly remarkable, despite the artificial imitations in which they were unfolded. He had none

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of the defects and few of the advantages of Western culture. In manners he and Izvolsky were at opposite poles, the latter fashionably attired, possessed in abundance of the small change of conversation, very well read, an art connoisseur, slow to talk but an æsthete in language, and a diplomatist even in the little conventionalities of social life; while the former was negligent in his dress, uncouth in his movements, and would blurt out his views in the racy phraseology of his less cultured countrymen and scatter unweighed phrases which sometimes left a caricature in lieu of a picture of his ideas in the minds of his hearers. The gaps in his knowledge of history, geography, and politics were many and considerable, and when revealed in his conversations with diplomatists gave them a wholly false idea of his rare powers of assimilation and vision. Accustomed to think, so to say, wholesale of men and things, he was often bewilderingly inexact in details. His judgment oscillated between extremes; he seemed incapable of appreciating the intermediate shades, and took little or no account of the relative or the conditional. By nature impulsive and of an impatient humour, he often uttered opinions and ascribed motives to his adversaries which he subsequently discovered to be erroneous; but he generally contrived to persuade himself that he had always held the amended view. On one occasion, during the abortive revolution which culminated in the creation of a legislative assembly (1905), he requested me to ascertain the objections which the liberal parties made to his premiership and the real motives of their refusal to accept office in his administration. I was engaged in expressing them calmly and objectively when he jumped from his chair, struck the table with his clenched fist, and in angry tones asked how I could say such things of him when I knew as well as himself that they were poisonous lies. I laughed and inquired, 'Whose opinions did you ask me to expound, mine or those of X, Y, and Z.?' whereupon he realised the situation, and apologised for the outburst, but continued to pour the vials of his wrath upon the absent X, Y, and Z.

Witte was unduly sensitive to flattery, especially when it came from crowned heads and famous statesmen; and both he and Izvolsky were pathetically

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concerned—as their respective memoirs too plainly show—to be known as members of historic Russian families, as though such kinship could add a cubit to their intellectual or moral stature. Kaiser Wilhelm, who was a past-master in the art of flattery and seduction, had, therefore, no difficulty in playing on Witte's most sensitive chord; but it is fair to add that, despite this great initial advantage, the monarch was powerless to move the Russian statesman from the stand he had taken on matters involving the welfare of the State or the honour of his sovereign.

For, despite all his defects, Witte possessed some of the highest qualities of statesmanship; and, inexact though he was in matters with which he was wont to deal in conversation, he bestowed the utmost care in mastering all those subjects which had a direct bearing upon the right ordering of the State. And, in all these cases, the ease with which he filled up the gaps left by his defective education was astounding. Thus, without any speculative knowledge of finance, in which he had a good deal to unlearn, his meditations upon the facts gleaned by experience enabled him to rise to a most difficult situation, establish Russian finances on a solid gold basis, and provide the treasury with a surplus which tided the country first over the war with Japan and then over an abortive revolution, without having recourse to a foreign loan. In this arduous task, as in the construction of railways and in the encouragement of industry, Witte had a free hand; Alexander III, who admired the rugged force and simplicity of his minister, first gave him full scope to deploy his capacity in finance, railway-transport, and industry, and finally allowed him practically to govern the Empire as he thought fit. If Nicholas II had been able to follow his father's example, and abandon the cares of State to his genial minister, the history of Russia, and indeed of Europe, would have run on lines very different from those traced by the Goremykins, Protopopoffs, and Stürmers, who flitted across the stage like firebrands unleashing the forces of destruction at every turn.

M. Izvolsky, who is certainly not prejudiced in favour of his eminent countryman, depicts this curious condition of a state within the State as follows:

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'Then a phenomenon, strange and incomprehensible to the European mind, was witnessed—that of a Finance Minister who had created little by little, a State within a State, and who had superimposed, so to speak, upon the many different organs of the Government, other organs of similar functions, but deriving their powers directly and solely from his Ministry. In this way Count Witte had the control of an innumerable crowd of functionaries of all denominations and all ranks, a network of schools of lower and even higher grades, a vast territory—a veritable kingdom, in fact, of which he was sole master—an army, a fleet, even a diplomatic service. Furthermore, on account of his constant tendency to extend indefinitely the power of the State to the detriment of a personal initiative and activity which was still in its infancy in Russia, one may say that for some ten years he was the real master of the 160,000,000 inhabitants of the Empire. Truth compels me to say that the greater part of the elements composing the system created by him were better organised, performed their functions more perfectly, and were imbued with a broader and more modern spirit than the corresponding Government services. . . .' (p. 118).

Looking at this anomalous but nowise unreasonable experiment in the light shed by its consequences, one can see that it ought either never to have been begun or else to have been steadfastly worked out to the most satisfactory issue attainable by a statesman of Witte's great powers operating with the imperfect materials then available. For, at bottom, it was a grandiose effort to readjust the political, social, and economic conditions of the Tsardom to the requirements of an epoch in which the autocratic form of government, as practised in Russia, had become an anachronism and a national and international danger. For the successful fulfilment of such a task, unity of direction and co-ordination of means were indispensable conditions. And Witte was the one man fitted to supply them. One may safely say that, if Alexander III had survived into the present century, there would have been no seizure of Kiao-Chow nor of Liaotung, no war with Japan, no Russian *Jacqueries* in the years 1905–1907; and there might possibly have developed a form of government which would have permitted the transition from a predatory absolute monarchy to a parliamentary system without the abomination of desolation which has been since witnessed.

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But Nicholas II conceived an invincible and irrational antipathy for his Minister. True, Witte was full of angularities and prone to absolutism in manner—defects which set the monarch's nerves on edge. His method was at times that of a dictator conscious of his power, heedless of form and impatient to obtain results. Occasionally it was that of a benevolent mentor. When he thought that his master was going astray he would say so without mincing his words, and on more than one occasion he struck the table by way of emphasising his views. And these peculiarities, but more still Witte's vast intellectual superiority, were bitterly resented by the Tsar. Izvolsky, on the other hand, was accustomed to put the Autocrat in possession of all the facts, and leave him to draw the logical conclusion from them; if he strayed away he would seek to convince or persuade him and, when these means failed, would hopefully look out for some other avenue of approach. For he was a confirmed optimist and, like the doctors depicted by Molière who swore by their medicines, he had absolute faith in the efficacy of diplomacy. And the pen portrait which he draws of Nicholas II is tinged with the pleasing memories of his success in winning the monarch's approval for measures which he had at first been reluctant to sanction, and with the high hopes which he once entertained of contributing to steer the Ship of State clear of the rocks on which it since has foundered.

The historian, with whom no such considerations can have any weight, will judge Nicholas II by his public acts, the most momentous of which was his refusal to profit by the experience and capacity of his greatest statesman. At the most critical epoch of his reign, when things were still in flux, and therefore capable of being moulded, he trifled with visionaries and theorists, undoing to-day what he had done yesterday and thwarting, now deliberately now unwittingly, the best-laid schemes of his far-seeing minister. Thus Witte, during his premiership, was a solitary man fighting his enemies boldly and his 'friends' hesitatingly, the trustee of a State that distrusted him, the spokesman of a body that frequently disavowed and silenced him, the champion of a community that paralysed him, a limb torn off from society. The monarch whose interests he was faithfully

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furthering would have condemned him to die, could he have done it with impunity; the order to which he belonged practically ostracised him; the cause to which he devoted his time and sacrificed his peace of mind was made infamous by its chiefs and their associates; but Witte pursued his course perseveringly, loyal to his country and his Tsar. Some of the momentous tasks which were confided to him by Nicholas II were conceived by his master as traps whence there was no issue but to failure and discredit; yet Witte emerged from every such ordeal, not only with personal success and an enhanced reputation for statesmanship, but with substantial advantages for his country and his monarch. How, in such a discouraging environment, he contrived to preserve his faith in monarchism is a psychological mystery. He certainly knew how rotten was Tsarism in its ultimate manifestation, and yet he toiled and moiled to save it from itself and its crazy friends with the least amount of structural change.

Many of his rivals and adversaries were either solicitous about their own careers and fortunes or else incapable of conceiving their daily tasks as connected with any great humanitarian or international problem. They addressed themselves, with a simpering indifference which passed for serenity, to each issue as it became actual, and dealt with it in its casual environment; and, for the rest, drifted on the tide of things. There were, to be sure, noteworthy exceptions—capable, conscientious workers who were endowed with political vision and a moral conscience. And foremost amongst these was Alexander Izvolsky. This statesman was gifted with considerable powers of observation and foresight, a refined sense of honour and duty, and correct political vision. His political education received its final touches from the most consummate statesmen of his own day, including Prince Gortshakoff and King Edward VII, from whose words, example, and errors, he drew profitable lessons. Hence he could contemplate a political problem not only in its national setting but also in its international framework. And this is what few of his Russian co-workers could do. But, unlike Witte, he never went beyond the boundaries of the political. His horizon was narrow, his conceptions were diplomatic.

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Hence, when he judges Witte's scheme of European policy, he applies to it the merely political standard in lieu of the humanitarian.

Each of the two statesmen was sagacious enough to bring his reforms into strict relationship to the time, people, and specific needs, which had invested the issues with actuality. Izvolsky, as was natural in the director of foreign affairs, was wont to go a step further and examine the probable effects of each proposed measure —even when it dealt with purely domestic matters— upon Russia's international prestige. But he never looked beyond that. Witte, on the other hand, in all questions affecting the fundamental policy of the Empire, would station himself at a broad humanitarian angle of vision and carry on his survey from there.

This difference of view-point is probably sufficient to account, if not for the genesis of Witte's hotly contested scheme for a Continental alliance, at least for the fervour with which he advocated and the tenacity with which he clung to it. True, his ardour was not always at white heat, nor was his idealism by any means unalloyed. At times he descended to lower ground, and mingling, like Mars before Troy, with the rank and file, crossed swords with the enemy for unsubstantial aims. He has been aptly termed a Colossus with feet of clay, but he was a Colossus. He let slip many an opportunity and committed grievous mistakes, but he never lost sight of the ultimate goal, which was well worthy of the noblest ambition.

Izvolsky's attention was fixed on the necessity for considerable structural changes in the political fabric of the Tsardom; but he was ever optimistic, although he clearly foresaw the danger of postponing them. Witte contemplated a vivid mental picture of the internal rottenness of the Tsardom, and of the vast transformation, political, social, economic, and religious, which not Russia only but the civilised races of mankind were slowly undergoing; and it was with the object of preparing his country for this great change that he drafted his far-reaching programme. Parenthetically, I may add that the only chief of a State who draws his inspiration from the same broad survey of the cosmic forces of to-day is the President of the Mexican Republic, General

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Obregon, whose ideas, aims, and achievements are too little known in Europe. The balance of political power constituted the ultimate aim of Izvolsky's strivings. Witte, convinced that the political aspect of the world's interests were the least important, included all the Continental Powers in his comprehensive plan for a pacific league which would transform Europe into a single federal State.

In virtue of that humanitarian aim and also of his intimate knowledge of Russia's lack of cohesion, Witte was a man of peace. War, he was wont to say, would be the ruin of his country; and the sole efficacious means of avoiding it was, to his thinking, to bring about a sincere alliance between Russia, whose vital interests were rooted in peace, and the two Powers in whose mutual hatred and ambitions lurked the only danger of hostilities. This conception, in the abstract, was specious and superlatively attractive; but whether the concrete conditions were such as to render it feasible may well be doubted. In any case the Russian statesman, like the Mexican President, deserves credit for instinctively making straight for the deepest and most powerful currents in the history of his time and seeking to connect with them those of his own country, and for descrying or divining, behind the clatter of official tongues and the noisy clamour of naive or knavish agitators, the dynamic forces which, as yet silent and well-nigh imperceptible, were steadily sapping the foundations of human society.

In his conversation with the Kaiser at Rominten, Witte opened his mind on the European situation in the following words:

'I declared . . . that, among the countries of the world, Europe seemed to me like a decrepit old woman. Unless a radical change is brought about, . . . Europe will soon have to yield her dominating place in the world to the mighty empires which are rising beyond the seas. The time is not far off . . . when this continent will be treated with that condescending respect which well-mannered people accord to venerable old age; and before the next few centuries are past, the greatness of Europe will be to the inhabitants of our planet what the grandeur of Rome, the glory of Greece, and the might of Carthage are to us' (p. 409).

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But Izvolsky's efforts to preserve the balance of political power, as well as Witte's more ambitious and statesmanlike aims, were frustrated by Nicholas II. During his reign everybody who obtained a responsible post in the administration was estimated, not by his specific weight but by the degree of favour which he was supposed to enjoy with the Tsar himself or with some of the influential personages in his environment. And in nearly every case this reflected nimbus usurped the place of intellectual capacity and moral character. If one examines the gallery of political portraits of the reign of Russia's last sovereign, one is astounded at the piteous dwarfs who then passed for giants. Most of them received, together with their office, a ready-made reputation for what they were deemed capable of achieving. The ore of genius and of genuine talent was hardly ever hall-marked by the Autocrat; and without his stamp it had no currency in political circles.

There have been 'providential men' in the history of nations who seem appointed by destiny to ruin the Empires over which they preside. And among the classical examples, Louis XVI, Nicholas II, and Wilhelm II occupy foremost places in the annals of modern times. Such men, by their character, temperament, and mentality, contrive mechanically to raise to their highest power the main forces of disintegration, and to effect a wide breach in the dam which theretofore kept them confined and inoperative. The last ill-fated Tsar of all the Russias worked unwittingly and fatally in this direction almost from the day of his accession to the hour of his dethronement. His shiftiness, tergiversation, and cunning, his spasmodic acts which contradicted each other and left confusion worse confounded, his ever-changing objects, his jealousy of superiority in his ministers, and above all else, his fatal gift of irritating those whom it was his duty and his interest to conciliate, qualified him for the office of executor of Fate.

E. J. DILLON.

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Art. 18.—THE TRI-UNE KINGDOM, POLITICAL AND ECONOMICAL.

I.

THE Armistice of November 1918 found the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes in a very precarious situation. The relations with other States were difficult, but the internal condition of the Kingdom was still more so. During the three years which have elapsed considerable progress has been made, and to-day, from both points of view, the position is distinctly improved.

At the beginning of 1919, the Tri-une Kingdom was recognised by the Great Powers; subsequently Treaties between it and Germany, Bulgaria, Austria, and Italy were concluded and ratified, while Treaties were made with Turkey and Hungary, which were not, however, ratified till much later. In accordance with the Treaty of St Germain (with Austria) the population of the basin of Klagenfurt were to declare by means of a plebiscite whether they should belong to Austria or to the Tri-une Kingdom. The plebiscite when taken proved unfavourable to us. It was taken in what was known as zone 'A' (to the south of the Wörtersee), which contains 1768 square kilometres of territory; about half the population went to the poll, 22,000 (or about 59 per cent.) voting for Austria, while some 15,000 (41 per cent.) voted for the Tri-une Kingdom. The majority in favour of Austria was 6747. This defeat was entirely unexpected, but the issue was placed beyond a doubt, and we have to accept the results. A majority of the population of the district voted for Austria; and, adherents as we are of the principle of self-determination, we raised no protest. It may, however, be remarked that the definition of the plebiscite zone was defective; if it had been confined to those districts in which the Slovenes are in the majority, the plebiscite would have gone in our favour. As it is, a Slovene population numbering at least 15,000 has been handed over to Austria, and the beautiful Alpine districts which they inhabit are lost to the Tri-une State.

The Treaty with Italy was, after long and vehement debate, concluded in Rapallo on Nov. 12, 1920, and speedily ratified. By it, Italy gained the districts of Gorizia,

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Gradiska, Trieste, and Istria, as well as several islands in the Adriatic; and, in addition, she got possession of Zara in Dalmatia. Fiume with its surrounding district becomes independent, its frontiers marching with those of Italy. In concluding this treaty, the Tri-une Kingdom made heavy sacrifices, but it was felt that it was high time to put an end to our acrimonious and dangerous dispute with Italy. The treaty was followed by a diplomatic understanding of a very precise nature between Italy and ourselves, which aims at ensuring the exact execution of the Trianon Treaty (between the Entente and Hungary), and preventing the return of the Habsburgs.

These treaties, taken together, define the boundaries of the Tri-une Kingdom, except on the Albanian side. The frontier here remains as yet unsettled, and is a cause of much internal difficulty. It is devoutly to be hoped that it may be speedily defined. Mention should also be made of the treaty between ourselves and Czecho-Slovakia, which ensures mutual defence against all who may endeavour to hinder the execution of the Treaty of Trianon. During the recent visit of Mr Také Jonescu to Belgrade, a similar treaty was concluded with Rumania, which is to be followed by a military convention. Finally, our former treaty with Greece still holds good.

So much for foreign relations. The internal condition of the Kingdom at the close of the year 1918 was fraught with numerous difficulties. Serbia, the predominating partner in the new State, had been carrying on war almost continuously for more than six years, for the last three of which her territory was occupied by the enemy. The land had been almost ruined and plundered of everything worth removing. A fifth of the population had perished. When the emigrants returned, they found a land in which the railways had been destroyed and the roads torn up, so that there were no means of communication. The mines and the factories were destroyed; the towns, in particular the capital, Belgrade, as well as Šabac and Smederevo, were devastated. Libraries and museums and many private houses had disappeared. Of the population that remained, a large number were suffering from wounds or disease and had neither hope nor energy left. The emigrants returning home found that life had to begin

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over again, with everything necessary for agriculture and domestic purposes to be procured afresh. Obviously, therefore, Serbia was unable to take over immediately the part that naturally belonged to her in the formation of the new State. The war had also struck Montenegro very heavily. The remaining lands, particularly Croatia and Slovenia, had remained practically untouched during the war, and were better prepared to take part in the work of reconstruction.

In this essential duty, the first question which demanded an answer was, 'Where are we to begin? Should it be with the restoration of the devastated territories or the political constitution of the new State as a whole?' The temptation to begin with agriculture and industrial reconstruction was great, but again Serbia sacrificed herself for the general good. She set aside her internal needs and devoted herself to the laying of a foundation for the new State. In this matter, however, not only in Serbia, but in other parts of the Tri-une Kingdom, there were great difficulties, some of which, it must be confessed, were of our own making. Professional politicians in most countries are a mischievous element, and the Tri-une Kingdom is no exception to this rule. Party passions and personal rivalries have risen very high during the last three years. They had their origin even during the war, when, at the sittings of the exiled Skupshtina in Corfu, two political parties, the Radicals and the Independents, waged a bitter quarrel, a quarrel only embittered and further confused when the Jugo-Slav Committee, whose work in other respects may claim many merits, began to share in the petty party differences of Serbian politicians.

But, in addition to this internal trouble, there were other difficulties for which we were not to blame. The chief cause of these was the quarrel with Italy, which occupied fully two years. Internal conditions are always influenced by external, but the effect was necessarily more serious than usual in our case. The quarrel over the Adriatic hindered all progress and prevented any domestic reorganisation. No progress towards this end could be made while so serious an uncertainty in our foreign relations remained open. To clear up the political situation a General Election was required; but in order

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to hold an election the Army would have to be demobilised, whereas it had to be kept on a war footing so long as the Adriatic question was acute. For this reason the order for demobilisation was postponed till June 5, 1920, nearly a year and a half after the Armistice; and the General Election did not take place till Nov. 28, the earliest possible date. Thus the consolidation of our internal conditions could only begin at the close of the year 1920, more than two years after the Armistice.

On Dec. 1, 1918, a National Council had met in Zagreb (Agram). This Council was formed from among the most competent representatives of our nation in the countries that hitherto had been part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It decided for the fusion of all those lands with Serbia and Montenegro into one State. The decision was communicated to the Crown Prince Alexander, who accepted it; and on Dec. 24 he issued a proclamation declaring that 'The different parts of our fatherland, till now broken up into many pieces, are by the unanimous decision of the people, united into one Kingdom.' Thereupon there was summoned to Belgrade a provisional National Assembly formed out of the old Skupshtinas (Parliaments) in Belgrade and Cetinje and the Diets at Zagreb, Ljubljana (Laibach), Sarajevo, and Spljet, the numbers of these representatives being in proportion to the former strength of those bodies. A Ministry or Cabinet was also formed from the political groups thus represented according to their respective strengths; while separate local governments were established at Zagreb, Ljubljana, Sarajevo, and Spljet.

This National Assembly, it must at once be observed, was not elected by the people, as is the case, for instance, with the Constituent Assembly. It was composed of members of the pre-war National Parliaments; the Serbian members, for instance, having been elected so far back as 1912, before the Balkan Wars. It is obvious that a body so chosen could not be regarded as truly representing the wishes of a people that had survived seven years of war and three of exile and enemy occupation. The members representing the lands which had formed part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire had also been elected before the Great War. Moreover, they had been elected under a foreign régime and under a

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system which, while it could not prevent some true friends of the people from being elected, permitted some hostile elements to intrude. Finally, many of the members had never undergone election at all, but were simply delegated by the National Council of Zagreb to the Belgrade Parliament. In short, the Parliament as a body neither enjoyed the confidence of, nor held any mandate from, the people at large.

When this Parliament met in March 1919, the political elements composing it stood thus. The two strongest parties in Serbia were the Radicals and the Independents; beside them, but far weaker, stood the National and Progressive parties; the Socialists had only one or two members. In Croatia, the strongest party was the Serbo-Croat Coalition; then came the Starčević group which subsequently, along with the other sections, formed the National Club or Croatian Union. In the Slovene lands were two parties—the Clericals and the Liberals. The members from Bosnia were representative of the older or the younger generation of Serbian champions of national rights or the representatives of various creeds. The members from Dalmatia and from the Banat and Bačka generally followed the divisions prevalent in Croatia and Serbia. The Montenegrin members were all opposed to the Government of the late King Nicholas and in favour of union with Serbia.

Now all these parties were local and distinct from each other, having sprung up each in its own small province from the political conditions there prevailing; and all had been in existence for thirty or forty years. In the new country, as modified by the war, they had no true *raison d'être;* and it was obviously necessary either to change everything from the bottom and to form new parties corresponding to the realised needs of the State or, while retaining the old party divisions, to combine them more or less according to similarities of view, so that the same parties might spread over the whole country. The first of these alternatives was preferable and might have been expected to take place, but it was the second which actually came about.

In the first place, the Socialist groups all over the country combined to form one organisation; and the Clerical party followed suit. Between February and

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April 1919, the Serbo-Croat Coalition, the Slovenian Liberals, and the younger elements from Bosnia, formed a block to which three earlier Serbian parties adhered, viz. the Independents, the Nationalists, and the Progressists; and thus a new Democratic party was formed. In opposition to this, the Serbian Radicals, who a little earlier had been joined by the Radicals from what had been Southern Hungary, joined hands with the National Club of Croatia and the Slovenian Clericals, thus forming in October 1919 the Parliamentary Union. This union and the Democratic party comprised much the strongest groups in the Assembly, the other sections being comparatively unimportant.

Both the chief groups had considerable popular support behind them. The Agrarian question, which had made its appearance in Bosnia and Croatia immediately after the Armistice, and was settled for the time by a provisional decision, served to inspire new life in these groups. In the agitation which immediately followed their formation, the Democratic party took sides with the peasants, to whom were handed over the landed properties of the Beys and other owners. The Parliamentary Union, with the Radicals at its head, also adopted the cause of the peasants, but with certain reservations in favour of the landowners. The difference between the two groups was thus not very deep, but was accentuated by the agitation over the elections. Later, both groups agreed to recognise the landowners' rights to indemnities for the loss of their landed properties; and the sum of 300 million dinars, reserved for the liquidation of these indemnities, is now being paid.

The first united government, that of M. Stojan Protić, one of the former chiefs of the Radicals, but now in open rupture with their policy, did not retain power for long; M. Protić resigned on Aug. 1, 1919, on account of differences with the Minister of Home Affairs and because of 'the intolerable conditions which existed in Parliament.' His place was taken by M. Ljubomir Davidović, the chief of the Independents, which became eventually the Democratic party. His government, however, met with so much opposition that he was forced to resign on Feb. 15, 1920. He wished, before the dissolution of Parliament, to hold fresh elections, but the

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Regent Alexander* refused his consent. On Feb. 19, 1920, M. Protić again took office, but two months later once more resigned as he was unable to carry a majority with him. The crisis which followed lasted for a long time; and it was not till after a protocol of understanding or pact was made between the divergent groups, that it became possible for M. Milenko Vesnić (who died in May this year) to form a Coalition Government on May 17. M. Vesnić was a leader of the Radicals, and in temperament was entirely different from M. Protić. He had great difficulties to encounter, but managed, with some small changes, to keep his Government together, and, after carrying through important matters, the chief of which were the Regent's visit to Zagreb and the formation of the Petite Entente, succeeded in passing the law governing the elections to the Constituent Assembly. He also held the elections and opened the Assembly. On Dec. 23, 1920, M. Vesnić resigned, as he felt that he had carried out his mission. Some days later, M. Pašić formed a new Coalition ministry, which is still in power.

All these Governments, except that of M. Pašić, we may observe, fell on account of serious disagreement with the National Assembly, which body, in truth, was very unsatisfactory, but yet was a necessary evil. Its career, however, might have been much shorter and far more advantageous to the State, had it, within the first three months of its existence, carried out a general election to the Constituent Assembly and then withdrawn. Such self-sacrifice could, however, hardly have been expected; and it held to power, like other assemblies in similar circumstances, for two years.

Under the conditions we have sketched, party divergencies were wide and bitter. No one party, not even either of the large groups, was possessed of a real working majority. From whatever group the Ministry was drawn, it always met with strong and virulent opposition; while, whenever the Opposition came into power, the former group in turn attacked with equal vehemence. There was frequent obstruction; and occasionally the Opposition, by withdrawing from the Chamber, made

* On the death of King Peter (since this article was written), the Regent Alexander was proclaimed King.

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the necessary quorum impossible. The work of the Assembly in such circumstances could not be anything but meagre. A few petty laws, the approval of the budgets and two or three treaties, together with some emergency legislation which was only brought before Parliament after it had come into effect, completed the record of its work. The only really important measure passed was the law relating to the General Election.

The results of the General Election were a great surprise, and brought to light unexpected strength in several parties. The two great groups, the Radicals and the Democrats, ceased to represent a majority, as they had appeared to do before the election. Together they numbered about 190, which is considerably less than a majority of the whole body of 419. The Clericals and the National Club, the former allies of the Radicals, were badly beaten; the Clericals, instead of winning (as was expected) from 40 to 50 seats, won only 27, while the National Club sank to 11 Members. Various new parties sprang up. One of these was a Peasant party with a wide and very democratic programme and 40 seats to its credit; the second was a Communist party, the outcome of the craze now permeating the world, with not less than 59 Members. A third party, quite different from the rest, is the Croatian Peasant party, which put forward a programme for a separate Croatian Peasant Republic and, under the leadership of M. Radić, gained 49 seats. Finally, the representatives of the Mohammedans numbered 24. These surprising results, which involve an appearance in the Constituent Assembly of new parties unrepresented before, may be attributed rather to the new electoral law, which favours minorities, than to any deeper causes.

Of these new parties, the Peasant party stands absolutely for the unity of the Kingdom and, in principle, is acting with the other parties that desire a complete union on a democratic basis. The Communists form an extremely indigestible element; and all the non-national elements (Turks, Magyars, Albanians, Germans) have joined the Communist party. This party is evidently on the decline, especially since the Emergency Act of Dec. 27, 1920, by which all Communist associations have been suspended. This Act was issued for the good

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of the country, but was not previously presented to the Constituent Assembly or provided with the royal signature. Communist action in the Assembly was of little importance; but it was strong outside, and appears to have been influenced by foreign Communists. On July 12 an attempt was made to assassinate the Crown Prince; and this appears to have been the result of Communist activities. It was in consequence of this event and the murder of the Minister Drasković that an Act was passed against the Communists, who have now forfeited their mandates. As for M. Radić's adherents, who did not even appear in the Assembly, the general opinion is that they are ignorant and misled and do not know exactly what they want; moreover, they represent not more than 240,000 Croatian electors, all belonging to four small districts round Zagreb, and only a twelfth of the entire Croatian electorate.

M. Radić is an ambitious demagogue, who seems to have formed the project of playing the part of D'Annunzio. His adherents are by no means convinced republicans, nor have they ever had republican traditions. Their appearance is rather a sign of general discontent with post-war conditions, and a protest against the incoherent and unsatisfactory administration. The latter is more intensely felt by the Croats of the four districts round Zagreb than by the population of other provinces, who have more *sangfroid* and patience. Misled as they are, M. Radić's adherents believe that they are in danger of the so-called Serbian hegemony.

The Constituent Assembly has now concluded the work of establishing a Constitution, the principal features of which are as follows. The name of the State is the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes; the form, a monarchy with the Karageorgevitch dynasty. Many clauses of an economic and social character—relative to the workers' problems, education of war orphans, public health, agriculture (a special Agricultural Council is planned)—have already taken their place in the Constitution and are drawn up in a liberal and modern spirit. Unfortunately, some clauses—e.g. those concerning the Press—are somewhat reactionary.

One of the most difficult problems before the Constituent Assembly was to decide whether the Constitution

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was to be on a federal or a centralised basis. Federalism, we conceive, is impossible for the Tri-une Kingdom; for the conditions prevalent in the two chief examples of federalism, viz. the United States of America and the former German Empire, do not exist in our case. In the United States, the federal system depends upon the centralisation of political parties; that condition is a long way from obtaining with us, for our parties have only just begun to combine. In the German Empire, on the other hand, political unity was assured by the predominance of Prussia. In our own case, the hegemony of the State would belong to Serbia, and neither Croats nor Slovenes would regard such hegemony with favour; even the Serbs themselves would probably be loth to accept it, at all events under present conditions. Moreover, in Germany, before the Empire was formed, many of the States comprising it were independent. In our case only Serbia and Montenegro were independent. Had Croatia and Slovenia been independent States, a federation between them and Serbia would have been natural; but they were not independent, and the remaining countries were still less so. Consequently a federation, with us, would be a very different thing from that of Germany or the United States.

A centralised system would have the advantage of conducing to the interests of the whole country and would tend to obliterate tribal divisions, but it would not be without disadvantages. In the first place, centralisation brings bureaucracy in its train, and bureaucracy is slow, cumbrous, often corrupt; moreover, it demands unusually good central institutions, and these to-day, especially under post-war conditions, are far from complete. Finally, a centralised system demands first-rate communications; but these are at present, and must for a long time be, the reverse of adequate. In this respect, some parts of the Kingdom are far worse off than others; and centralisation would not give that free play and initiative to provincial Governments which seem necessary. The articles of the Constitution concerning this question show some compromise between the federal and centralised systems.

The Constitution, as now voted, is on the centralised

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basis, with some corrections of autonomous administration. According to chap. VIII of the Constitution, the country is to be divided into about 16 regional areas, not exceeding 800,000 inhabitants each, the total population numbering about 13 millions of inhabitants. The head of an area is to be a high functionary nominated by the King, but each area will have its regional Diet and regional Committee, as the autonomous organs of the area. To the functions of these organs will belong all things concerning the area: finances, works, agriculture and fisheries, public health, social problems, etc.

The areas are not yet determined; according to chap. XIII this will be done in six months. The same chapter provides that the areas of Bosnia and Herzegovina shall not extend beyond the boundaries of those provinces; it also looks forward to an eventual division of Croatia and Slavonia into four areas, Montenegro eventually constituting one area. Until the areas are determined, the present local governments remain.

The Constitution was voted by a majority of 223 votes (Radicals, Democrats, Mohammedans, and dissidents of the Peasant party). The opposition (Peasant party, Socialists, Republicans, and M. Trumbić) comprised 35 votes. But there were numerous abstentions, no less than 158 in all. The 52 followers of M. Radić did not appear in Parliament, and their abstention is quite intelligible, as is also that of the 58 Communists, who were in Parliament but left it a short time before the voting. It is, however, regrettable that the leaders failed to induce the adherents of the Slovene Clerical party and of the Croatian Union to vote for the Constitution instead of leaving the Assembly. Still, the establishment of a Constitution is the most important step in the consolidation of our somewhat chaotic post-war conditions; and the country rejoices at seeing it published and proclaimed at last.

II.

Like other States, the Tri-une Kingdom suffers from a heavy war deficit, a deficit both economic and financial. Agricultural and industrial production can hardly be

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said to exist. The communications are out of order, ill-arranged, and costly. The national credit is low, the rate of exchange unfavourable, international transport inadequate; and all the instruments of industry are destroyed or seriously insufficient. The question of compensation for losses incurred in the war has not been settled. Economic and financial relations within the country are still in confusion, and those with foreign countries are a long way from being restored.

The different provinces of the new State are, from the economic point of view, differently organised. Economically, they stand on different levels; and the total amount of war losses is very unequally divided. From the point of view of economic organisation, the districts which formerly belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Empire have an advantage over those that were independent; and this increases the difficulty of bringing them into helpful relation with each other. After the Armistice there was a lack of currency, and prices rose to a great height, but not to the same level everywhere. Strange to say, in districts where there is plenty of corn it was twice as dear as in the non-productive areas. The assistance of the national credit was not given to the import trade, and merchants therefore adopted various means of buying stores abroad in order to sell them at very high prices. On the other hand, industrial undertakings such as iron-works, tanneries, cloth factories, factories of agricultural implements, etc., were unable to start work, for the State found it impossible, owing to the adverse exchange, to obtain for them the necessary raw products from abroad. In our treaties with other countries economic compensations were neglected, and we did not borrow from them, as we might have done, in the form of raw materials. The proceeds of agricultural products sold abroad were applied to the purchase of articles of luxury. We sold to Austria corn, meat, and other food products, getting in exchange depreciated Austrian *kronen*, which to the value of several milliards flooded the country, when instead we should have bought materials for our manufacturers.

In regard to communications there are in the Kingdom about 3000 kilometres of normal-gauge railways, and about the same amount of small-gauge; there are

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also about 24,000 kilometres of good roads. The waterways, viz. the rivers Danube, Drave, Save, and Theiss, together with canals, are, of course, of great value; but all these means of communication, both by land and water, have got sadly out of order during the last six years. On the railways there is a great lack of locomotives as well as of carriages and trucks, while the staff leaves much to be desired, for many of the best officials were Hungarian or German. The important line between Belgrade and Salonica was destroyed by the enemy in his retreat, and is still only partially repaired. The waterways are for the most part not open for the whole year; and the geographical course of the rivers is not such as to make them convenient for domestic trade.

On account of the quarrel with Italy one great means of communication with Europe, the Adriatic, was cut off for two years. We have no access to good harbours on that sea, except at Fiume; but the question of harbours is still unsettled. In other ways, too, the political changes made by the Peace increased the difficulties of foreign trade, for the new States have set up tariff frontiers which formerly did not exist. Vienna and Buda-Pesth, which were formerly great centres of trade, are no longer markets of importance. Fresh centres will have to be created, and our trade must accommodate itself to novel conditions—a process necessarily slow.

The unfavourable condition of the Exchanges is not justified by the economic potentialities of the country. Even now, we can export 208,000 waggon-loads of cereals. We have 7,357,000 hectares of forest, mainly beech and oak. We can export stock to the value of 10,000,000*l.*; we can extract annually about 1,500,000 tons of coal of varying quality, with 60,000 tons of iron ore and 15,000 tons of copper. A country which possesses such means of wealth ought not to have a poor credit abroad or so unfavourable an exchange as obtains at present. The cause of this is probably the unsettled conditions both internal and external, but the possession of articles necessary to the world should remedy this disadvantage in the course of time. We are also heavily in debt; to England alone we owe, in the form of a War Loan, 22,500,000*l.* It would be difficult if not impossible

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to borrow in present conditions; and yet capital is indispensable. It is necessary to us for the restoration of the ruined districts, for the rebuilding of towns, for the construction of roads and wharves, for the exploitation of forests and mines, and for industry in general. The remedy is to be found in doubling or trebling our production, in a revision of all concessions and monopolies granted to companies, in the exploitation of mines and forests and the reduction of their dividends to a reasonable figure; possibly in the nationalisation of all such undertakings and the diminution of imports and their confinement to articles, such as cotton goods, the materials of which do not exist in the country.

The Exchange question has been complicated by the existence of many diverse currencies, by the lack of the minting of our own good *dinars* and a superfluity of bad Austrian *kronen*; also by the iniquities of financial speculators. The question of values has now been settled at the rate of 1 to 4 (1 *dinar* = 4 *kronen*), while the coinage of the whole State has been assimilated and nationalised. We have in circulation about three milliards of dinars, which is an amount relatively less than in any other country; and there is no inflation. The State Bank has been instrumental in regulating this matter, though many attempts have been made both in Vienna and Buda-Pesth to bring foreign money into our industries and thus to prolong the financial confusion.

International commercial relations are still chaotic, on account of conditions in Central Europe, while direct communication with England is impossible except through Salonica or Montenegro, or through Italy. The French, the Italians, and to some extent the Americans, are showing great activity in their efforts to dominate our foreign trade. The English, on the other hand, appear to be slow in getting to work and unwilling to adapt themselves to the conditions, habits, and needs of our country, to such an extent as to give the impression that the British have no desire to open or link-up trade communications with the Tri-une Kingdom. The Germans and Italians are rivalling them in regard to prices and finish, and adapt themselves more easily to the commercial habits of the Balkans. The Italians, in particular, aim apparently at becoming the

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great trade intermediaries between East and West; and D'Annunzio is not alone in dreaming of Italian control from Trieste to Constantinople.

The National Revenue is inevitably small, and the Budgets habitually end in a deficit. Among the items old and new which figure in the Budgets of 1920–21 are: annuities for war invalids and interest on pre-war debts (about one milliard of dinars), for administrative purposes at least one and a half milliards, for land and sea forces about 500 millions; the whole expenditure amounting to about four milliards. The deficit at present is about 110,000,000 dinars. Owing to the destruction wrought by the war, Serbia and Montenegro will not be able for many years to produce their pre-war revenues; and for a long time to come the other districts comprising the Tri-une Kingdom will be able to give but little assistance towards the balancing of the revenue and expenditure. They will, however, have to put all they can into the common stock, in order that the ruined districts may be restored and a levelling-up process completed as soon as possible.

To this desirable end there are various obstacles. The population of the districts not damaged by the war do not appreciate the necessity of coming to the assistance of those that require restoration. They think that Serbia and Montenegro should be restored out of the compensation to be paid by our enemies. Had we got the compensation that was foreseen in the Peace Treaty, there would be something to say for this view; but, so far, after two years we have received nothing. Such compensation was to be partly in kind (live stock, machinery, etc.), and partly in bonds which would have enabled us to revive our finances and industries at the enemy's expense. During the Armistice period or since, many countries have received a portion at least of their war compensation; but concrete guarantees, such as were introduced into other treaties, were not included in our treaties with Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria. Consequently we are still without our due; and, in any case, the money compensation, which should have been over five milliard francs, will not be paid for some time, and will certainly be much reduced from that figure. The enemy States, excepting Germany, are not in the

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condition to discharge their full obligations, and are doing their best to evade them altogether.

Endeavours have been made both by the Central Government and the local authorities to bring down prices, but so far without much result. Prices still range very high, and not only for imported articles but also for our own productions, e.g. flour, meat, and other articles of food. Our difficulty is that we cannot increase our production without capital, which is wanting, and that the public is slow to learn economy; even the prohibition of the import of articles of luxury and the obstacle of a high tariff have produced little effect.

After all, our economic and financial position is not much worse than that of most other countries; and there are causes of bad conditions in the Tri-une Kingdom which are not to be found elsewhere. We suffer especially from the general disturbance and disorder prevalent in Europe, and from difficulties inherent in the formation of a new State out of various elements, which, though they have a common aim—that of unity—have various ideas and different methods of work. The methods and ideas in vogue at Vienna and Buda-Pesth have had an inevitable influence upon those countries which were subject to them; while the materialistic tendencies of modern Germany had also considerable weight in the countries north of the Danube. The competition of foreigners for concessions in the country in regard to mines, forests, and manufactures introduces other elements of confusion, which can only slowly be reduced to uniformity and forced to serve collective national ends; but all these difficulties, material and moral, will, we are confident, be overcome by the natural wealth and resources of the country and the solid ethical qualities of the population. With the new constitution order will be introduced, national aims made paramount, and vigour instilled in every department of public life. We have much still to endure, and many mistakes will doubtless be made; but we can look forward to a great future for these sorely-tried countries.

PAVLE POPOVIĆ.
JOVAN M. JOVANOVIĆ.

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CORRIGENDA to the Article on 'Lord Chelmsford's Viceroyalty,' in the 'Quarterly Review' for July 1921.

P. 49.—The statement that Ministers in an Indian Province 'will hold office for the same period as the (Legislative) Council' does not exactly reproduce the terms of the Government of India Act, which lays down that a Minister must be (or become within six months) an elected member of the Legislative Council, and that he holds office at the Governor's pleasure. The statement that 'the Council of State has a small official majority' is a slip; as stated two lines lower not more than 20 of the 60 members may be officials. Of the 60 members 33 are elected, 27 nominated.

P. 50.—The statement as to the composition of the Viceroy's Executive Council does not exactly reproduce the Government of India Act, which lays down no racial qualification, but requires that at least three Members are to be public servants with not less than ten years' experience in India, while one Member must have legal qualifications. The appointment of not less than three Indians was recommended by the Joint Committee and has been carried out in practice but any of these Indians may possess the 'service' or (as one of the present Indian Members does) the 'legal' qualification while individual British Members need not possess either of those qualifications to be eligible for appointment to the Council.

P. 51.—The distribution of revenues between the Government of India and the Provinces was arranged not by Mr Feetham's Committee, but by a special committee under the chairmanship of Lord Meston.

P. 51. *Footnote.*—It should be understood that the important departures in policy here summarised were not actually laid down in the Government of India Act.

P. 53.—While one of the 'Rowlatt Bills' was passed into law, to be in operation for three years, the other was dropped by the Government.

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